NAPOLEON

THE PORTRAIT OF A KING

BY

R. McNAIR WILSON

Author of *Josephine; Germaine de Stael, Napoleon's Mother; Monarchy or Money Power*

1937

EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE

LONDON

Made and Printed in Great Britain for
Eyre and Spottiswoode (Publishers), London

To

PATRICK AND MICHAEL

AND THEIR

MOTHER

IN DEEP AFFECTION

PREFACE

THREE years ago the world learned that all its knowledge about Napoleon was incomplete because the central motive of his career had, during more than a hundred years, remained unsuspected. This discovery followed the publication of the *Mémoires* of Caulaincourt, his Ambassador in Russia; its full implications have not yet, by any means, been understood.

This present is the first biography of Napoleon in which the central motive of his life, as declared by himself, is given place. It is the first study, therefore, in which the struggle which involved the whole world between 1800 and 1815 is presented as the Emperor of the French himself saw it. That is no virtue of mine; I have been so fortunate as to learn truth unknown, or at least only partially known, to earlier writers.

But I ask my reader to credit me with this—namely, that I have spent many years in studying not only financial method, but the influence of monetary policy upon historical event. That study has convinced me that history cannot properly be understood without such knowledge. The most astonishing fact of present-day life is the abysmal ignorance about money of men and women otherwise fully instructed and informed. In fact, however, instruction must now be acquired by all who hope to play a part in human affairs, because, during the last four years, the system against which Napoleon fought has received its death-blow and is being replaced slowly by the system which he tried to introduce into France and Europe. During a recent address to the Committee on Monetary Reform at the House of Commons I quoted from *The Times*, the *Economist*, and the *Financial News* to show that, in the year 1936, domestic trade in England has reached a peak of expansion never before known. But on the same showing there has been virtually no increase in loans from banks. This can only mean, as I pointed out, that the system of debt-money has ceased

to function. The reason is that the President of the United States, Mr. Roosevelt, has adopted Napoleon's system of debtless money and has compelled the world to adopt it also—a remarkable fulfilment of a prophecy made by the Emperor at St. Helena.

I wish to take this opportunity of thanking the large body of friends upon whose knowledge I have so freely drawn. To the Rev. S. N. L. Ford, Vicar of All Souls' Church, Hampstead, I owe my first glimmerings of understanding of the Christian philosophy as a separate and distinct system of thought, the most precious gift I ever received. From Mr. Featherstone Hammond I have received the benefit of a continuous discussion and exchange of views about monetary matters, and so a knowledge of these matters to which I should not, otherwise, have attained. Mr. Hammond's essays, *Economics in the Middle Ages*, *Financial Armageddon*, and others, deserve the study of all students of history. Nor can I refrain from paying tribute to the work of Mr. Gregory MacDonald, who, week by week, has interpreted present-day events in the light of monetary policy and thereby offered to his wide public a true understanding of "the news behind the news." I can never forget that it was my present publisher, Mr. Douglas Jerrold, who took the risk of accepting my early work on financial policy in history—namely, *Monarchy and Money Power*. To Mr. Jerrold I owe escape from many pitfalls, especially in the political field. His own writings are witness of the clearness of his vision. Again, I am indebted to Mr. Christopher Hollis for the great joy I have derived from his work *The Two Nations* and for the light which, from time to time, he has thrown on Mr. Roosevelt's policy and achievement; nor can I omit mention of my old friend Mr. Douglas Woodruff, upon whose immense erudition I have drawn for years and whose championship of "the ancient truths" has been a source of strength to me as to so many others. My debt to Mr. Arthur Kitson and to Professor Soddy remains and will always remain.

And I have a debt, also, to the subject of this biography. I have learned and am still learning from the great teacher whose lessons to Europe and the world, discounted so often and so long, have never, at any time, been forgotten. Napoleon is part

of Europe's inheritance; he is part of her spirit. In him England and Germany and the lands of the Danubian basin, as well as France and Italy and Spain, have a share the importance of which is becoming clearer as the years pass. Indeed, the closer Europe comes to her authentic civilization, the nearer she approaches to this universal mind. It is the same in the case of America. Napoleon taught that without a king there can be no people, but only parties and factions, each of them the creature of money. His leadership has come down through the Century of Greed and Pauperism to be the sanction of other leaderships by which salvation is now being accomplished. He did not fight in vain, nor was his fall without hope.

R. McNAIR WILSON.

LONDON,
November, 1936.

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NAPOLEON

THE PORTRAIT OF A KING

"*I am a man sent to change the face of the world. That is what I believe.*"—NAPOLEON (in a letter to Lucien).

INTRODUCTION

THE verdict of history upon Napoleon is known to every schoolboy. He was, that verdict declares, a soldier possessed in the highest degree of the genius of war who, by his astonishing victories, arrived at supreme power in a land shaken by revolutionary violence. At first his statesmanship, based to a large extent on military ideas, was successful; but afterwards the exercise of authority so greatly intoxicated him that he became consumed by ambition and careless of the rights of his fellows. His downfall followed as a matter of course.

The difficulty about accepting this verdict lies chiefly in Napoleon's mastery of his own profession. Almost every kind of doubt has been raised about him, but none has doubted his capacity as a soldier, least of all soldiers themselves. Did he really believe that his Frenchmen could, permanently, inflict defeat upon all the armies of Europe? Did he really wish to wage unceasing war and to fight, every year, a series of great battles against armies numerically superior to his own? The barest record of his campaigns suggests that these questions cannot safely be answered in the positive manner in which, hitherto, it has been the habit to answer them. In the year 1805 the French Emperor was faced by a coalition of England, Austria, and Russia; in 1806 and 1807 by a coalition of England, Prussia, and Russia; in 1808 and 1809 by a coalition of England, Spain, and Austria; and in 1812 by a coalition of England and Russia, which in the following year was enlarged to include Prussia and Austria also. The greater the soldier, it may well seem, the less the inclination to go on struggling against such overwhelming odds, in circumstances in which the loss of a single great battle was likely to be ruinous.

Nor is that assumption weakened by supposing that Napoleon's ambition had become the dominant motive of his life. Ambitious men may dream of conquest; they do not court disasters which can be more clearly foreseen by themselves than

by their fellows. On the contrary, they are ready, as a rule, to compromise with Fate in order to hold what they have won. If this great soldier was the cunning and crafty statesman which he is reputed to have been, then either he was forced to fight or had taken permanent leave of his senses.

Great pains have been expended to show that the first of these two hypotheses is untenable. Napoleon, it is argued, could have made peace at any time if only his demands had been less excessive and unreasonable. History, therefore, has inclined to the view that even the soldier's judgment was warped by the tyrant's lust of power. The campaign in Russia in 1812 is usually mentioned as proof of this contention.

In other words, Napoleon is presented as genius in process of transmutation to madness. Nothing is balanced, rational, sane; even ambition has drifted from her anchorage to go raging among tempests, so that a world, haunted by this Flying Dutchman, discovers salvation only in the phantom's shipwreck.

Against this view, however, has always been opposed another, known, scornfully, as the "Golden Legend." According to that legend, Napoleon was a liberal fighting for the ideals of the French Revolution against the kings and priests of a dying feudalism whose sole object it was to destroy these ideals. The Empire, on this showing, was a crowned republic, and Napoleon himself a pilgrim—well armed, it is true—of eternal truth. But there are great difficulties, also, in the way of those who accept such a view, not the least of them being the Emperor's own actions. Napoleon restored Christianity, monarchy, and nobility to France; he exerted a strict censorship of the Press; and he constituted his government so that direct representation in any form was abolished. According to the legend, these were measures adopted in time of war. In fact, however, many of them were adopted during the only time of peace which France enjoyed while Napoleon was her master.

In these circumstances, the possibility that the truth may not yet be fully known cannot be dismissed. Was there an element, a motive, in this man's life of which, so far, history has failed to take account? That question is answered in the affirmative in the pages which follow, not as a piece of theorizing on the

part of the writer, but as a statement of fact which any may verify for himself. It is answered, further, out of Napoleon's own mouth.

The literature of the Napoleonic period is bewildering in its immensity. Happily, it is possible to make a more or less satisfactory selection by adhering to the documents of the period. First among these comes the *Correspondence*. This vast collection, supplemented by the *New Letters*, which were translated by Lady Mary Loyd, and the *Letters to Josephine*, translated by Hill, afford a clear view of the Emperor as man and soldier and ruler. Next in importance come the *Mémoires* of Caulaincourt, the most recent addition, and the most important, to contemporary testimony. The fact that these volumes of Caulaincourt have remained unpublished during more than a century is not the least remarkable thing about them. They reveal a warrior in a field scarcely recognized as yet by the majority of men, and are the source of that unsuspected but essential truth without which the Emperor's life is incoherent and even meaningless. Beside this great work other contemporary writings have small value, except as offering a means of filling in details of event or circumstance. But the records of the various Foreign Offices must be consulted and so must the monumental works: *Napoléon en Espagne* (Grandmaison), *Napoléon et Alexandre I* (Vandal), and *Napoleon and England* (translation, Coquelle). Masson's *Napoléon et sa Famille* (thirteen vols.), his three volumes on Josephine, and his volume entitled *Napoléon et les Femmes* deserve careful reading, for they are rich in authentic information which cannot elsewhere be obtained. The Memoirs of Joseph and Lucien are much less valuable.

Among histories, Thiers' huge work will always command interest if only by reason of its comprehensiveness. More recent and more popular studies have generally been written from a definite point of view, but mention must be made of W. M. Sloane's *Napoleon Bonaparte* (four vols.), of Fournier's *Napoleon* (two vols.), of Dr. Holland Rose's *Napoleon* (two vols.). All these are fully documented. *Napoléon Journaliste*, by A. Perivier, is an exceedingly interesting work, and so is *The Growth of Napoleon*, by Norwood Young.

Among studies which help to elucidate Napoleon's person-

ality are *Madame Mère*, by Baron Larrey; *Dix Années d'Exil*, by Mme. de Staël; and the *Mémoires* of Talleyrand and Fouche. Queen Hortense's *Mémoires* deserve mention. Neither Josephine, Marie Louise, nor Marie Walewska left any memoirs in the ordinary sense of that word—a fact of some interest.

BOOK I

THE LIGHTING

"*There was a time when every man who had a soul to save was bound to be a Jacobin.*"—NAPOLEON.

THE BUONAPARTES OF AJACCIO

CHAPTER I

THE influence of birth, upbringing and early environment upon character can easily be exaggerated in the case of any individual. When a great man's life is in question the temptation to explain facts of maturity by reference to circumstances of childhood ought to be resisted. Temptation has been increased, as it happens in these latter days, by the assertions of students of psychology that character is formed in the nursery and that even the pre-natal period of life cannot be excluded. The pre-natal period of life, unhappily for this view, goes unwitnessed, nor are the annals of infancy of a kind to tempt the historian; but it may be observed by anybody that the same parents, the same nursery and the same native patch of soil are capable of a diversity of production both physical and mental.

Such diversity was shown when, on the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, August 15, 1769, the wife of Carlo Buonaparte, of Ajaccio in Corsica, gave birth to her fourth child and third son.[1] The infant was small and puny, and it had a large head which seemed out of proportion to its shrunken body. Letizia Buonaparte was a big, handsome girl of nineteen years; her husband possessed good looks in a high degree; their other children, two dead, one a boy, surviving, had all been shapely and of substantial weight. But the explanation, in Letizia's mind at any rate, was simple. This infant had been formed while she was attending her husband upon a battlefield and, later, sharing with him the perils and privations of defeat and flight.

Letizia was not disposed to make too much of these circumstances. She was a brave girl with that attitude to life which is often, mistakenly, called fatalistic, but which, in fact, has its

[1] All notes are at the end of the book.

source in an unquestioning faith in the good Providence of God. The Corsican people were far enough removed from the stream of European thought to have maintained, unsullied, native powers of observation and action. What is called by countrymen "book-learning" was not highly valued among them, and few if any of their womenfolk could read or write. They held, in consequence, a sense of reality which, like an unvalued birthright, is thrown away too often by more sophisticated peoples. There was no danger in the fastnesses of the Sartene, from which Letizia's mother's people, the bandit chiefs di Pietra Santo, had come, of mistaking ideas or symbols for hard facts—those who made such mistakes, like unwary birds or animals, soon lost their lives. On the other hand there was much opportunity of witnessing the perennial ecstasy of Nature whereby, dangerously, life is created out of life, to the accompaniment of song and dance and tears. Letizia accepted suffering and death, as she accepted the offices of woman, wifehood and motherhood, with depth of feeling unruffled by questionings. In that spirit she had met her father's death and her mother's remarriage, and in that spirit she had herself married Carlo Buonaparte when she was fourteen and he eighteen years of age.

In a sense the marriage had been a good one from Carlo's point of view, for Letizia's father, Giovanni Girolamo Ramolino, belonged to a Genoese family which had come to Corsica in the fifteenth century, whereas Carlo's family had not reached the island until the sixteenth. These differences had their importance in Ajaccio just as they have their importance to-day in America. All, except the wild Clansmen of the *Terra di Commune*, were immigrants from Genoa or its neighbourhood, foreign conquerors of earlier foreign conquerors who had been driven into the mountains; all had become enough Corsican to measure worth in terms of the island life. Nevertheless the ties with Italy remained and, on the occasions when the Clansmen of the interior descended upon the seaports, became strong once more. Genoa was a merchant state under the rule of an oligarchy largely given to moneylending. The Genoese masters looked upon their Corsican kinsmen in some sort as bailiffs, collectors of tribute, and the Clansmen,

who were the system's victims, held the same opinion. The Clansmen were at perpetual war with the Genoese, and when, as often happened, they found good leaders—drawn usually from Genoese families—gave their conquerors great trouble. In consequence French and Swiss mercenaries were employed to guard the seaports; they remained during long periods on the island and frequently inter-married with the island folk. Letizia's father had kept open house to these soldiers; when he died her mother had married one of them, a Captain of Genoese Marines, a Swiss, named Franz Fesch. Letizia was only seven years of age, and so had come very soon to look upon Fesch as her own father and to accept his son Giuseppe, born six years later, as her brother. Fesch had been received into the Catholic Church on his marriage, but had retained the outlook of a Swiss protestant. He had not been greatly interested in the minutiæ of Corsican nobility and had preserved, apparently, some sympathy for the Clansmen. Consequently, he saw no objection to Carlo as a husband for Letizia, though the lad had become a "patriot" and more or less thrown in his lot with the Clansmen.

Carlo was not to blame for this. He had had the misfortune to lose his father at fourteen years of age; the sole charge of his upbringing and education had, under his father's will, devolved upon his uncle, Lucciano Buonaparte, Archdeacon of Ajaccio. The Archdeacon, like his two brothers, Giuseppe (Carlo's father) and Napoleone, had always treasured a hope, bequeathed by their father Sebastiano, that Corsica might one day become entirely independent of Genoa. In consequence he had always maintained relations with the Clansmen, and especially with their Ligurian leaders. He had taught young Carlo to honour names which most of the Genoese held in abhorrence, for example, Sambuccio, Rocca, d'Istria, Sampiero Corso, Gaffori and Paoli. These men were Italians who had gone up into the mountains under compulsion of the island spirit, leaving all for Corsica's sake. Carlo would follow them, since the day clearly was at hand when the grip of the Genoese and their mercenaries must be relaxed. The lad had needed no urging. With the glow of his youth in his cheeks he had ascended, bearing incense of the *Maquis,* sweet perfumes of cistus, lentis-

cus, arbutus, myrtle, heath, rosemary, juniper, wild olive, to the high place of the Clans, Corsica's capital, Corte, where the leader, Pascal Paoli, had his eyrie among the faithful peaks. And the leader had welcomed him and himself taught him a strong man's wisdom in "the University of Corsica"—the school conducted by five monks, which patriotism had offered to posterity—and on the greensward, under the snow-capped mountains, where the Clansmen were being formed into an army by a will fiercer than their own. Carlo, from this fastness, had caught glimpses, now and then, of the blue Mediterranean. The air of the hills, scented always[2] (for the *Maquis* perfumes pervade the whole island), was in his nostrils. He had loved Corsica, blindly, greedily, in ecstasy of passion. And he had loved Paoli, whom Heaven had sent to re-create the Corsican people. With great bitterness, therefore, he received Uncle Lucciano's order to go to Pisa in Italy and study there for a degree in laws. That was a tradition of the Buonaparte family, never in the Archdeacon's view, to be abandoned, and Carlo's protests had been disregarded; when Paoli too had commanded, the lad had obeyed. At Pisa he had been called the Conte di Buonaparte, had fallen in love for the first time and been refused. But he had failed to secure his degree. Uncle Lucciano, hearing the news, had bidden him come back at once to Ajaccio to marry Maria Letizia Ramolino, who, as her father's heir, possessed a substantial dowry.

And again the old man had had his way. "Zio Lucciano," as his nephew called him, possessed formidable powers, including an absolute control of the financial resources of the family. He had installed himself in the Casa Buonaparte in Ajaccio and taken possession of the lands at Bastelica and Bocognano; and he had brought his sister-in-law, Maria Saveria of the family of Paraviccini, Carlo's mother, to live with him.

It was into this disciplined household that the young man had brought his wife after their marriage in the Cathedral, on June 2, 1764. Letizia had been given the first floor; Uncle Lucciano and Carlo's mother occupied upper rooms. But family life was not strained in Corsica, especially at a moment fateful for the island's future. The honeymoon had suffered grave interruptions because within two months Louis XV of

France made a treaty with the Genoese whereby he promised to pay off, by means of military service in Corsica, the sum of £80,000 which he had borrowed from the Republic during the Seven Years' War. The news of that Treaty had filled the Buonapartes with shame and rage. Carlo had ridden out, immediately, from Ajaccio to offer his services to Paoli, and he had taken his wife with him to the citadel in the mountains, where, already, one of her uncles, Arrighi di Casanova, was installed in a house of his own. The couple had lodged with this man. They had been joined by Carlo's uncle, Napoleone, and by his aunt Geltruda and her husband (who was also her first cousin) Nicolo Paraviccini.

This up-rush of the Genoese to join the hated Clansmen against Genoa was conspicuous tribute to the leadership of Pascal Paoli. That man, in the years since Carlo had given him his boyish adoration, had conquered Corsica without bloodshed or force, so that her virtue was made manifest to the world. Rousseau had blessed him[3] and Boswell had visited him. The families in the sea-ports blushed at last to be called Italian.

Carlo had fallen once more under Paoli's spell and so had Letizia. It is sometimes asserted that men who awaken the fanatical zeal of their fellows are of inferior type; and the methods used by such men, emotional appeal and symbolism, are often cited as evidence against them, or at least as evidence that theirs is a commonplace gift. In fact, however, the power to inspire unquestioning faith and affection in great numbers of persons is a rare gift—perhaps the rarest of all gifts. It is a gift, moreover, which exists independently of circumstance. The hero may lack intellectual power as that quality is understood in universities. He is seldom very well equipped with knowledge and he is usually deficient in technical accomplishment. How little these deficiencies constitute a handicap is matter of history. Leadership can always gather to itself ability and technical knowledge and can always make use of these qualities which, in truth, are plentifully distributed among men. The danger indeed is not that he will go uncounselled but that he may fail to exert enough control of his counsellors. The barons are always, potentially, the King's enemies and the

true test of kingship is the power to protect the sheep from the wolves.

This power resides solely in the leadership itself—that is to say, in the ecstatic quality which has effected marriage with the people. Every leadership partakes, in its essence, of a sacrament. It is a fatherhood, endowed with the mystic power of bestowing life and with the goodwill to sustain that which it has made.

Carlo and Letizia had been persuaded that Paoli was such a leader and father, a man sent of God. Paoli, on his part, had seen in Carlo a worthy lieutenant. The young man had become the chief's *aide-de-camp*, and Letizia had rejoiced to be included, to some extent, in that office.

Life in the mountains had been good for the girl, who had worn a lovely complexion "like peach blossom"[4] to fulfil her beauty. But the life had gone to Carlo's head. "The General," as Paoli was called, was virtual King of Corsica with a body-guard, a charger richly furnished with saddle-cloth of crimson velvet and broad gold lace, and "an unspeakable pride."[5] He was unmarried and did not propose to marry. Carlo had been treated in some sort as heir-presumptive, and had allowed his hopes to outrun his discretion. After all, the German adventurer, Theodore, Baron Neuhof von La Mark, had had himself crowned in Corte by the Clansmen only thirty years before.

Paoli's case, however, was very different from that of "King Theodore of Corsica." The General was a statesman with a sense of reality; he had seen that by reason of the Seven Years' War a turning-point in Corsican history was at hand. Genoa, as a centre of finance and commerce, was fallen because London occupied now a position incomparably more important than that of any Continental city, Amsterdam not excluded. The passing of India into English possession, further, had made of the Mediterranean an "English lake" in the sense that it would be a chief end of English policy to protect the route across the Isthmus of Suez by which so much Indian produce came to Europe, and also to prevent competitors from obtaining colonial produce for themselves. Corsica's importance in this scheme was due to her nearness to the great French naval base of Toulon. Paoli, in short, had calculated on English

support when, as he believed to be inevitable, Genoa sold the island to the French.

That calculation had proved to be unsound in the respect that it had left out of account the completeness of England's command of the sea. The destruction of the French navy at Quiberon had so reduced the importance of Toulon that when Paoli's ideas, as recounted by Boswell, were presented to Lord Holland, he scouted them, remarking: "Foolish as we are, we cannot be so foolish as to go to war because Mr. Boswell has been in Corsica."[6] Paoli, when he had realized that there was no hope of help from England, had turned to Rome, on the ground that Corsica had, formerly, been a possession of the Holy See. He had chosen Carlo Buonaparte to represent him at the Vatican.

The mission had been accepted eagerly both by Carlo and Letizia. Letizia by this time had borne her husband two children, a boy born in 1765 and named Napoleone after Carlo's uncle, who was its godfather, and a girl, Maria Anna, born in 1767. Neither of these children had survived a year. The young couple had fallen into distress, which was not relieved by the deep inroads which Carlo's taste for display had been making in Letizia's dowry—their chief means of support while the Archdeacon retained his iron control of the Buonaparte fortune. Letizia had not dreamed of questioning her husband's right to do as he willed; but the fact that he was to be occupied with important affairs in Italy had seemed to her a dispensation of Providence in that it was likely to exert a steadying influence. In his absence she had behaved exactly as she had behaved when he was present. She had gone freely about the little town and, on most evenings, had played *reversi* with the Chief at his headquarters, where his lieutenants and their womenfolk were accustomed to gather. Jealous tongues had not failed to make suggestions, but the girl's dignity and honesty had silenced them.

Carlo's mission was less successful than his sanguine mind was disposed to allow. The Pope had been sympathetic but non-committal. Paoli resolved to fight, in the hope that resistance would attract sympathy and win allies. The training and arming of the Clansmen on the greensward, among the moun-

tains, continued with ever-increasing enthusiasm, and it was into this armed camp that Letizia's third child, a boy, had been born on January 7, 1768. Carlo had it baptized on the following day by Father Gaffori in the parish church of Corte. He gave it the name of his first boy, but in the Corsican form, Nabulione.[7] He had himself adopted the dress of a Clansman, a tunic furnished with great pouches for his pistols, daggers, a staff surmounted by a serpent, and a feathered cap. Paoli encouraged this form of propaganda because he was still busy with his task of trying to secure independence bloodlessly. He had appealed to Frederick the Great, who had sent him a sword of honour inscribed with the words "*Patria: Libertas*," and he had been at pains to keep on good terms with the commander of the French garrison in Bastia, the comte de Marbœuf. If the French had been ready to do a deal, Paoli would certainly have met them.

But nobody cared to make firm promises. The Chief resolved to act for himself by denouncing the Genoese allegiance before Genoa found a buyer. He had attacked the small island of Capraia, where there was a Genoese garrison, and had taken it. But the plan had miscarried in that Genoa meanwhile had sold Corsica to Louis XV for £80,000. The treaty of sale was signed at Versailles on May 15, 1768, and Paoli was forced to choose between a war with France and surrender. In his extremity he had sent Carlo and Letizia to Bastia to Marbœuf, but the mission had failed. On August 15, 1768, the King of France published an edict informing the Corsicans that they were his subjects. Ten thousand French soldiers brought the King's edict to the island. Paoli met and defeated them on the field of Borgo.

That had been Corsica's undoing. Paoli, better instructed than his clansmen, had tried immediately to use victory as a bargaining counter with France—or England—and might possibly have succeeded if patriotic fervour among his own people had been less intense. As it was he was forced to fight, the next year, against forty-five battalions of infantry, three regiments of cavalry, artillery, and engineers, under the command of the comte de Vaux. The end, in such circumstances, was not for a moment in doubt. The Clansmen had displayed all

their qualities of courage and heroism, and their women, Letizia among them, had played the part of stretcher-bearers on the various battlefields; but equipment and discipline were lacking. Letizia, six months advanced in her fourth pregnancy, had been driven, with her shattered people, into the mountains to a cave upon the slopes of Monte Rotondo, and she had remained there without enough food or shelter until the French found the hiding-place and informed its inhabitants that Paoli had agreed to go aboard a British warship on condition that no penalties were placed upon the Corsicans.

At first Carlo had expressed himself as determined to follow his Chief into exile, but Letizia argued otherwise. As has been said, she had been brought up among Frenchmen and was not ill-disposed towards them. She had foreseen immediately the need of leaders who, by reason of their wider knowledge, could act as interpreters between Corsica and her conquerors. Carlo, as usual, had accepted his wife's advice and had made submission at Corte to the comte de Vaux. The family then returned to Ajaccio. On the way down the mule on which Letizia was riding slipped on the bank of the Liamone River and she was plunged into the water. But her cool nerve and great natural courage saved her, nor did it appear that the child in her womb had taken any hurt from the accident.

NAPOLEON GOES TO SCHOOL

CHAPTER II

ONE of Carlo's first acts after his homecoming from the mountains had been to change the name of his son Nabulione. Uncle Napoleone had been killed in the war; but the real reason for the change was a wish to have done with Corsican nationalism. Carlo, as advised by Letizia and the Archdeacon, had come to realize that Corsica, for good or ill, was now a French province and would almost certainly so remain. He had no desire to make his family circle a home of lost causes or to burden his children with the *patois* of the vanquished. Little Nabulione was renamed Giuseppe, after his paternal grandfather.

When, therefore, Letizia's war baby, the puny child whose sudden arrival had sent its mother hurrying home from her devotions at the Cathedral in Ajaccio, made its appearance, the decision was taken to use the discarded name once more in its Italian form. The boy was called Napoleone. He was christened privately, partly on account of the state of his health, partly because of the troubled political situation; and a wet-nurse named Camilla Ilari was engaged. With the family servant, Caterina, she was destined to play a considerable part in the child's life, because Letizia, during many years, was to be occupied with child-bearing and with the care of the Archdeacon and his sister-in-law, Carlo's mother, whom everyone now called "Grandmother Saveria."

Carlo quickly advanced in the trust and confidence of the French. He applied, when Louis XV decreed that Corsica should possess noblemen, for a declaration that he had the right to the title of *comte*, and had no difficulty in obtaining what he wanted. The Comte de Buonaparte became one of the "Twelve Nobles" who, at the States-General of Corsica which met at Bastia on May 1, 1772, were chosen as the upper chamber of

the island legislature. In addition, as a lawyer, he was appointed Assessor to the Court in Ajaccio at a salary equivalent in modern money to about £200 a year. Meanwhile, on July 14, 1771, Letizia had borne a daughter. This child was baptized in the Cathedral, and the opportunity was taken to have Napoleone, nearly two years old, rebaptized at the same time. A large family gathering, which included Letizia's mother, Grandmother Fesch, her son, Giuseppe Fesch, now eight years old, and Aunt Geltruda Paraviccini, attended the ceremony. Napoleone's godparents were Lorenzo Giubega, his father's closest friend, and his Aunt Geltruda. The infant girl was called Maria Anna. Soon afterwards Giubega became Registrar of the States of Corsica. The Buonapartes and their circle began to occupy a dominating position, not in Ajaccio alone, but throughout the whole island.

Carlo expanded in this atmosphere. If he was a vain man, his vanity was not in excess of his ability, whether as lawyer or statesman, and his fellow-countrymen owed him thanks for the way in which he protected their interests while at the same time giving loyal support to the French. It was upon his advice that France exercised a wide tolerance in her behaviour towards the islanders, for he argued that, if the union between this Italian people and their conquerors was to be complete and permanent, time was necessary. Marbœuf, the Governor, took no important decision without consulting the Buonapartes,[8] to whose house he was a frequent visitor, and while he remained on the island the relations between the French and the Corsicans improved steadily from year to year.

Such a happy outcome was by no means pleasing to the remnant of Paoli's followers, who hankered still after their lost leader and comforted themselves with the hope that one day he would return, with English ships, to their rescue. This body of "patriots" lost no opportunity of hampering Marbœuf, and when Louis XV died and was succeeded by his great-nephew, Louis XVI, they addressed complaints to Versailles about the harsh behaviour of the Governor. Marbœuf was called to France to answer these charges. He went provided with a defence which Carlo had helped him to prepare, and, when he was exonerated, offered suggestions for the government of the

island with which Carlo had supplied him. One of these was that the Corsicans, as an inducement to loyalty, should be granted some of the privileges of Frenchmen, especially the privilege of free education in France. Louis XVI adopted this plan. When Marbœuf returned to Ajaccio it was announced that the King of France was ready to give education to the sons and daughters of poor but noble Corsican families on exactly the same conditions as obtained in the case of French families.

The object was to associate the leading families in the island with French thought and French culture, which otherwise—owing to their poverty—must have remained beyond their reach. Carlo had argued that, without such a link, the island must remain a source of danger to France and of succour to France's enemies, seeing that the patriots were only awaiting a favourable opportunity to strike. He resolved, as soon as the decree was promulgated, to avail himself of the King's bounty, for he had made up his mind that his own children should belong to the French party. He was chosen to represent the Nobles on a deputation to congratulate Louis XVI on his accession, and the occasion enabled him to make friends at Versailles and so to unfold further plans for the pacification of Corsica.

This deputation awakened a lively wrath among Paoli's followers, and Carlo, as was natural enough, was singled out as an object of special contempt. Had he not boasted that he was Paoli's heir, the future King of Corsica? He was not greatly disturbed. He realized that, if the patriots had their way, the island would be given over once more to violent internal strife and to permanent brigandage the only result of which would be a new conquest, followed by severe repression. So he accepted the grant of (in present values) about £300, made to cover his expenses, and ordered his court dress. It was very splendid apparel, in Corsican eyes, and gave its possessor and his family much joy. He sailed to Marseilles and went direct to Paris. A few days later he was presented to Louis and Marie Antoinette, and began a series of consultations with the French ministers about the situation in Corsica. These were so successful that when he returned home he brought with him a scheme for the development of agriculture on the island which included the planting of three large mulberry groves and the establish-

ment of a silk industry. Carlo himself was to be responsible for one of the mulberry groves. Immediately on his return he told his wife that he had decided to send his sons to France to be educated. So far from opposing him, Letizia urged that the same benefit might be extended to her half-brother Fesch, of whom she was exceedingly fond. The upshot was that application for the royal bounty was made on behalf of Napoleone and Fesch instead of on behalf of Giuseppe and Napoleone. Carlo decided to pay for the education of his eldest son out of his own pocket. Napoleone's name was sent forward as a candidate for the French Navy, while Fesch was designated for the Church.

Meanwhile Letizia had borne a sixth child, a daughter, which had died unnamed. On March 21, 1775, another son, her seventh child, was born and was called Lucciano after the Archdeacon. Her three elder children spent much of their time, until the boys were sent to school, in the company of Camilla Ilari's boy, Napoleone's foster-brother, who, as a sailor's son, was interested in boats and fishing, and who imparted his enthusiasm to his friends. Napoleone went first to a girls' school, but his mother had to take him away because he reacted to the jeers of companions more happily situated by fighting them and getting himself hurt. He was sent to the Jesuit College, where his brother Giuseppe was already a pupil. He did not long remain there, because Carlo's application for his admission to the Military and Naval College at Brienne had been successful.

The Comte de Buonaparte had occasion to pay a second visit to Versailles and resolved to take his sons and Fesch with him so that they might, before entering school, learn something of the French language. On December 12; 1778, the party took ship from Ajaccio, wayfarers, except Carlo, of sad and timid face. Napoleone was nine years of age. But like the others he mingled pride with desolation and kept a stiff lip. After all, he was a Buonaparte, the son of a nobleman of Italy and France, by reason of whose fame and splendour he had become the recipient of the royal bounty. Others might sneer, but who did not envy? The boys loved and feared their mother, who was a strict disciplinarian with a swift and heavy hand; but they held their father in veneration. This friend of kings and

Master of Ajaccio, who was as learned as he was famous, stood far above ordinary men and women. Even their mother held him in respect—a fact rich in significance—and thought them lucky to mingle his blood with her own. No tears were shed on board as the ship drew away from the harbour, though Caterina, Letizia's maid, had wept violently at the moment of parting, and this stoical behaviour imposed a heavy strain. It was different in France. The party went first to Aix-en-Provence, where the fifteen-year-old Giuseppe Fesch was going to school. It travelled from there to Autun, where Giuseppe Buonaparte was to be educated. Carlo had arranged that his sons should remain together for a few months until Napoleone was due to go north to Brienne. He left them on New Year's Day of the year 1779. On April 20 of that year the brothers parted: Giuseppe broke down, but Napoleone shed only one tear.[9]

Napoleone had found the French language very difficult and was still unable to speak more than a few words. But he had become accustomed to France and to French people and had fared pretty well at the hands of the priests into whose care Giuseppe had passed. Brienne, therefore, before he reached it, did not dismay him. The reality was the more terrifying. From the hour of his arrival, he began to learn what it meant to be a gentleman of France—when one was not a French gentleman. In Ajaccio a cadet of the House of Buonaparte was prince; but there was no Buonaparte at Brienne. The sons of the great houses of France, who constituted the majority of the pupils, had, indeed, heard of Corsica because their fathers and elder brothers had fought there under de Chauvelin and de Vaux, against the natives. But it needed a geography lesson to enable them to find the island and a lesson in history to assure them that it was indeed a French province. Napoleone's adventures in their language, moreover, tended to cast doubt upon both geography and history. What language did he speak? When he tried to tell them his name he seemed to be saying "Paille-au-nez" and they nicknamed him "Straw-in-the-nose."[10]

That was at the beginning. As time went on the boy learned to speak French which could be understood. He called himself Napoleon now, and wore a dignity which proved as exasperating as his early struggles to make himself understood had been

ridiculous. He made enemies and became involved in fights; one friend only came to him, Bourienne, whose family was as undistinguished as his own. The friendship did not go very deep. Napoleon lived alone with his troublesome thoughts.

The school, in the course of 150 years, has acquired a reputation for vice. But Napoleon did not find it vicious. On the contrary, consideration assured him of its merits. The teachers were distinguished, notably the mathematical master, Pichegru, and the boys were as good as their neighbours. It would have been possible to be happy if circumstances had been even moderately favourable. His unhappiness belonged, not to the school, but to himself, for, in the mirror of Brienne, day after day, he was forced to see Corsica and his father and Paoli, the exile. Because the mirror was distorted, the spectacle it offered broke his heart.

Paoli occupied the centre of the picture, Boswell's *A Tour in Corsica*, of which there was a translation in the school library, supplied the details necessary to a reconstruction of the "General's" character and appearance. Napoleon remade the Corsican leader according to the Scotsman's recipe and found himself face to face with one of Plutarch's heroes. He adored, day after day, the noble warrior in his simple habit, among his Clansmen, ready to face destruction for liberty's sake. And with his small, red fists he drove Paoli's name between the teeth of the French boys. One of these drew a cartoon of "Paille-au-nez" shouldering a musket to fight for his dear Paoli. But it was not the French against whom the little cadet's deepest feelings were stirred. These were reserved for his own father—the man who had been Paoli's *aide-de-camp* and then had "kissed the hands that oppressed him."[14] The glory of Carlo's court dress and association with governors and kings withered in a bitter frost. It was difficult to look the French boys in the face.

More difficult still to examine his own heart. Had he faced this trouble in Ajaccio it would have been easy to recall the fact that Paoli had not died sword in hand but had surrendered to the French on conditions more or less favourable to himself and his people. Nor would the inference have escaped an acute mind that Paoli believed in the necessity of living at peace with

France. But at Brienne such a view was shame. At least his *aide-de-camp* ought to have accompanied the General to his exile among the great-hearted English people. Never should gifts have been taken from the tyrant's hands—and least of all this gift of a royal education. Napoleon felt that his father had sold him into slavery. He was Moses among the Egyptians, without Moses' excuse.

That view, after a time, softened his exasperation against his schoolfellows. Since they were Frenchmen and not Corsicans they honoured Corsica by hating her. He clung to this idea, and after a time began to study them with a detachment which brought him comfort. He found much to admire as well as much to condemn, for, inevitably, all were measured against Paoli, Boswell's Corsican-Scot, the covenanter of Liberty. Had the lad remained a little longer in his native island he would have known that there were no covenanters in Corsica and would, consequently, have recognized the influence of French culture. Had he possessed experience of his own nature in its reactions to the world he would have been spared the excursion into puritanism that French culture had made possible. In such circumstances Boswell's portrait would have failed to convince. But the bitterness of exile had darkened judgment with the moralizing to which, at that hour, Frenchmen were giving themselves, even in boys' schools. It was necessary that Corsica should outbid the world in those qualities of austerity and high-mindedness which the world professed to admire above all other qualities. The biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson knew the prescription and had used it unsparingly.

And so Napoleon, as he entered his teens, found the French wanting in the stoïc virtues, argumentative, loquacious, pleasure-loving, too fond of eating and drinking, of women, of what he called, scornfully, "art." There was Boswell's testimony that Paoli had expressed the view that more real virtue was to be found in a society of peasants than among the most illustrious philosophers. On the other hand the considerable independence of mind, especially in the matter of religion, exhibited by some of his schoolfellows earned Napoleon's approval, if only because it served in a measure to rehabilitate his father in his esteem. Carlo had exhibited a similar in-

dependence and had not, except on rare occasions, gone to Mass with his wife and family. His behaviour had remained without explanation because Letizia would as soon have cut out her tongue as criticize her husband to her children. Napoleon began, at last, to understand. At thirteen the religious training which he had received from his mother and the Jesuits wore an unreal appearance. His classical studies had undermined his faith[12] and he was already asking himself those questions about man's life and destiny which are commonly answered, in youth, by a rejection of earlier answers. Nevertheless, his inability to believe caused him distress at such times as he was not flattering himself that it proved his intellectual manhood.

When he was twelve years of age, Napoleon received a visit, at the school, from his father and mother. It was his first sight of them for three years, because there were no holidays at Brienne. Carlo was unwell and was undergoing treatment in France. He wore a silk coat and a most impressive wig and he carried a sword.[13] Letizia was in white silk decorated with green flowers. Her "Roman carriage" and "sonorous and incisive tones" were so impressive that a schoolboy at Autun, to which place she had gone in the first instance to visit Giuseppe, recalled them clearly many years afterwards. Giuseppe had been in good health, but the state of Napoleon's health shocked his mother. She found him thin, almost wasted, and heard with dismay that his bed was a sailor's hammock.

She had much to tell, and Napoleon was eager to listen. He remembered still the acute distress he had felt at the death of his little sister, Maria Anna, five years before. Letizia told him that the girl who had been born on January 3, 1777, and who had been given the same name, was now the companion of his brother Lucciano just as her dead sister had been his companion. There was a new family at the Casa Buonaparte, with Lucciano at its head. It consisted of another boy, Luigi (after the King of France and the Comte de Marbœuf), born on September 24, 1778, of Maria Anna and of Paola Maria (after Paoli), born on October 20, 1780. Letizia made no secret of the fact that Lucciano had won her heart and this was duly noted by her son. For the rest, the lad found his father kindly and open-minded and with the easy generosity of youth forgave

without exculpating. The impressive truth that Carlo was paying away a large part of his income in giving his children the best educations he could obtain—for Giuseppe remained a charge on his income and further charges were being planned—exerted its influence. If the Comte de Buonaparte was not a Corsican patriot at least he was a man of substantial accomplishment who had the interests of his family close at heart. Carlo, for his part, was impressed by his second son,[14] and took comfort in the thought that he was likely to succeed in his profession.

This contact with reality exerted its effect, in due course, on Boswell's mythical figure. Carlo and Letizia had known the real Paoli, whereas Napoleon knew nothing at all outside of the pages of the *Tour in Corsica*. There was flesh and blood at last for the hero's wearing. The boy was reading history with a greediness which astonished the school librarian.[15] A less acute mind than his must have realized that Corsican independence, from the beginning, had been contingent on English support. Did he, Napoleon, wish that Corsica should become in effect an English possession?

Carlo made arrangements in Paris to have Lucciano received into the school at Brienne as a paying pupil—for two brothers could not, simultaneously, receive the King's bounty. At the same time he obtained a place for Maria Anna at the royal school for girls at St. Cyr. Shortly after his return to Corsica he sent Lucciano to Autun to learn French under Giuseppe's guidance, thus repeating the plan he had pursued in the case of Napoleon. His health did not improve and after a prolonged period of suffering he resolved to go again to Versailles to consult the Queen's doctor. He took Maria Anna, who had come to school age, with him. They visited Autun and Brienne on the way. Lucciano was enjoying himself and had already made a conquest of his eldest brother, who had small strength to oppose to his strong will. Giuseppe, on the contrary, was discontented and declared that he had no vocation for the priesthood. He wanted to become a soldier. Carlo carried this new affliction to Napoleon and persuaded the lad to write to Fesch, urging him to exert such influence over Giuseppe as he possessed.[16] Carlo had Lucciano with him. The spoiled child of the Buonaparte

family met his soldier brother face to face for the first time since he had left his cradle. Lucciano did not like Napoleone.[17]

Carlo was advised at Versailles to take a course of treatment at the Corsican Spa of Orezzo. He returned home by way of Autun, and since it was impossible, immediately, to make a soldier of Giuseppe, he took the lad back with him to Corsica. His indulgence towards his children was such that, though he was growing weaker daily, he busied himself to obtain a military training for his eldest son and actually arranged to have him admitted at the school at Metz. Since the waters of Orezzo did him no good he resolved to take Giuseppe to Metz and then to go on to Paris for further medical advice. The chief obstacle to the accomplishment of this purpose was lack of ready money, but Letizia, who was greatly alarmed about her husband's health, borrowed £50 in gold pieces from the Deputy Governor of the island and so made the journey possible. She was again expecting a child and could not therefore accompany Carlo.

Napoleon, meanwhile, had passed out of Brienne. He had not attained a standard high enough to entitle him to enter the Navy[18] and was compelled, in consequence, to accept the career of a gunner. He travelled to Paris on October 30, 1784, to enter the Military College in that city. He was fifteen, older than his years by reason of his afflictions, and without illusions about himself or his importance. He was still reading history with avidity and had already formed the project of writing a history of Corsica. Paris, when he came there, was wearing the last tints of autumn. But whatever impression upon him the great city may have made—and he knew nothing of cities—was tempered by the fresh humiliations which awaited him at the College. He was very poor and the standard of life of his fellow-cadets was higher than any of which he had knowledge. The part of skeleton at the feast was thrust suddenly upon him for he refused to admit poverty and was compelled, in consequence, to pretend that he disliked and disapproved of luxury. A priggish letter to one of the masters at Brienne eased his feelings.[19] It contained, nevertheless, an expression of opinion about the importance of accustoming young officers to hardship which was neither priggish nor embittered.

The journey of Carlo and Giuseppe came to an end at Montpellier, where Carlo fell suddenly so ill that he could not leave his bed. He had engaged a room in a cheap hostelry, but, as it happened, had friends in the town who hurried to his help and took him into their own house. These were the Permons. Madame Permon, before her marriage, had been a close friend of Letizia's; her French husband was a man of amiable character who had conceived a real affection for Carlo as well as respect for his gifts as statesman and talker. Both husband and wife declared themselves honoured to be his hosts and urged that he would use their resources as if they were his own.[20] He soon recovered enough to get about again, but a fresh crisis of his illness brought him back to bed. Madame Permon now urged Giuseppe to summon Fesch, who had become abbé, and expressed the view that Letizia ought to be told. But Carlo forbade the message to his wife, saying that she was in no state to hear bad news. Soon afterwards he learned that another son had been born to him (on November 15, 1784) and had been called Girolamo, after Letizia's father. There were further flickers of recovery, but the march of the disease, which the doctors pronounced to be cancer[21] of the stomach, was not stayed. Madame Permon urged once more that Letizia should be summoned but could not move the dying man, who assured her that his wife had need of all her resources. Carlo, as has been said, had more or less abandoned the practice of Christianity. Towards the end of January, 1785, however, he sent for a priest, confessed himself and received absolution. The end came a month later at seven o'clock in the evening of February 24, 1785, in the presence of Giuseppe, Fesch and the Permons. The dying man charged his son to care for his mother and sisters and brothers, and then blessed those who surrounded him. He expressed regret that he would not again see Napoleon, who had not been informed about the severity of his illness.[22] His mind began to wander and Giuseppe heard him pronounce Napoleon's name again and again. An autopsy was performed and the diagnosis confirmed, to the doctor's satisfaction. A few days later the body was buried in the vault of a religious house in the town.[23]

SECOND-LIEUTENANT BONAPARTE

CHAPTER III

NAPOLEON wrote at once to his mother promising all the help in his power and expressing gratitude for "all your great goodness to me." He abandoned immediately his reluctance to admit poverty and when, on one occasion, a teacher in the school offered to lend him money replied that he could not increase in any way the burden now resting on his mother's shoulders.

Letizia, however, was not poor in any tragic sense of that word. She possessed the means, in the land owned by the family, of giving her children a decent upbringing. She was fortunate, further, in the fact that when Napoleon had left Brienne, Lucciano, or Lucien as he now called himself, had stepped into the vacant place among the King's scholars. Maria Anna, too, was still at St. Cyr. But Giuseppe's career as a soldier was no longer a possibility. He returned to Ajaccio instead of going on to Metz, and helped his mother to secure the small pension to which, as the wife of a public official, she was entitled. The family was now wholly identified with the French cause, and though their mother continued to call them by their Italian names, they began, among themselves, to use the French equivalents. Giuseppe, or Joseph, took to farming and hurried forward the planting of the mulberry grove for which Carlo had assumed responsibility and for which payment was due to be made immediately on completion. At the same time anxious family councils were held to decide whether or not the eldest son of the Buonapartes should, according to the tradition of his house, go to Pisa and take his doctorate. As a lawyer Joseph might hope to obtain the appointments held by his father. Uncle Lucciano's view, as usual, was accepted and it was decided that the outlay was justified.

This decision imposed hardship on Letizia. That brave and honest woman wanted to sell her silver plate in order to repay the debt of £50 she had incurred on her husband's behalf, but her creditors refused to allow her to make the sacrifice. She cut down her domestic staff to one maidservant and did the cooking herself; and she asked to be excused the regular attendance at church which, until now, she had given. Grandmother Saveria did not long survive the loss of her son and her death lightened Letizia's burden; but the loss of Joseph's help was a severe deprivation at a time when the household consisted of an old and somewhat surly miser, the Archdeacon, and four young children, Luigi (Louis) aged six, Paola Maria ("Paulette") aged four, Maria Nunziata aged two, and Girolamo aged only a few months. Letizia did not complain nor did she allow a suggestion about her difficulties to reach Napoleon or Lucien, who were assured that everything was going well. Napoleon did not accept these assurances easily. He was passing through that early stage of adolescence when most active-minded boys became subject to fits of gloom and when emotions are never very fully controlled. His father's death and thoughts about his mother's difficulties troubled him a great deal and became associated, in his brooding, with a sense of exile and even of frustration. There is his own witness that he dwelt on suicide, but the idea is so commonly present to the minds of gloomy boys and so very seldom present except as a phantasy, that it has no significance. "Since I must die," he wrote, "would it not be as well to kill myself?" He answered the question in rhetorical sentences about the evil plight of Corsica "and the impossibility of changing it."[24] And he read Rousseau with a zeal which was as unflagging as his spirit and which was nourished by the encomiums pronounced upon the Corsicans by the Swiss philosopher. Rousseau's gift to Napoleon was the conviction that it was not the French people who had conquered Corsica but only the French King. The French people, therefore, were slaves just as the Corsicans were slaves.

This comforting thought lightened many burdens and was, consequently, emphasized in the schoolboy essays with which the little cadet amused and solaced himself. "The people," he

wrote, "can at will take back the sovereignty it has given." Since, on his own showing, sovereignty had been usurped rather than bestowed, it is obvious that his mind was moving already in revolutionary channels. In September, 1785, he offered himself for examination as an officer and, largely on account of his good performance in mathematics, received his commission as Second-Lieutenant. A choice of stations was offered him. He elected to be posted to the regiment of La Fère, then in garrison at Valence, for he knew that the regiment provided the two companies of artillery which were kept in Corsica. He seems to have felt some pride in his new uniform. On the day on which he put it on for the first time he called on the Permons, who had come from Montpellier to live in Paris. One of their two small daughters promptly nicknamed him "Puss in Boots." He returned a few days later with a model of "Puss" and a copy of the fairy tale as gifts for the little girl.[20]

He travelled to Valence with a lad named Alexander des Mazis, with whom he had become friendly. A sergeant conducted them from the school to the stage-coach, paid their fares, and gave them each a small sum of money for their journey. At Chalon-sur Saône they entered a barge on which they travelled to Lyons. A second barge took them down the Rhône to their destination. Each carried his commission. Napoleon's was inscribed:

"Napoleone de Buonaparte, second Lieutenant of d'Autume's company of bombardiers in the La Fère regiment of my royal corps of artillery, Louis R."

It was a rule of the artillery—a rule of which the new Lieutenant approved—that every officer must serve for a short period in every rank. Napoleon therefore, on his arrival on November 5, 1785, became private. He remained in the ranks until January 18th of the following year, when he was received into the full comradeship of his fellow-officers. By this time he had made up his mind that the La Fère regiment was in every sense a worthy institution, ably commanded by men whom he could respect. Moreover, he had found comfortable lodgings in the house of an old man named Bou, who lived with his middle-aged daughter. Mademoiselle Bou conducted a café and billiard-room; she offered the young officer, whose sole

means consisted of his pay of £1 a week, a room on the first floor of the house, next to the billiard-room and facing the street. The rent was 2s. a week.

It was a noisy room, but Napoleon did not object to that. He became very fond of the Bous, who, for their part, exerted themselves to make him comfortable and give him a home. The regiment worked hard. He had to be up at dawn and did not return till evening. At midday he went to a baker's shop where he got two dry rolls and a glass of water for a penny. He dined with his fellow-lieutenants at an inn called The Three Pigeons, where they had a weekly arrangement with the host. His food cost him, in all, about a shilling a day. He was thus spending only half his pay, and was in a position to help his mother and also, occasionally, to buy books.

He was happy for the first time for many years. The regiment, as he said, was like a family and the chiefs were "like our fathers and they were the bravest and most worthy men in the world."[26] He began to make progress with his history and was further helped in his work by Mademoiselle Bou, who introduced him to a friend of her own, the keeper of a subscription library. Napoleon joined the library. When its resources were exhausted he wrote to Geneva for books "about the Island of Corsica." His writing and reading became thieves of his sleep, and on most nights his candle was burning into the small hours. But he never missed a parade. He had been given an introduction to the parish priest and duly presented it. The priest handed him over to a Mme. Colombier, who invited him to her house. She had a daughter named Caroline, with whom the lad fell in love, though very timidly. They ate cherries together and he took a few dancing lessons, privately, from a man in the town.[27] But his clothes mortified self-esteem. He had brushed them bare and could not afford to buy new ones.

Caroline, nevertheless, was kind[28] and joined her mother in urging him to bring his history of Corsica to the house and read it to them. The priest was present at this reading, and was so much impressed that he sent the first two chapters to the Abbé Raynal, the philosopher, in Marseilles. Raynal urged the author to continue his work. The regiment was ordered to

Lyons and then to Douai. An opportunity presented to ask for leave. On September 1, 1796, Napoleon left Douai to return home.

He went, in the first instance, to Aix because his brother Lucien had quitted the school at Brienne and gone there, with his mother's consent, to study for the Church. Napoleon was far from approving of this consent, which in fact had been given reluctantly both on financial and general grounds. Lucien at twelve, however, was determined to go his own way. He scouted Napoleon's reproofs, falling back for support on Fesch, now a man of twenty-three, with whom he was living. The combination was so formidable that the enemy had to retire. At Marseilles, Napoleon visited Raynal, who told him that he had sent the history of Corsica to Mirabeau.

That name had already captured the imagination of Frenchmen, for Honoré Gabriel Riquetti, comte de Mirabeau, had not been afraid to defy both Church and Throne and, in addition, to throw many stones at Necker, the King's Treasurer. Mirabeau, as was credibly reported, had been born with teeth in his jaws; he had soured his boyhood and early youth by falling foul of his father the marquis, a man of infinite priggishness and inexorable vanity. Then he had married a wife, experienced the mortification of betrayal, and, in the surge of reaction, first forgiven and afterwards deserted her, calling forth, by this process, a fresh outburst of paternal wrath. The marquis filled up a *lettre de cachet* and sent the comte to prison. Gabriel was carried from one fortress to another, nursing the fiery spirit of his indignation, until—for he was not held so close a prisoner that all social contacts were denied him—he met Sophie de Monnier, seventeen-year-old wife of a sexagenarian.

Sophie was gentle, soft, with a weight and power of passion as great as his own. They were caught up in a whirlwind which carried them, fugitives from society, to a mean street in a Dutch city, where the man earned their living by translating foreign books. Sophie became pregnant, and Gabriel tasted such ecstasy of joy that his pride and all his rancours were swallowed up. He said that ambition and honour and fatherland were well lost for Sophie's sake—and he meant it, because none in the world knew so well as he the exact value

of the price he had paid. Nothing would have induced him to run away with Sophie, and so ruin his hopes of a great career, except utter incapacity not to run away. The man of the world cursed and fumed and stood, finally, aghast at the lover whose existence within his own breast he had not suspected. And even the lover confessed that his passion might burn itself out among the ashes of dead hopes. Gabriel was born again into a world, so far as he was concerned, uncharted and incredible. His sacrifice was so real that even his terrific love did not blind him. Sophie accepted what no woman with her heart could have refused.

The hunt was up. Society tracked the lovers down, seized and separated them. Gabriel went to a dungeon in Vincennes, Sophie to what was little better than a house of correction. When they met again, four years later, the man's passion was dead. But not the spirit which that passion had lighted. He plunged into politics and became the scourge of those who had robbed him of youth and love. Public affairs and private intrigues divided his life in a madness of action which, little by little, made him the champion of all dissenters and the master of all the hosts of "liberty." Men forgot his shame for joy of his strength and forgave him because his leadership seemed to be the most precious gift of Heaven at an hour when France was falling in ruin.

That such a man had received his manuscript and might condescend to read it was honour so great in Napoleon's judgment that he went on his way to Corsica convinced already that his ambition was achieved.

His luggage consisted of a large box, most of which was occupied by his library. This consisted of the works of Rousseau, McPherson's *Ossian* in a French translation, Plutarch, Plato, Cicero, Livy, and Tacitus,[29] as well as a number of notebooks in which material difficult to remember had been noted. Napoleon was still a passionate admirer of Rousseau,[30] of Paoli, and of the patriots. He had advanced a long way in his revolutionary thinking and had developed, in consequence, a lively hatred of "tyrants" and an equally lively respect for "peoples." He talked eagerly about the "State" and "Liberty" and "Equality," using, like Mirabeau and his

followers, the language with which the "philosophers," Montesquieu, Voltaire, Diderot, and the others, had supplied Frenchmen and disclosing a robust faith in the coming of a new order of society.

But when his feet were set once more upon his native soil experience began to hasten to the correcting of philosophy. He found, to his considerable surprise, that he could not speak to his brothers and sisters because he had forgotten their language, and he found, further, that the ideas that were surging in France exerted little or no influence in Corsica. His mother would not listen, and the Archdeacon, now bedridden with gout, was equally unresponsive. In this wholesome atmosphere of practical things the boy became a boy again and indulged in pranks with his sister Paulette, which earned many whippings for that charming child and—on one occasion—a cudgelling for himself at the strong and impartial hands of Letizia, who was far from being impressed by the uniform of a French officer.[31] Letizia was full of work, for she had no servant, and her four young children, Louis and Paulette, Maria Nunziata and Girolamo, were aged, respectively, eight, six, four, and two. She rose with the sun and slept when the sun set. She did not complain.

Napoleon settled down to complete his history, which, as he now began to realize, was likely to have more readers in France than in Corsica. It was history with philosophy, the moral being that since man's regeneration can be accomplished only in and through society, society must be free. Plato, as the author was aware, had pointed much the same moral as had also the Stoics and their pupils of the Roman Republic. And so the history had a classic background. But so careful and accurate an observer as Napoleon could not remain unaware that the patriots about whom he was writing and the real "patriots" whom he met every day in Ajaccio were men of widely different outlook and sympathy. The patriots of the history were Rousseau's men, seeking a social rebirth; the Ajaccian variety were Francophobes, smarting under a sense of defeat and humiliation and eager, above all things, to revenge themselves upon their conquerors by handing Corsica over to the English. These real patriots did not hide their contempt

for a Corsican who wore King Louis' livery, and their contempt stung the author in spite of his conviction that English overlords would be many degrees worse than French. Paoli's name remained a beacon in this darkness. So much so that Napoleon wrote to a Swiss physician who had compared the Corsican hero with Cæsar, Mahomet, and Cromwell, offering sincere congratulations. The letter ended, however, on a practical note—namely, a request for professional advice about "an uncle of mine who suffers from gout." No answer was received.[32]

NAPOLEON, PHILOSOPHER

CHAPTER IV

ROUSSEAU taught that man is by nature so vile that regeneration is impossible except through the instrumentality of the social organism. This view was dictated, certainly, by the condition of misery into which Europe, and especially France, had fallen since the end of the Seven Years' War. No matter how robust might be a man's belief in progress, the facts of everyday life proclaimed unequivocally that progress had been stayed. Things were getting worse and not better.

One might explain the declension in two ways: either the good that was in human nature was being thwarted by a corrupt society or the evil that was in human nature was not, by reason of that corruption, being exorcised. It was six of one and half a dozen of the other. But the mass of Frenchmen had no difficulty in accepting Rousseau's explanation. They had too bitter an experience of human nature in high places to doubt its callousness and lack of principle. Savage man, they said, is a dog.[33]

That, as has been stated, was Napoleon's view. He found occasion of support for it when, a sudden call to rejoin his regiment having reached him, he travelled once more across France. The country was experiencing bitter poverty, especially in the towns where there were large numbers of unemployed workmen. He saw many of these unhappy men hanging about the approaches to towns and villages, and was told that their evil plight was due to the trade treaty with England which the King had been compelled to sign at the close of the American War of Independence. This treaty opened French markets to English manufactured goods which were being offered at prices below those of the home-produced goods. In consequence the

townspeople had lost their jobs, become destitute, and ceased to buy the farmers' products, thus spreading the ruin into the country districts also. Napoleon had not, so far, concerned himself about economic questions, but the spectacle burned itself upon his mind and became a foundation of all his thinking. Nor did he accept then, or at any later period, the doctrine which was duly presented to him, that the remedy lay in lower wages, so that French goods might be produced as cheaply as English goods.

On the contrary, he concluded that the treaty with England had been a betrayal of French interests, seeing that, as a country predominantly agricultural, France was self-sufficient. The suspicion entered his mind that the rulers at Versailles had done very well out of the bargain.

It was an unjust suspicion. What had actually happened was that the growing power of London as the world's financial centre had broken down French resistance at a moment when French power, whether financial, political, or military, was at a low ebb. France was a borrower from London, even though the presence of many intermediaries obscured that fact. The creditor was in a position to dictate to the debtor. Indeed, London possessed so large a part of the world's stock of gold and silver that the whole Continent of Europe was falling under the necessity of borrowing from her.

Had Rousseau possessed any understanding of this fact he might have revised his view about the wickedness of human nature. For what he had in mind, clearly, was the wickedness of the guides and rulers of men, the priests and the kings. In fact, authority was bankrupt, literally; and possessed as its chief concern the need of obtaining the means whereby industry and agriculture might be carried on.

Nor was this state of affairs the fault of authority. A change of a fundamental kind had taken place in the economic structure of Europe, whereby the basis of that economic structure had ceased to be wealth and had become debt. In the old Europe wealth had been measured in land and in the products of land, crops and herds and minerals; but a new standard had now been introduced—namely, a form of money to which the title "credit" had been given. The Middle Ages

had covered Europe with cathedrals and noble secular buildings and had left no debt: But during four centuries debt had been increasing as the new credit-money, little by little, replaced the old money, and it had now, because of the concentration of the precious metals in London, achieved a virtual conquest of the world. In other words, the promissory notes of London banking houses had become, to all intents and purposes, the only international money, seeing that nobody could obtain gold or silver in any substantial amount without having recourse to London.

Not only so, but London had become, after the Seven Years' War, the centre of an Empire which included India and Canada. Access to colonial produce was therefore barred to nations which did not possess sterling credits. Nor was it easy to obtain such credits by selling goods to England, because English manufacturers were protected by a tariff. France, therefore, had been forced to borrow in order to obtain colonial produce; she had been forced to borrow in order to play her part in the American War of Independence; she was now being forced to borrow in order to pay the interest on her former loans. And since ultimately, as has been said, all loans were sterling loans, she had fallen more and more under the dominance of London.

London, for its part, had not concerned itself about the uses to which the loans were going to be put. It was quite well understood that the borrowings of M. Necker, the French King's Treasurer, during the American War of Independence, were destined to support the colonists against the British Government, but these borrowings took place in Switzerland and Holland and even in Paris; contact with London was at second-hand, through Geneva or Amsterdam. London, on the other hand, was greatly concerned that English manufacturers should possess an outlet for their goods in foreign countries because, had such an outlet been lacking, it would have been necessary to allow the goods to be consumed at home; in other words, to permit a rise of wages in England. Had this occurred, the whole structure of the credit system must have been endangered. Consequently loans were made on condition that the recipients opened their markets to English goods. The

loans were secured upon the agricultural and mineral resources of the borrowing country, and the interest was derived out of these resources. Every Frenchman thus became in some sort a debtor of London, seeing that he had to yield up so much of his production to the London lenders.

Had the King of France possessed the wisdom of Solomon he could scarcely have resisted this process of peaceful penetration of his dominions. He had, in fact, tried to resist when, under the guidance of his minister Turgot,[31] he had refused to contract any fresh loans and had at the same time imposed such taxes on his nobles as would have enabled him to lighten the burdens of agriculture and industry. But M. Necker, who was banker as well as Treasurer, had attacked Turgot so violently, and with so much success, that the King had been forced to give up these plans. Borrowing had, therefore, been resumed. King Louis found himself, in the year 1786, with an additional debt of £170,000,000,[32] all of which had been contracted in four years by M. Necker in his capacity as Treasurer. The trade treaty was the expression of the King's helplessness in the face of this calamity. It was the price of further access to loans. Had the price been refused, the Royal Treasury would have remained empty and it would have been impossible to pay army or navy or civil service or, indeed, to defray the day-to-day expenses of Versailles. This Necker was a Swiss, the son of a Genevan professor of German extraction. He had come to Paris as a young lad and entered there a bank conducted by one of his father's friends. Daring and unscrupulous speculation had made him rich at a time when most of his contemporaries were still struggling for a living, and he had earned, in consequence, the reputation of a "wizard of finance." The wizard took a hand in the winding up of the *Compagnie des Indes* and emerged a millionaire. He began to lend to the French Treasury and to cherish ambitions which only his wife was permitted to share.

She deserved his confidence, for, from the hour when he had rescued her from a Swiss pastor's house among the mountains, she had given him all her affection. Suzanne Curchod was a girl of so excellent education and instruction that Gibbon, who had been engaged to her, but had jilted her in obedience to his

father's command, held her qualities of mind in the highest esteem. She had accepted all the doctrines of the philosophers; so much so that those of the philosophers who were in Paris came every Friday to her great house to eat the banker's bread and expound their own opinions. When later her only child, a girl named Germaine, grew up, mother and daughter vied with one another in entertaining the new aristocracy of talent—philosophers, writers, artists, actors, politicians, an army of which the little girl, with her wild black eyes and raven hair, was very well qualified to take early command.

Necker's dismissal from the Treasurership had been a bitter blow both to Suzanne and to Germaine, and the two women nourished a lively hatred against Queen Marie Antoinette, at whose door they laid the blame. Necker himself, on those Olympian heights where he walked so easily, forgave all his enemies and spoke only of liberty, that benefit which, as he said, he had tried to bestow on France. Meanwhile he supplied himself with a magnificent estate, Coppet, on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, and kept in as close touch with Paris as prudence allowed. The King was floundering in a quagmire of debt; the turn of the banker would soon come again.

Napoleon understood nothing of all this. Like everybody else, he saw the results but not the causes, and, since these results were so unspeakably bad, was filled with indignation. Nor was indignation left without fuel or draught. Necker, as has been said, had forced his way into the King's Treasury as a representative of the debt system, owing allegiance only to that system. It had been his business, before he became a minister, to prevent the King from getting out of debt by adopting Turgot's plans. To that end he had founded, in Paris, a number of newspapers in which, side by side, were presented accounts of the profligacy of the Court at Versailles and of the poverty and wretchedness of France. The moral was Rousseau's moral —namely, that society must be reconstituted on a basis of Liberty and Equality. The basis actually aimed at—namely, debt—was not, of course, disclosed, and so few people guessed that what was really intended was the capture of the French monarchy by the financiers in the manner in which the English monarchy had already been captured. Napoleon read the news

sheets greedily, and, since they presented his own views, grew angrier as he read. He could not see a flaw in the argument, for he was doubly blind by reason of his Corsican blood. At Lyons, when he passed through the city, the majority of the working people were being fed by the municipality. At the same time the farms outside of the city were grossly undercultivated and even wholly neglected.[36] Nor were conditions much better in the north. At Douai he was told that the emergency which had led to his recall had passed and that he might therefore continue his leave. He went to Paris, intending to go from there to see his sister at St. Cyr, and also if possible to obtain payment for the mulberry plantation which was now in being. He took a cheap lodging in the city and went out to Versailles, where he obtained an audience of the King's Treasurer, Lomenie de Brienne, Cardinal Archbishop of Tours. He presented his case for payment. Brienne bade him put it into writing—a reasonable request when it is known that the King's coffers did not contain more than a few thousand francs. Napoleon had come to Versailles at the moment of bankruptcy. The brave but futile effort to escape from tutelage which King Louis had made by dismissing Necker and appointing as his Treasurer first Calonne and then Brienne was shipwrecked; the hour when it would be necessary to recall Necker to the palace had arrived.

The Corsican Lieutenant went his way unsuspicious of tragedy or even of drama. His thoughts were not about the ruin he had witnessed, but solely about the hardship which this reluctance to discharge a debt must inflict on his mother. Here was another example of the French King's perfidy. He returned to his lodgings and eased his feelings by writing an essay about Louis XIV,[37] his marshals, and his Court—an essay intended, no doubt, for inclusion in the History of Corsica. As was inevitable, the pursuit of glory was contrasted, in this essay, with the pure flame of patriotism. But the writer had need, further, of an outlet for his own personal emotions, which had been stirred by the hectic gaiety of Paris. He denounced "Sex, who dost chain to thy chariot the hearts of men," declaring that it was in her annals that he would find the most convincing proof of "the insufficient power of glory." There followed a

tribute to Letizia and the women of Corsica—"those Spartan women."

He returned immediately to Ajaccio. In his absence of four months his mother's difficulties had increased by reason of a severely poisoned hand, which made it impossible for her to work hard. But the good woman had not, on that account, thought of reducing expenditure on her children. Napoleon assumed control and dictated a letter to Joseph at Pisa, urging him to take his degree quickly, come home, and bring with him a servant: "a woman of some experience, not too young—say about forty." A letter was sent, at the same time, to the French authorities in Corsica, asking for payment for the mulberry grove. Napoleon constituted himself his mother's bailiff and undertook the care of the vineyards and plantations and of a salt work in which the family had an interest. He tried, further, to obtain admission to Brienne for his brother Louis. Joseph obeyed orders and brought with him a woman named Saveria, to whom Letizia immediately became attached.[38] But the mulberry grove was not paid for and no answer was received from the War Department at Versailles.

Nor were these family troubles the only distresses to which the young author was subject. Ajaccio was in violent agitation because the French commander-in-chief had postponed the meeting of the Island Parliament, no doubt on instructions from Paris. Napoleon was rash enough to criticize this decision while enjoying the hospitality of one of the companies of his own regiment which was stationed at Bastia, and earned immediately the suspicion of his brother officers, one of whom asked him if he, a French officer, would draw his sword against the King's representative.

He returned soon afterwards to France and rejoined his regiment at Auxonne, to which town it had been transferred from Douai. Auxonne is marshy and did not suit him, perhaps because he had suffered from an attack of Mediterranean fever while in Corsica. He became thin and sallow and experienced attacks of acute exhaustion. His lodging was situated in the house of the Professor of Mathematics, who was one of the instructors of the regiment. He gave up his midday meal, substituting for it an early dinner, which he ate each afternoon

at three o'clock in a café opposite the Professor's house. Every moment of his leisure time was devoted to writing, and he limited his sleep to six hours. But he did not neglect his work, and was accorded "an unheard-of mark of favour" by being placed in control of some important gunnery experiments.

Meanwhile the elections for the States-General were in full swing. King Louis XVI had been forced, at last, to restore M. Necker to his position as Treasurer, and that austere Swiss had demanded, as a condition of taking office, the summoning of the nation's Parliament after a lapse of more than a century.[9] Everybody professed to see a victory for the people in the humiliation and bankruptcy of the throne. In the Rhône Valley famine conditions prevailed in some districts and there were outbreaks of violence. Troops had to be called out; on April 2, Napoleon was ordered to go to a neighbouring village, where two merchants had been murdered by the inhabitants on suspicion of wheat-hoarding. Happily the riot was over when the soldiers arrived. The Corsican had felt nothing but sympathy for the French peasants and workers, and was glad to think that, whereas it had been possible to prevent the meeting of Parliament in his native island, no such prohibition was of avail in France. He rejoiced, too, in the exploits of Mirabeau, who was a candidate in Marseilles.

That name, as has been said, was magic already in every corner of France. There is a common sense of humanity which enables men to recognize a leader even by hearsay, and which prompts them immediately to follow him. Of all the candidates for the New Parliament only Mirabeau was famous,[10] nor did public opinion recoil from the ugly facts of the man's life which were being broadcast by his enemies. If Mirabeau had run away with a married woman, he had expiated that fault in the dungeons of Vincennes. It was set to his credit now that his father, the marquis de Mirabeau, was his enemy and that the gates of the King's house were shut against him. A man's relations with women very seldom affect the position he holds in the minds of common folk.

In Marseilles the leader was already an object of worship. "Men, women, and children," he himself testified, "watered my hands, feet, and clothes with tears and called me their God

and their salvation." He wept with them, but held a cool judgment for their service. Napoleon, hearing of these scenes, wrote to his brother Joseph:

"The year has begun hopefully for right-thinking people. It is astonishing, after all these centuries of feudal barbarism and political slavery, to see how the word 'liberty' sets ablaze minds that appeared to be demoralized by the influence of luxury, indulgence, and art." He added:

"While France is being regenerated what is to become of us unfortunate Corsicans?"

THE REVOLUTION COMES TO CORSICA

CHAPTER V

NEWS travelled slowly and, like the rolling snowball, gathered size in its travelling. What Auxonne heard a fortnight afterwards about events at Versailles and Paris was seldom, therefore, much more than a garbled tale. But garbled or not, the tale was told and retold, in inns and pothouses and clubs, with unflagging zest.[41] The States-General had met, and the *Tiers Etat*, under Mirabeau's leadership, had refused to submit to the King's demands. Like chess-players, the village politicians forecast the next move amid wranglings that nourished themselves upon their own bitterness.

In fact, however, the struggle proceeding at Versailles was not between Mirabeau and the King, but between Mirabeau and Necker. The Swiss banker had compelled King Louis to summon the States for a definite purpose—namely, to set up in France a constitutional monarchy on the English pattern, experience having shown that this form of government was the best adapted for the smooth working of the debt system. The power of the purse was to be taken from the Crown and vested in Parliament, which, Necker insisted, must comprise two chambers. The King would reign, but would not govern. The colossal debt to which, as has been seen, the banker had himself added £170,000,000,[42] was the lever by which change was to be effected.

Mirabeau, from the first, understood and opposed this plan. He had made a study of finance and had already written and circulated privately some pamphlets dealing with Necker's system. To exchange the absolutism of the King for that of the moneylender would, he believed, be a calamity one effect of which must be the eternal submission of French policy to the policy of London. Little, therefore, as he liked the

monarchy, he set himself to oppose Necker's designs for its overthrow. The *Tiers Etat* was his weapon. Let the three estates, the Clergy, the Nobles, and the Commons, he demanded, be gathered together into one assembly, possessed of the authority necessary to reform the system of taxation in the manner already suggested by Turgot and King Louis himself.

The proposal was exceedingly distasteful to Necker, who saw in it an attempt to impose a tax on land and so to diminish the value of the chief collateral held against the loans from the financiers. Necker's ideas about taxation were those of all other bankers. He wanted a budget balanced by reduced governmental expenditure on the one hand, and by increased revenue, in the form of taxes on commodities and incomes, on the other. An upper chamber, as he believed, was essential in order to exert control over the humanitarian extravagance of the popular representatives. Mirabeau fought him inch by inch; and, by way of the tennis court, where the Commons swore to remain in session till France had a Constitution, and the Royal Sitting of June 23, achieved the union of the three estates in a National Assembly. Mirabeau's object was to unite King and people against Necker and his friends; Necker's to separate them. When the banker, who had himself contrived that the Commons should be a large and unwieldy body, realized that there was no hope of avoiding the National Assembly, he became its avowed supporter and quarrelled publicly with the King, his Master,[43] about its formation. He dared to absent himself from the Royal Sitting, and, the same evening, resigned his post. His friends saw to it that the occasion was marked by riots both in Versailles and Paris. Louis and Marie Antoinette were compelled to plead with M. Necker to remain in office. Mirabeau's victory, therefore, had been turned into defeat because the new Assembly was ranged, in the hour of its birth, behind Necker and against the King. The way remained open for "the English system."

But Mirabeau's resources were not exhausted. He set himself with diligence to bait the Swiss, and succeeded so well that Madame de Staël, Necker's daughter, and now, by her marriage to the Baron de Stael-Holstein, Swedish Ambassadress, avowed the distress which he was inflicting upon her father and herself.

"He had a damnable way," she lamented,[11] "of praising M. Necker." The breach between the Assembly and the King, in consequence, began to heal; that between the Assembly and the banker to grow wider.

Necker, as has been said, had compelled the King to summon the States and to double the number of the Commons. He had counted upon assuming immediately the leadership of the Commons and so forcing his "system," as Mirabeau called it, upon the King and the nobles. But a true leadership had arisen; it was necessary to defeat it. The banker, stung by Mirabeau's taunts, fell back upon the citadel of his power—namely, Paris. His newspapers began to complain that the Assembly was going to sleep at Versailles.[12] His friend, General Lafayette, with his American honours upon him, repeated this story, and, on the showing of Madame de Stael, expressed a lively indignation. Was the Assembly falling under the influence of the King?

No sooner had the question been asked than it was answered. Some 20,000 soldiers, it was rumoured, under the nominal command of the octogenarian Marshal de Broglie, but effectively commanded by General Besenval, one of Louis XV's veterans, was on the march to Paris. Besenval was notorious as a friend of the Comte d'Artois, the King's younger brother; only Mirabeau seems to have remembered that he had quarrelled recently with the Court and become, instead, a partisan of Necker. Mirabeau showed the liveliest anxiety. In one of his greatest orations he conjured the King to send away to the frontiers the troops whom bad advisers had persuaded him to summon. "Sire," he cried, "you are among your children." He exerted himself privately, at the same time, to show Louis XVI all the danger to himself and his throne which was being incurred.

But his advice came too late. It was not that the King was not fully entitled to dismiss a minister in whom he had lost confidence, nor that, in view of the riots which had followed M. Necker's resignation a month before, the drafting of troops into Paris, when M. Necker's dismissal had been decided upon, was a needless precaution. The mischief lay in the identification that was bound to be effected between the cause of the

banker and that of the people of Paris. Necker, they would inevitably suppose, was to be sent away in order that they might be massacred. Mirabeau suspected that Necker had had a hand in the drafting of the troops into the capital, and the events of July 14, and the days which followed, added to his suspicions. No sooner was the banker exiled from France than the Parisians were seized with panic. Fierce mobs, numbering in all some 200,000 persons, occupied the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Place Vendôme, and the Invalides. The trees in the gardens were stripped of their leaves to make "Necker cockades," green being the colour of the banker's livery. Finally, the strong fortress of the Bastille surrendered almost without a blow and was destroyed. During all this time the troops remained inactive in their camp; not the smallest attempt was made by them to protect life or to oppose the mobs.

It was with a sense of fear, exceeding his sense of shame, that Mirabeau watched the further steps of his adversary's triumph, the formation of the National Guard by Lafayette, the setting up of the Commune at the Hôtel de Ville, the making of the tricolour cockade (again by Lafayette) out of the red and blue of Paris' flag and the white of the Bourbons, the capitulation of the King in the face of his army's defection, his penitential journey to the capital to shake hands with treason, his yielding to the Assembly's demand for the recall of Necker. Mirabeau himself was in the toils; for the Commune had triumphed over the Assembly as well as over the King. Lafayette and Bailly the Mayor, and, above them all, Necker, were the masters of France, who had disarmed authority, whether royal or popular, and enlisted a fighting force of their own. The Assembly received the King in silence when he came to it, and Mirabeau was silent. On the frontier, at Bâle, there was cheering and shouting because Necker had come out again from his native Switzerland to rule France, preferring, as he said, "danger to regrets."

Necker's carriage was escorted by a bodyguard of his new National Guard. On July 28, 1789, early in the morning, it reached Nogent-sur-Seine. The banker was informed here that General Besenval,[46] the commander of the troops at Paris, had fled from the capital, had been arrested at the village of

Villegruis and was to be sent back for trial. Necker heard the news with consternation. He lost all his air of confidence and wrote instantly to the authorities of the village, assuring them that Besenval had the King's permission to go to Switzerland. He asked, as a favour to himself, that the General should be set at liberty and allowed to continue his journey. This letter did not achieve its object; on the contrary, it was sent to police-headquarters in Paris. Two days later Necker, with his wife and Mme. de Stael, made a triumphal entry into the city. He was received by Lafayette, Bailly, and a great number of the cadets of noble houses who had joined their fortunes to his and were destined for places in his "system." Bailly's welcome was rather tepid because he had seen the letter about Besenval at police-headquarters,[47] and guessed what was coming. He was not mistaken. Necker, from the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville, in asking for a general amnesty, declared that Besenval had co-operated faithfully with him during the two months which had preceded the outbreak, adding:

"That is why I throw myself on my knees at the feet of the most insignificant and humblest of the citizens of Paris."

Before he left the building an order for Besenval's release had been signed by Saint-Méry, the president of the electors, and many others. But Bailly refused to sign. The order was sent off instantly by courier to Villegruis, with a covering letter from Necker.

Mirabeau, hearing what had occurred, acted instantly, and secured the annulment of what he rightly called "*l'acte illégal de commisération.*" Two officers were despatched to bring Besenval to Paris, and the crowd, getting wind of what was afoot, dried the tears which the banker's eloquence had brought to its eyes and began to demand Besenval's blood. But the Swiss General was not brought to Paris. He remained during three months at Brie-Comte-Robert, from which he was released. He died soon afterwards in a drunken orgy.

While these events were passing at Versailles and Paris, Napoleon was playing a humble part in Auxonne, where, on July 18, a riot had taken place. The mob rushed to the office of the local tax-collector and broke into it. They wrecked it and destroyed all the documents. The troops were called out,

but, when ordered to fire, refused, sullenly. The officers reasoned with the men, but two days passed, during which the royal salt-store was raided and the salt sold off free of tax, before any impression was made. On August 23 the officers of the regiment were required to take the new oath which the National Assembly had decreed:

"To be faithful to the Nation, the King and the Law and never to lead those under my orders against the citizens unless required to do so by the civil or municipal officers."

The inevitable soon happened. A body of troops went to the Colonel's house and demanded the custody of the regimental cashbox. This was given to them. They got drunk and forced some of the officers to take part in their carousing. Napoleon was not one of these officers.

He took the earliest opportunity of asking for leave, and on September 15, 1789, sailed for Corsica. At Marseilles he paid a second visit to the Abbé Raynal in order to give him the completed manuscript of the History. He reached Ajaccio at the end of the month. Joseph was now in legal practice in the town, and Lucien, after a second change of mind, had returned home. Lucien was fourteen and had no plans.

The Revolution had come to Corsica, and its coming had set the Clans in motion once more. The patriots were going up again to the mountains. Napoleon and his brothers remained obstinately in the town, saying that, since the new France had made amends to Corsica, it was the duty of Corsicans to support her. Joseph was already one of the leaders of the Revolutionary party, and though his advocacy of the French cause was intemperate enough, it was sincere. When Mirabeau confessed publicly that he felt shame because he had fought, long ago, against Paoli and demanded that the Corsican leader should be invited to return to his fatherland, the Buonapartes felt themselves justified. Letizia made a huge banner, bearing the words, "*Vive la Nation! Vive Paoli! Vive Mirabeau!*" and hung it from one of the windows of her house. Her sons patrolled the streets, shouting, "*Evviva la Francia.*"

The patriots, those of them who had not gone to Corte, and the Royalists, of whom there were still a few, looked sourly on these demonstrations. La Ferandière, commander of the

citadel of Ajaccio, wrote to the Minister of War in Paris saying that Napoleon would be much better with his regiment, "for he spends his time stirring up trouble."

The lad's mother knew better. Letizia had preserved, since her husband's acceptance of the French conquest, a lively fear of the patriots, who had many old scores to settle. She foresaw that Paoli's return was likely to be attended by trouble for her family and was exerting herself, in consequence, to secure protection. The long gallery which Carlo had added to the *Casa*, in order the better to entertain his French friends, was thrown open once more and became the scene of family gatherings at which everybody with whom kinship could be claimed was entertained. This frugal woman knew very well that she was not wasting her money; and she realized that, in the last issue, the family must look for protection to the new France. Not that she felt any sympathy with revolution; as has been said, she had been presented to the King and Queen and held them both in respect and even affection.

Letizia's policy of entertainment was rewarded by the appointment of Joseph to be one of the delegates from Ajaccio to the Comité Supérieur of the island at Orezzo. Another delegate was her young kinsman Pozzo di Borgo. Napoleon went with them. At Orezzo they heard that Paoli had travelled from London to Paris, where great honour had been paid him by the National Assembly, by the Jacobin Club, and by the Commune. A deputation, of which Joseph was one of the four members, was sent off at once to France to meet him and escort him into Corsica.

Paoli's arrival in Paris followed a series of events which had its beginning on the night of August 4, 1789, when a group of noblemen, many of whom were close associates of Necker and Mme. de Staël, renounced publicly their feudal rights and even their names. Mirabeau was absent from the Assembly on this "night of dupes"; but when he heard what had happened shouted, "Fools! jackasses!" and put all his servants into livery. It was clear enough that, if the feudal system had been liquidated, the feudal taxes could not be collected. In a night, therefore, King and Assembly had been stripped of the last rags of their revenue. Necker announced himself desolated. The Assembly,

under Mirabeau's stinging tongue, woke up to the ruin mould. its yielding to hysterical oratory had effected and began to a- where the money to conduct the government of France was to come from. On August 6, two days after the renunciation of the feudal rights, Buzot suggested that the Church lands belonged, in fact, "to the Nation." Next day Necker came to the Assembly and announced that the cupboard was bare. He demanded the immediate floating of a loan of 30,000,000 francs at 5 per cent. The Assembly accepted his suggestion, but angrily reduced the rate of interest to 4 per cent. The loan was a complete failure. On August 27 Necker got leave to borrow 80,000,000 francs at 5 per cent. This loan also failed. King and Assembly were therefore, as Mirabeau told them, "hideously bankrupt."

But there were the Church lands. The Committee of Finance of the Assembly proposed, in September, that the Church should be forced to pay its fair proportion of taxes, and Mirabeau remarked that the disinclination of the bishops to discuss an issue of paper money was due to their fear that that issue would be based on their lands. Mirabeau did not wish to see the international bankers possess themselves of these lands in exchange for an overdraft. "Credit money," he declared, "is a theft or a loan collected, sword in hand."[18]

The Assembly hesitated. The idea of despoiling the Church was repugnant to the majority of members; on the other hand, there was no money in the nation's coffers. September passed without a decision. On October 1 Marie Antoinette appealed to the officers of the bodyguard to protect her and her children, so threatening had become the attitude of the Parisians. On the 5th the March of the Women took place, and next day King and Assembly were taken to Paris as the prisoners of the Commune. On the 10th Madame de Staël's lover,[49] the Bishop of Autun, Talleyrand, proposed that the Church lands should be confiscated outright. The Treasury, Talleyrand said, would profit to the extent of 50,000,000 livres annually. Mirabeau, on October 30, supported this proposal.

But Mirabeau's support was given in order that France might be saved and not in order that Necker and his friends might further enrich themselves. Battle was joined at once between

tribune and banker about the best means of using the Church lands. On November 14 Necker asked that his bank might be allowed to raise its note issue so that it might be in a position to lend more freely to the Government. He was asking, in effect, for the Church lands, as Mirabeau at once pointed out. Mirabeau dwelt upon the absurdity of inviting the Government to lend to itself. The debate went on until December, when, on the 19th, commissioners appointed to advise the Assembly reported—after consultation with Necker. They recommended that the bank should be asked to lend the Government 80,000,000 livres; the Government, on its part, would offer the Church lands as security, not only for the new loan, but for all the old ones. The bank would therefore be covered, as to all its risks, either by titles to land (assignats) or by the land itself, supposing that the interest payments fell into arrears. Necker, in short, was to have the land in exchange for his promissory notes—in exchange, that is to say, for his promises to pay gold or silver on demand.

A storm greeted this proposal, and Mirabeau denounced it as a theft. Nevertheless, it was adopted, with the modification that the interest on the loan was to be derived directly from the rent of the land.

The group of financiers of which Necker was the head had thus, when Paoli reached Paris, possessed themselves of the estate of Mother Church and become, at the same time, the creditors of Throne and Parliament. The Corsican leader, thanks to his stay in London, realized that this represented a virtual transfer of the control of French policy to Lombard Street, seeing that all loans, as has been pointed out, were, ultimately, loans from London. He foresaw trouble in France and became more firmly convinced than before that Corsica must join her fate to that of England.

He accepted, nevertheless, from the French Government the position of Commander-in-Chief in Corsica and took the usual oaths. Joseph Buonaparte and his friends met him in Lyons in May, 1790. The General gave Joseph a playing-card, on the back of which, years before, Carlo had drawn his (Paoli's) portrait. Some few days later Paoli met Napoleon, who, in spite of his emotion, maintained a strong control of himself.

"You are cast," the General told him, "in the ancient mould. You are one of Plutarch's men."

The flattery was very precious and achieved its object. But Letizia remained anxious and watchful. Paoli, she warned her sons, does not love the French and never will love them. They soon knew her wisdom. The General was in a very strong position, for not only was he assured of the support of the Clansmen and patriots, he was also Commander-in-Chief of the French forces in the island. Further, the French authorities, civil and military, were ready to co-operate with him because most of them were Royalists and therefore very ill-disposed towards the Revolution. Paoli scarcely troubled to hide his dislike of the men in Paris or his distrust of their ideas.

The Buonapartes, as the supporters of the Revolution, were thus in a sad minority; they did not, on that account, abate either their enthusiasm for the General or their turbulent Radicalism. Paoli, for his part, visited Letizia, showed her great kindness, and helped the candidature of Joseph for a seat in the town council of Ajaccio. But he moved the capital of Corsica from Bastia, the French headquarters, to his old eyrie among the mountains.

Napoleon's leave was nearly up. He asked his mother to allow him to take Louis, now aged thirteen, with him to France in order to give the boy a better education than Ajaccio could offer, and the brothers reached Auxonne on February 12, 1791, having spent a night on the way at the café of Mdlle. Bou at Valence. Napoleon's pay was still about a pound a week, but he was lucky enough to get rooms in barracks—"first staircase No. 16"—and so was able to live with Louis rent free. His own room possessed a small uncurtained bed, a table, an old wooden box, and two chairs. Louis' room had no other furniture than a mattress on the floor. Napoleon taught himself how to buy food and how to cook it—so that they might not fall into debt. He concocted a "nourishing broth" which formed the chief meal of the day and which was helped out by rations of dry bread. He bought needles and thread and mended all his own and Louis' clothes. The brothers never set foot in a café.

Hope was still centred on the History about which Mirabeau

had written to Raynal: "The little history seems to announce a genius of the first rank." An excuse was found to interest Paoli in the work, and Napoleon wrote to him asking for some details about the war with France. The General replied to the effect that since history was not written in tender years he was not interested. The effect of this rebuke at a moment when attempts to find a publisher had failed and when the news from home was disturbing can be imagined. Nevertheless, the little soldier went doggedly on with his work of educating his brother. Louis received a careful grounding in mathematics and geography, and Napoleon insisted on hearing him recite his Catechism for his first Communion. An entry in a diary of the period records the Lieutenant's view that love is hurtful to society and to man's individual happiness and that it "does more harm than good."

In May, 1791, Napoleon was raised to the rank of First Lieutenant and received a small addition to his pay. He was posted to Valence and returned, with Louis, to Mdlle. Bou's house. Here he competed for a prize offered by the Academy of the City of Lyons for the best essay on "Happiness." His recipe was plain living and high thinking, and he went out of his way to praise Paoli. But he did not win the prize. His interest in politics, meanwhile, was as great as ever, though he had no understanding of what was afoot in Paris, and saw in the battle between Necker and Mirabeau nothing more important than a debate about methods. All eyes were on the King, whereas the King was merely the prize for the possession of which tribune and banker were fighting. Necker wanted Louis XVI as the figure-head of his system, the supreme guarantor of debt; Mirabeau, on the contrary, wanted to reunite King and people in order to get rid of the financial dictatorship.

The assignats were the bone of contention. Until now, as has been seen, they were no more than title-deeds to parcels of land which could be used as security for loans from Necker's bank—Necker to enjoy the rent of the land instead of interest. Mirabeau saw another and better use. Why not, he demanded, use the title-deeds instead of money? One could then pay off all the loans immediately and have plenty of cash in hand as well. The suggestion appalled the banker, who argued that,

since the price of land fluctuated, no guarantee could be given that any particular title-deed would fetch its face value if the land upon which it was based was sold in the open market. His opponent replied that if repayment could not be made in land it could not be made at all, seeing that the Government did not possess any gold or silver. Mirabeau's case was that the bankers were anxious to keep France in debt so that they might continue to impose their will on French policy.

This battle raged from early in 1790 until the autumn of that year. Mirabeau, on August 27, addressed the Assembly and asserted that the use of the assignat as a means of repaying debt—that is to say, as legal-tender money—would help to rally Frenchmen to the support of the Government. This view found favour with the Parisians, and within a month thirty-seven sections of the city declared for increased issues of assignats in smaller denominations. The idea was to create a paper money convertible into land, of which the Government owned much, instead of into gold, of which the Government owned none. Anson put the matter simply:

"Every nation has the right to manufacture money, to substitute territorial currency for metallic currency."

The French provinces were not so enthusiastic. Among other cities, Lyons protested that, if land money was issued on a large scale, everyone would refuse to accept it, and business would thus be brought to a standstill. Necker was naturally grateful for this support; his friend Talleyrand, who was his spokesman in the Assembly,[50] made the most of it, declaring that the assignat, which was no more than a token for the precious metals, could never possess the full value of these metals.

While this debate was in progress Necker was making heavy weather in the matter of the food supplies. He had risen to fortune by financing the grain trade. Marat, an extreme revolutionary, now attacked him for alleged swindles in connection with the people's food, and, though the "Friend of the People" was driven out of France, the charges continued to circulate. Moreover, the public, alarmed by the debates about the economic blizzard, had begun to hoard metallic money. Necker's banker friends were being subjected to "runs" which they were in no position to withstand, seeing that all of them had lent promises

to pay gold and silver far in excess of their actual holdings of these metals. It was now discovered by an astonished and terrified public that, whereas the holder of an assignat could exchange it for a piece of land, the holder of a banker's promise to pay gold or silver—*i.e.*, a bank-note—could not exchange it for anything at all. The moment this was known every holder of bank-notes rushed to cash them, and the entire banking structure came crashing to the ground. Necker's secret was out—namely, that you can promise to pay many times as much gold and silver as you possess so long as you can induce people to use your promissory notes instead of gold and silver—and no longer. The banker trembled for his life because the public, uninstructed about the everyday methods of finance, thought he was a scoundrel. Necker's newspapers assured the public that the great man had a stone in his kidney, adding:[51] "He toils on in his office, though assured that he is running great risks by so doing. . . ." The public was unsympathetic. Necker decided to bolt. In his terror he appealed to Lafayette to save him. One of the General's *aides-de-camp* came to his house at nine o'clock the same night and informed him that some 600 National Guardsmen were being held in readiness for his defence. Shaken and livid, Necker and his wife entered a carriage to flee from the city, but lost their nerve at the prospect of having to pass the Barrier, and kept the driver perambulating the suburbs until 3 a.m., when they dared to go out. They drove to Saint-Ouen and proceeded from there to Switzerland amid showers of brickbats from their ruined customers. Mirabeau's victory was complete; his land money had been shown to be better than bank-notes.

Only Mirabeau realized the importance of this victory. It was debt which had forced the King to call Necker to his Treasury. While at the Treasury, Necker had increased the volume of debt by a sum so enormous that he and his friends had obtained a virtual sovereignty. Now the positions were reversed. Necker was in flight from a nation which looked upon him as a fraudulent bankrupt, and the King possessed, in the form of the assignats, the means of paying all his debts and meeting all his expenses. The tribune began to see the way of salvation opening for France. He urged King Louis, in the

miraculously changed circumstances, to surround himself with his guard and leave Paris for Rouen or Chantilly. The Assembly, he declared, would be forced to follow. But neither King nor ministers possessed Mirabeau's understanding of money, and could not, therefore, see how an expedient such as the assignats could possibly help them. France was bankrupt. Could bankruptcy be abolished with a printing press? Horrible visions of rising prices haunted their minds and paralyzed their action.

The tribune wore himself out in combating these terrors. The assignats, he declared on September 27, 1790, have the power to convert dead land into circulating wealth, and he returned again and again to that theme. To no purpose. Louis XVI could not believe that a virtual mine of wealth had opened at his feet, and refused, therefore, to play the part assigned to him—namely, that of the rich and powerful sovereign who has been delivered from all his enemies. Mirabeau sickened and died, saying that he took with him into the next world the last hope of the monarchy.

Soon afterwards Louis and Marie Antoinette with their children tried to flee out of France. They were recognized at the frontier and brought back in a closed carriage, all the blinds of which were drawn. The Assembly, under its President of the day, Alexandre, Vicomte de Beauharnais, assumed control of the realm.

The news reached Valence a few days later. Napoleon went at once to the Revolutionary Club and, of his own will, swore "to be faithful to the Nation and the Law." A week later this oath was made obligatory upon all officers. He took it a second time. Three weeks later (July 14, 1791) he joined in the celebrations of the second anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, and for the third time swore, in public, to serve the Revolution. Then he asked for leave, and, in September, sailed with Louis for Corsica.

NAPOLEON and Louis reached home in time to gather with their brothers and sisters round Uncle Lucciano's deathbed. The old man, though completely bedridden, had not ceased to exert a dominating influence in the household and had kept until the end a tight grip on the money. His passing in October, 1791, therefore, put Letizia and her sons in funds. They could buy what they chose.

Under Letizia's guidance they resolved to buy safety, but as those who arm themselves rather than as those who offer gifts. Joseph was committed to the hilt to the French Revolutionary party; he had been chosen one of the thirty-six administrators of the island and also one of the eight Directors. Napoleon, with the consent of his superior officers in France, became a candidate for the post of second Lieutenant-Colonel in one of the two battalions of Corsican volunteers which were in process of formation for the defence of the island against the English.

The candidature, it had been hoped, would have Paoli's support. But no, the old General allowed it to be understood that he favoured any one of the three other candidates before Carlo's son. Letizia threw herself into the election contest and put the whole of Uncle Lucciano's hoard at Napoleon's disposal. In addition she made her house his headquarters. Fierce-looking men, in native costume, gathered nightly in Carlo's gallery while Napoleon, wearing the uniform of France, harangued them, usually to good purpose. But the other candidates were spending even more freely and at last Letizia began to doubt her ability to stay the course. Her son rallied her, declaring that they had advanced too far to dream of retreating, and assuring her that in ten days the strain would be over and the future of the family secure. And so it happened. Napoleon won without a drop of blood spilled—no mean achievement in a Corsican election—and in the teeth of Paoli's

opposition. But on the morrow of victory, Joseph, who had many friends, warned him to exert the utmost circumspection. The old General, it seemed, felt himself affronted while the families of the unsuccessful candidates, Pozzo di Borgo and Peraldi, were bent on revenge. Trouble came very soon. One of Napoleon's volunteers fell foul of a sailor in the streets of Ajaccio and began to fight with him. The sailor shouted that he was for the English and against the French. In an instant bystanders joined in the scuffle, some declaring for the sailor and England and others for the volunteer and France, and before long a riot had broken out. When a lieutenant of the volunteers was killed the position became serious. Napoleon drew off his force and appealed for help to the French commander in the citadel. This was refused. He ordered his men to dig trenches across the street and fire on the mob and at the same time sent off pickets to seize the roads leading into the town and so secure the food supply.

The English party, meanwhile, had got into touch with the citadel and, in its turn, had demanded reinforcement. The commander acceded to this request so far as to offer the use of some small cannon and these were duly mounted against the French party. Napoleon saw the trap into which he had fallen. The French commander was his superior officer; if he attacked the guns he would be guilty of insubordination and would be liable to the death penalty. Without hesitation he announced that, in resisting the English party, he was obeying the commands of General Paoli, the French Military Governor of the island and therefore the superior officer of the commander of the citadel. This boldness succeeded because Paoli was not yet ready to declare himself the enemy of the country whose uniform he wore. The General did not repudiate Napoleon's statement; but the commander of the citadel, acting on hints conveyed to him, informed the Commissioners of the French Government, who happened to be visiting the island, that the command of the volunteers was in rash and inexperienced hands.

Napoleon had expected this move. He countered it by going immediately to Corte, to Paoli, and demanding support. The old man was taken by surprise. He was cordial, though rather

vague, and promised to see what could be done in the way of a transfer to another battalion. His kindness won Napoleon's allegiance anew and the lad returned hopefully to Ajaccio. He found there, awaiting him, a letter from Joseph stating that complaint was being made against him to the War Office in Paris and urging him to go instantly to France to state his own case. He neglected to follow this advice. A short time afterwards he received an order to report in Paris and explain his conduct. There was a threat of a court-martial.

He reached the capital on May 20, 1792, and quickly realized that what was happening in Corsica was of small importance. France was being broken in pieces. After the flight and capture of the Royal Family power had passed exclusively to the Assembly in which, since Mirabeau's death, a body of intellectual Liberals had exerted the chief influence. Most of these Liberals had accepted the "English system" and had laboured (with the help of the abbé Siéyès) to evolve a Constitution which, as they hoped, the King would accept. Necker was no longer at hand, but his daughter, Mme. de Stael, filled his place and contrived to keep in being the machine for manufacturing public opinion which he had created. This consisted, as has been said, of a group of newspapers including the *Journal de Paris* and the *Courier de l'Europe,* and of a selected body of writers and talkers. The Constitutionals (or Feuillants as they called themselves after their club in the Rue St. Honoré) were in close touch with London and with international finance and were concerned to put an end as soon as possible to the assignats, the danger of which to themselves and their friends they saw very clearly. While they remained in power they exerted a firm control of the assignats and resisted strongly all attempts to increase the number of these land notes in circulation. The ground of resistance was that, if more notes were printed, prices would rise. In spite of their protests, however, the party led by, among others, Maximilien Robespierre secured the adoption of decrees whereby some additional assignats were made available to pay for reform.

Robespierre when first he became a member of the *Tiers Etat* had been a mild little provincial lawyer with a profound respect for the monarchy and a burning desire to help the poor

by public works and other forms of relief. The fact that he had been educated by the Jesuits, and had been chosen, as "best boy," to read an address of welcome to Louis XVI when the King visited the school, had no doubt influenced all his early thinking. He had refused the office of public prosecutor in his native Arras because one of the duties was the signing of the death-warrants of criminals. But Versailles and Paris had changed his views and sharpened his wits. He was still eager to help the poor but felt grave doubt about the possibility of accomplishing that end so long as Mme. de Stael and her people exerted influence. Like Mirabeau, he knew exactly what might have been done with the assignats, and despised King Louis because he had let slip so shining an opportunity. He did not despair of mending the King's mistake.

The Constitution was finally passed and accepted by the King; the Constitutionals had looked forward to a period of control during which they would retire the assignats and restore the metallic basis of money, thus bringing France once more into line with London. These hopes had not been realized. In one of the last sittings of the National Assembly, Robespierre had proposed that no member should be eligible for re-election to the new Parliament. His motion came as a bombshell. It was resisted violently, but was carried because the extreme Right, on this occasion, voted with the extreme Left in order to punish the Liberals. Constitution and assignats, therefore, had passed in 1791 into the new and untried hands of the so-called Legislative Assembly.

The Constitutional party was still powerful in that its members remained ministers of the Crown; and, since Louis de Narbonne, the Minister of War, was Mme. de Staël's lover, the Necker influence was by no means inconsiderable.[12] It had been exerted shamelessly to foment a European war on the pretext that the Queen's brother, the Emperor, was plotting secretly against the Revolution. The real reason for desiring war was the urgent necessity of destroying the assignats before either the Right parties or the parties of the Left discovered their value. Had the King, for example, realized, even at this late hour, that he possessed the means of restoring agriculture and industry and so making available to his people the products

of the richest soil in Europe, France would have been saved. This is certain, because France, in 1790, was almost completely self-contained except in the matter of colonial produce which, for a time at any rate, could have been dispensed with. A debtless France, without poverty or unemployment, would have constituted the most serious of all threats to the financial power of London. If France could prosper on land money so could other countries with peasant populations. Why then borrow gold?

What is possible in time of peace is not possible in time of war. France might dispense with cotton and sugar and indigo and coffee; she could not—when at war—dispense with gunpowder nor with the armaments which the industrial areas of England were able to supply, nor with lead nor with the wool of the Cheviots and Pennines. If war broke out—so the calculation ran—it would be necessary to buy extensively in England and Spain and Holland and elsewhere. The assignats would not serve for these purchases because no banker on earth would touch them. France would need gold-loans once more.

Robespierre, who, as has been seen, had snatched the assignats out of the hands of the Constitutional party, had opposed the war with all his strength; so had King Louis, for the reason that the Emperor was his brother-in-law. Nevertheless, an ultimatum was sent to Vienna demanding assurances of friendship. As it happened the Emperor had died on the day on which the ultimatum expired. But this had not changed matters in the least. The Constitutionals, who had actually offered the throne of France to the Duke of Brunswick as a reward for his support, had begun at once to bait the new Emperor, Francis I. King Louis dismissed Narbonne and his fellow-ministers and appointed some of the deputies from the Gironde in their places, but the change came too late. Paris, thanks to the Press campaign against Austria and the Queen, was aflame with patriotism and would listen to no peace talk. The Girondists, Roland and the others, had been hustled and threatened. They were merchants and lawyers, men of peace, the exponents of a noble idealism; the drums and whistles supplied by the Constitutionals proved too much for them. Driven themselves, they drove the King. Louis came to the

Parliament house through cheering crowds and, on April 20, 1792, declared war on Austria. Robespierre went into hiding.

Disaster followed. Far from supporting France, the Duke of Brunswick joined the Emperor. A series of defeats drove the French army in confusion back within the frontiers. Paris began to fear for her safety.

It was out of the question, in such circumstances, to attempt to borrow money anywhere, and the Girondists, in their extremity, were forced to fall back on the assignats—an outcome of war very different from that envisaged and desired by the Constitutionals. Roofs were stripped of their lead and cellars dug for their saltpetre. French miners and artisans began to supply the needs of France. But the Girondists feared, nevertheless, to use the assignats freely. They obtained leave to issue 300,000,000 livres of the land money in April, 1792, and another 300,000,000 livres in July, but did not actually put these sums into circulation.[53]

Napoleon as yet knew nothing about finance, but, as a soldier, he realized on reaching Paris that the timidity of the Government could end only in ruin. He was confirmed in this view when the Girondists began to turn upon the King[54] and to suggest that the victory of the Austrians and Prussians would not be disagreeable either to him or to Marie Antoinette. Napoleon had no love of Royalty, but he was beginning, thanks to his experience in Corsica, to look below the surface of things. On June 20, 1792, a mob, organized by the Girondists with the object of forcing Louis XVI to accept decrees against priests and nobles, broke into the palace of the Tuileries. Napoleon, who was walking with his old school friend Bourienne, saw it go raging by and remarked:

"Let us follow these scoundrels."[55]

The mob, which was about 7,000 to 8,000 strong and was armed with pikes, hatchets, swords, guns, skewers and sharpened sticks, went first to the Assembly to present a petition. The garden of the palace was shut and was defended by 15,000 National Guards. Nevertheless, the mob burst open the gates and trained small cannon on the royal apartments. The King received their leaders, who offered him a white and a tricolour cockade, bidding him choose between reigning in

Paris or in Coblentz, where the *émigrés* were gathered. Louis finally accepted and wore a red cap. He talked for several hours with the deputation and gave them wine.

"All this," wrote Napoleon to Joseph, "is unconstitutional and a very dangerous example. It is very difficult to see what is going to become of the Empire if events of this outrageous kind continue."

He was frankly horrified, because with a mere handful of men he had himself quelled a big mob. Was the Revolution only another name for chaos? In that event was Paoli right and the Buonapartes wrong? "Why," he asked Bourienne, "did they allow these brutes to get in? They ought to have shot down 500 or 600 of them with cannon; the rest would soon have run."[56] For the first time he realized that the National Guard was under the orders of men who were not concerned to save the King. Were the mobs acting under the same orders?

He had news from home that his brother Lucien had published a pamphlet denouncing all who did not sympathize with the wildest excesses of the Revolution and wrote immediately to reprove him.[57] A day or two later, on July 10, he was informed that he had been acquitted of the charges against him—with a caution—and had been reinstated in his regiment and promoted Captain as from February. He was told, further, that he could either return to Corsica and resume his command there or rejoin his regiment in France. He wrote to ask Joseph's advice. This was to the effect that he was better out of Ajaccio.

"You are all agreed," he replied, "that I should go to my regiment. So I shall go." He added that he had been studying astronomy and that he had finished a book on which he had been working.

"But this is not the time for printing it. Besides, I have no longer the petty ambition to be an author."

NAPOLEON'S decision to rejoin his regiment was taken on August 7, 1792. It was not carried into effect because the advance of the Austrian and Prussian armies upon Paris had so disorganized the machinery of government that no orders were being issued. The Girondists were at their wits' ends.

Not so the party of the extreme Left, the leaders of which were Jacques Danton,[58] an advocate, Dr. Marat and Maximilien Robespierre, now emerged again from obscurity. All these men had been Constitutionals and Liberals in their day. Each had moved towards the Left along a line of his own. Each was committeed to the abolition of the monarchy. Robespierre and Marat, from the beginning, had been members of the Jacobin Club in the rue Saint Honoré and had played conspicuous parts in the forcing of the Club towards extreme courses both in Paris and, through its network of branches, in the provinces. Danton had his own club, in the hall of the Cordeliers across the river where he reigned alone under the sign of an unsleeping eye. Of the three he was now the least extreme and the most human. His powers as an orator had made him famous throughout France. His patriotism, in the face of defeat and ruin, turned these powers against the feeble Government. He organized, with Robespierre, Marat, Tallien and others, a plan to seize absolute power so as to defend France.

The plan was carried out on the morning of August 10, 1792. Mobs which had been summoned overnight by the unceasing ringing of alarm bells[59] were launched at dawn against the Tuileries, defended, on this occasion, by the Swiss Guard as well as by the National Guard. The soldiers behaved with great courage, and the first attack was beaten off. But the mob rallied and returned to the palace. King Louis now forbade

his guard to fire, and, with the Queen, took refuge in the Assembly. The whole guard was massacred.

Napoleon witnessed the scene from the window of a furniture shop owned by Bourienne's brother-in-law. On his way to this shop he met "a group of hideous men with a head on the top of a pike,"[60] who stopped him and made him cry: "Long live the Nation." After the palace had been taken he joined the crowd in the Tuileries Gardens and saw the bodies of the massacred guard. Even that spectacle, however, horrified him less than the sight of "well-dressed women indulging in acts of the utmost indecency towards the corpses." He hurried away and entered a café.

"Rage was in all hearts; it was visible in every face, although these were very far from being the common people."

A letter to Joseph expressed the opinion that Paris and Ajaccio obeyed the same laws and that one had to see things at close quarters to realize that excitement was no more than excitement and that the French were an ancient people who had broken from control.[61] This was the view of the stoic of Brienne and Valence; savage man was a dog who needed discipline, whether in Ajaccio or in Paris. He lingered on in the capital without orders. Danton had not taken part in the fighting of August 10, having acted that day as commander-in-chief of the insurgents.[62] But now he was the acknowledged master with a seat in the first Republican Government as Minister of Justice, and with Robespierre, Carnot, and the others as his lieutenants. The Girondists remained, but only on sufferance. A tremendous recruiting rally announced that France was going to be defended without consideration of person or cost. The use of the land money began in earnest, and the 600,000,000 livres of assignats voted, but not until now put into circulation, bought arms and supplies wherever these could be obtained. "There are traitors in your bosom," Danton told France on August 25, and his hearers knew that he was referring to the Girondists, who were believed to be living in hope that the foreign armies would restore them to power.

Napoleon watched the coming of panic to Paris and grew more and more uneasy. He had no orders, except a request from the girls' school at St. Cyr, which had been closed when

the King and Queen were imprisoned in the Temple, that he would come and take his sister Maria Anna away. He brought her to Paris and then decided to return with her to Corsica, seeing that she could not travel alone and that Danton appeared to have small use for his services. No objection was offered. But departure had to be postponed because, on September 2, all the gates of Paris were closed while the Revolutionary Commune murdered those of its enemies whom it had gathered in the prisons of the capital.[63] Napoleon saw nothing of the massacres, but much of the fear which had inspired them. He grew sick of France and her Revolution, and lost no time in quitting her bloody soil.

Joseph and his mother, he found, when he reached Ajaccio, were experiencing similar doubts. But not so Lucien. That young man was Jacobin of the Jacobins, full of revolutionary zeal and of suspicions, not only about Paoli, but also about his own brothers.[64] Napoleon rebuked him and was called "tyrant" for his pains. Lucien apart, the family, under Joseph's guidance, was displaying a moderate spirit in keeping with its position. Napoleon approved, but he felt vexation, nevertheless, that his volunteers had been allowed to degenerate into a rabble and had not been paid. He set about quietly reorganizing them with the help of Saliceti, a Corsican deputy to the French Parliament, and others of the French party who were powerful at the moment because Paoli had fallen ill and was abed. Saliceti was a violent revolutionary and a close personal friend of Lucien. A bold man with a greedy love of power and money.

"We must punish officers and soldiers who resist discipline," Napoleon wrote to a brother commander, "but not accuse them publicly except in the last extremity."[65]

His enthusiasm, however, was no longer untempered. He began to talk about England and her Empire,[66] and even, on one occasion, when his mother complained of their poverty, told her that he would go to India in the service of the "John" Company and become a nabob. This statement was made after he had seen and talked with Paoli, who, though he called the English "a nation of shopkeepers,"[67] did not cease to covet their help. Paoli had been watching the efficient way in which

Napoleon had reorganized the volunteers, restored discipline among them, and turned them from a rabble into an effective force. He realized that the Buonapartes could offer a strong resistance to plans of which they did not approve, and had gone out of his way, in consequence, to explain his views to them and to try to win their support.

Letizia continued to distrust him. It was not with her a matter of politics, but of personalities. She did not believe that the old man had forgiven or would ever forgive her husband for his defection, and the spirit of the vendetta was still lively among the hills. Moreover, like her sons, she was in sympathy with French ideas. Even a France torn by factions seemed to her preferable to the shifting sands of Paoli's dictatorship. The Buonapartes, under her direction, refused to commit themselves and continued to regard themselves as bound in loyalty to France.[68]

Their position grew more and more difficult, and was not made less difficult by the behaviour of Lucien, who had joined himself to the small coterie of Jacobins in Ajaccio and become their foremost orator. Lucien denounced impartially Paoli and the French Royalists. He assured his brothers that he and they were destined for destruction at the General's hands, and that the only safety for them all lay in opposition. Since his views were not entirely dissimilar from his mother's, and since he was the dearest to her of all her children, she attached an importance to them which exasperated her elder sons.

While matters were in this condition Napoleon, as Colonel of volunteers, received orders from Paris to accompany a French expedition that was about to be launched against Sardinia with the object of supporting the revolutionaries in that island.[69] The expedition was being recruited in Marseilles. It reached Ajaccio in December, 1792. While there the sailors, who were entirely undisciplined, rioted and killed two of Napoleon's volunteers. They carried the heads of these men on pikes round the town in the manner of revolutionary mobs; it was only by the exercise of an iron control that the comrades of the victims were prevented from killing every Frenchman on the spot. Napoleon refused to embark his men, but agreed to go to Sardinia separately, and the French sailed away. Paoli now put

his nephew in supreme command of all the volunteer detachments, and these were carried in a French warship to an island of the Maddalena group belonging to Sardinia. The volunteers attacked and captured a tower on the island and began, under Napoleon's direction, to construct a fort in order to cover further advances. While they were engaged on this work the Sardinians bombarded the warship, with the result that the entire crew became panic-stricken, mutinied, and tried to take the ship out of range of the enemy guns. It was with great difficulty that Napoleon got his men on board again. With their help he brought the mutiny to an end and dealt with the ringleaders. Shortly afterwards some of these men made a rush at him, shouting that he was an "aristocrat" and threatening to hang him. But his volunteers saved him. The expedition returned to Ajaccio, where its murderous beginning had not been forgotten. The enthusiasm of the volunteers for the Revolution was as cool as that of their Colonel.

But, as Napoleon quickly learned, it was no longer a question merely of France against England. Paoli, in face of the evident disintegration of French power and the bitter disillusionment of the volunteers, had lost his fear of the Buonapartes and was beginning to change his friendly attitude for an attitude of open hostility. It was necessary to resist or be destroyed. A family council was held, as the result of which Joseph set out immediately for Bastia, in the north of the island, to meet Saliceti, newly arrived from Paris, while Lucien went to France to get into touch with the authorities there. Napoleon remained with his mother and watched, from day to day, the desertions of his volunteers and the rising tide of anti-French feeling. He cherished a hope, nevertheless, that an open rupture with the General might be avoided, at least until some change in the position of affairs in France had made such a rupture less dangerous for his own people.

Affairs in France, meanwhile, had moved swiftly. The victory of Valmy had come just in time to save Paris, and the Austrian and Prussian armies had retired. Relief had been followed by patriotic fervour, and Danton, as the architect of victory, had become the nation's hero. But enthusiasm is short-lived. The Jacobins, in their victory, began to realize that the

party of moderate liberalism, the Gironde, was still powerful, if not in Paris, at any rate in the great provincial centres where merchants and shopkeepers exert the chief influence. The provinces were tired of violence and wished to settle down immediately to a period of quiet government; nor was there any very great hostility to the dethroned King in these areas. On the contrary, the idea of a constitutional monarchy which Necker had implanted was still widely accepted.

The Girondists did not wish to restore Louis XVI to his throne, but they did wish to be rid of the Jacobins, of whom they were growing more and more afraid. They tried, therefore, to play off the provinces against Paris. That was not difficult, because the merchant class, to which they belonged, had no great love of the capital and no love at all of its politics. What, in fact, they were doing was to discourage the payment of taxes by the provinces while, at the same time, exerting a deprecatory influence upon the land money. The assignats fell in buying power (prices of goods, in other words, rose), while the expected revenue from taxation was not realized.[70] In these circumstances Danton and his colleagues decided to act with vigour. They denounced "Federalism" (*i.e.*, the release of the provincial centres from the necessity of paying taxes to Paris) and they demanded that the King should be brought to trial as a traitor. This latter proposal was a trap for the Girondists, since, if they upheld the King, the Paris mob would savage them, while, if they abandoned him, their supporters in the provinces would be alienated. The Girondists began to temporize, but were driven inexorably to action. Louis was brought to trial; they resolved to vote against the death penalty. Danton demanded a public vote, by word of mouth; one by one these moderate men ascended the tribune and pronounced the fatal "*Mort.*"[71] Among them Joseph Fouché,[72] ex-Oratorian, who, the day before, had recited a speech in which he proposed to ask mercy for the King. On January 21, 1793, Louis was brought to the guillotine and beheaded in the presence of a silent crowd. Almost immediately afterwards England, Spain, and Holland declared war on France.

In face of this new emergency any attempt to deliver the provinces from the control, financial or political, of Paris looked

like treason. But the Girondists had no option. Unless they found support outside the capital it was certain that Danton would make an end of them. Agents were sent, therefore, to Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, Toulon, and elsewhere, and a counter-revolutionary movement of a formidable kind organized. In consequence the value of the revenue, as measured in terms of buying power *outside of France*, fell by more than twenty-five per cent. in a few months, though actual receipts were not greatly diminished. The difficulty of obtaining war material and armaments outside of the country was thus intensified at a moment when the need of these materials was urgent. The Jacobins opened a violent attack on the Girondists, whom they accused of being in the pay of France's enemies, seeing that they were pursuing policies which must have the effect of disarming the Republic. The reply, that France desired only to make peace with her enemies and to be rid of civil commotion, was not, in the circumstances, convincing, because it was certain that, in the event of disarmament, England and her allies would bring the Revolution to a speedy end. The Girondists were faced with the dilemma that they must put down all opposition to Paris—and so lose their support outside of the capital—or, by inaction, incur the suspicion of being friendly to England. They chose the latter course, and civil war at once broke out, notably in the west and the south, while the foreign invaders began to advance once more from the north and east.

Napoleon's stay in Ajaccio coincided, in point of time, with the victory of Valmy and the attempts of the Girondists to save themselves. That victory and these attempts had modified Paoli's policy and constituted the chief reason why he had not already declared openly for England. Corsica, in this business, ranked as a province. If the civil war brought the Revolution to its knees, Corsica would have her share in the new Federalism and achieve a large measure of independence.

Early in May, 1793, while Danton was thundering in the Convention[73] in Paris against the Girondists, news reached Napoleon in Ajaccio that Paoli had been denounced as a traitor to France and summoned to answer for his behaviour before the Revolutionary Tribunal. That news discovered a Corsican patriot in the young French soldier. He wrote a defence of his

father's old friend and immediately despatched the manuscript to Paris. A few days later he heard, with consternation, that it was Lucien who, at Toulon, had denounced the General and actually demanded his execution. Lucien himself wrote to his brothers:

"I've given our enemies a knock-out blow. You didn't expect that."[74]

This letter had been intercepted by Pozzo di Borgo, Napoleon's old adversary, who had it printed and distributed with the comment:

"The original is being kept in order to make the name of its author everlastingly infamous."

Paoli hesitated no longer, but gathered his Clansmen about him as in former days. The French Commissioners, led by Saliceti, who were in Corte, fled to Bastia, taking Joseph with them. The old General declared a vendetta against the family of Buonaparte, and sent orders to his supporters in Ajaccio to seize Napoleon. The small country houses of the Buonapartes were taken at the same time. Then Paoli despatched a personal messenger to Letizia to tell her that, if she would write "expressing disapproval of the behaviour of your sons," her possessions would be at once restored to her. Napoleon's mother replied that she had supposed that the General knew her better than that, adding:

"*Je me suis faite française, et je resterai française.*"

Napoleon, meanwhile, was being hunted. He slipped out of Ajaccio and managed to reach one of the country houses, Bocognano; as this was in Paoli's hands he was captured the moment he arrived. It was decided to take him to Corte, but before the journey began one of his own people helped him to escape. He crept back to Ajaccio, going stealthily through the *maquis* at night and hiding by day. He did not visit the Casa Buonaparte, but went, instead, to the house of a kinsman, Levié, a former mayor of the town. Here he learned that Paoli's orders were to take him alive or dead, and further that almost the entire population of Ajaccio was now in favour of an alliance with England. He was urged to escape to Bastia as quickly as possible, and arrangements were begun to get him out of the town by way of the sea.

Meanwhile until dawn there was great danger. The ex-mayor sent messages to all those of his friends on whose loyalty he could depend, and soon the corridors of his house were filled with men who lay down to sleep with swords in their hands. There came a loud knocking at the street-door, followed by a demand for Napoleon. Levié invited Paoli's men to search the house, and contrived at once to show them the glint of steel—an intimation that the way to his kinsman's hiding-place would be disputed which they thoroughly understood. They expressed themselves satisfied that a mistake had been made, and went away. Half an hour later a small party went down, through the darkness, from the mayor's house to the harbour. Napoleon entered the boat which awaited him and was at once rowed out to a ship. Before dawn the harbour had been left behind. Later in the day he disembarked at a northern port where a horse was in readiness. He reached Bastia after some further adventures. Joseph and Saliceti awaited him.

His escape caused a great outburst of rage among his fellow-townsmen, who, with Lucien's denunciation of Paoli in mind, looked on him as betrayer as well as Frenchman. All the crows were coming home to roost—Carlo's espousal of the French cause, his patent of nobility, his visits to Versailles, his grandeur, his desire to have his sons and daughters turned into foreigners as soon as they left their cradles; the success, too, of those sons and daughters, Joseph's councillorships and Napoleon's volunteers. Ajaccio had a long reckoning with the Buonapartes. It was resolved to settle it. Paoli's men were instructed to seize Letizia as a hostage for her sons.

Letizia had no support except her half-brother, the abbé Fesch,[75] who had become almost as fervent a revolutionary as Lucien. But she showed no fear and refused to leave home. It was not until she was positively assured that an armed band, whose destination was her house, was approaching through the outskirts of the town that she consented to flee.[76] Some lads from Bocognano and Bastelica, who had come to warn her, helped her with the children. Within a few minutes a party, which consisted of herself, her maid Saveria, Fesch, Maria Anna (Elise), Louis, Paulette, Maria Nunziata (whom Napoleon had rechristened Caroline, after Carlo),[77] and Jerome, was hurrying

through the narrow streets towards the open country. The lads from the country houses marched in front and behind, and this bodyguard from time to time obtained reinforcements as other lads from the same places joined it. The plan was to go to Milelli, another country house, and proceed from there along the coast until a ship from Bastia picked them up. It was happily a warm, very still night (May 23, 1793), but the way was rough and the children suffered severe scratches from thorns and cactus and had to be carried. At Milelli they were warned not to stay, and so began to climb the heights of Aspreto. Ajaccio lay below them, and they heard the clocks of the town, far away, striking midnight. They halted here and slept on the ground while their people kept watch. At dawn the journey towards the coast was resumed. They crossed the open space called Campo de l'Oro and came to Campitello. There is a river here; their march was held up until a horse was obtained from a neighbouring farmer. Soon afterwards a great shouting assailed them from in front. Letizia could see nobody in the road, but she hid her party, including the horse, among the thick undergrowth. A body of peasants, armed with daggers and scythes, went by on the way to join the Paolists in Ajaccio. At last the White Tower of Capitallo, on the shore and facing, across the bay, the harbour of Ajaccio, was reached. Friends met them here and told Letizia that Paoli's people had sacked her house, seized her goods, and made a bonfire of everything which they had been unable to carry away.[78] So far there was no sign of a ship.

But help was at hand. Napoleon, on arriving at Bastia, had urged that the French ships there ought to be sent at once to Ajaccio in order to protect those of the inhabitants who remained loyal to France. His advice was taken, and a small fleet immediately set sail with Saliceti, Joseph and himself on board. They anchored in the bay of Ajaccio, but speedily realized that they had come too late; the town was wholly in Paoli's hands, and could not be retaken without troops. Napoleon, meanwhile, went ashore at the White Tower in a small sailing-boat. He was unable, immediately, to find his mother, and was about to put off again when some shepherds who belonged to the French party saw him and hailed him.

They told him about the sacking of the Casa Buonaparte and about his mother's flight, but confessed ignorance of her whereabouts. They left him to go to look for her; he remained, near his boat, seated on a rock. Suddenly he heard a shout of warning. He sprang into the boat under a hail of bullets from enemies hidden in the bushes along the shore. He returned to the ships which, since attack was out of the question, weighed anchor and moved slowly up the coast. As night fell signals were observed. Napoleon went ashore a second time, and found his mother and her party waiting for him on the beach.

A ship was now detached to take Letizia and the children to Calvi, where all the families of the French party, the Paraviccinis, Casabiancas, and Giubegas, were gathered with their retainers. Napoleon and Joseph remained with the fleet. They sailed up and down the coast for about a fortnight in the hope of finding enough support to allow of action. Early in June it was decided that nothing could be done because the whole island was for Paoli. The two brothers joined their mother and relations in Calvi.

It was necessary to face the fact that they were ruined in the most literal sense of that word, for houses and lands were in the possession of enemies whose sole object was to kill them all. The decision to go at once to France and to seek help from the Republic with which their fortunes had become identified was soon taken. They sailed from Calvi on June 11, 1793, in clothes given them by friends and with a small sum of money which the same friends had offered. Two days later, on the 13th, Lucien met them in Toulon.

BOOK II

THE BURNING

"*L'oligarchie me redoute parce que je suis le roi des peuples.*"—NAPOLEON (to Caulaincourt).

EVENTS had been kind to the exiled Corsican family, for the party of the Gironde had been destroyed by Danton and Robespierre a fortnight before their arrival in France, and the Jacobins, consequently, were in the saddle. Lucien had ceased, overnight, to be a liability and had become an asset, while Paoli's hatred was the best of all recommendations in the eyes of the "patriots," especially when it became known that Corsica had been handed over definitely to England as soon as the Buonapartes were driven out of the island. The fact that George III soon afterwards assumed the title of King of Corsica was to serve for many a day as the Buonaparte guarantee of loyalty to the Republic.

The family were well aware of this advantage and, in their extremity, made the most of it. Saliceti, as a deputy who had voted for the King's death and supported consistently the policy of Danton, became at once a person of importance. He obtained a pension for Letizia and posts for Joseph, Lucien, and Fesch. Napoleon returned to his regiment.

Letizia had need of every penny, for Elise was only 16, Louis 15, Paulette 12, Caroline 10 and Jerome 8, and the times were full of anxiety. Toulon was in the hands of the mob. The crews of two of the warships in the great naval base had just mutinied and murdered their officers; a guillotine, painted bright scarlet, was at work daily in the *place*. Hideous men paraded the streets carrying heads on the tops of poles. The Corsican matron sickened with horror, but, for her children's sake, held herself in control, while Lucien assured her that these outbursts were due to the same kind of treachery as had been manifested in Corsica. The Girondists, like Paoli, were, he said, in English pay and had been selling France to her enemies.

This was the Jacobin case which the Girondists had found it

so difficult to answer, seeing that, in fact, many of the provinces were actually making war against Paris while Paris was being attacked by Europe. "The Republic," cried Danton, "is one and indivisible," and this became the keynote of Jacobin policy. The Girondists were held prisoners in their houses or hounded out of Paris.

Their downfall was the signal for a series of attacks on the central government which, as was obvious, had been carefully prepared. Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux revolted and set up separate governments, while in August the inhabitants of Toulon opened France's chief naval base to the English and Spanish fleets, which entered and took possession of it. Letizia had left the city for the neighbouring village of La Valette. She shared the anxiety of her sons for the Revolution which, under these heavy blows, and by reason of the treachery of its chief General, Dumouriez, who in April had gone over to the Austrians on the field of battle, was staggering.

Danton, after the fall of the Girondists, had been in supreme control, and that fact had afforded some comfort, except to Robespierre and Carnot, who saw with dismay that the man was changed. The fierce patriotism of the year before had grown cold, and there was weakness at the hour when strength alone could achieve salvation. It was Robespierre who had snatched the land money from the Constitutionals and so made effective resistance to the foreign armies possible. Robespierre had watched the steady depreciation of that money as a consequence of the Girondists' policy of Federalism. He urged upon Danton the necessity of restoring confidence in the money by preventing a rise of prices; and when, in spite of his warnings, sufficiently vigorous steps to this end were not taken began to grow suspicious. On July 10, 1793, the Committee of Public Safety was reconstituted. Danton was left out.[79] Three weeks later Cambon proposed a sharp reduction in the number of the assignats—in order to check depreciation and lower prices. Danton supported him and so incurred further suspicion.[80] Robespierre was determined that the land money should not be curtailed in amount so long as any possibility remained of forcing on to the markets the supplies of food which, as he believed, the friends of the Girondists were hoard-

ing in order to destroy that money. Robespierre's policy was to increase the amount of goods, not to decrease the amount of money, for he believed that, once curtailment of monetary supplies had been instituted, all hope of effective resistance might be abandoned. Danton, he thought, was playing the English game just as the Girondists and their revolting provinces were playing it. To suggest that necessary expenditure should be curtailed, when ample supplies of wheat and other foodstuffs were available, was to confess oneself either too weak to exert pressure on farmers and middlemen or wholly indifferent to the safety of France.

Robespierre and Carnot, therefore, set about the business of supporting the land money by bringing hoarded goods to market, and since no means to this end remained except naked fear, the Reign of Terror began. Fear was the alternative to defeat through lack of money, and was directed therefore, in the first instance, against all hoarders of goods, all persons trying to obtain payment in gold or silver rather than in assignats, and all persons found guilty of charging prices higher than those fixed by the Government.[81] The prescription was effective. There was no curtailment of the number of assignats; on the contrary, the number rose in less than a year from 4,050,000,000 livres to 7,200,000,000 livres, thus being nearly doubled. But prices fell. The means of combating the enemies at home and the enemies on the frontier had been restored.

Robespierre and Carnot used these means with ruthless courage. The armies were reformed and reconditioned and placed under officers whose capacity could be relied upon. For the first time in his period of service Napoleon found that interest was being shown in training and experience. When he was given the rank of Captain Commandant[82] and ordered to proceed to the siege of Toulon, his faith in the future of the Revolution began to revive, if only because every young man of ability trusts a judgment which has enlisted his service.

His regiment was stationed at Nice. He reached Toulon early in September, 1793, and was placed under the command of officers of artillery whose efforts until now had been singularly unsuccessful. He evolved a plan of his own which consisted in a rearrangement of the batteries so that the English

warships lying at anchor in the harbour would be brought under fire. This plan was adopted, to some extent as a consequence of the advocacy of his friend Saliceti, who had influence with Barras,[83] the commissioner of the Committee of Public Safety. This man cared only for success, and was ready to support anyone who could obtain it; for Paul François Nicolas, Comte de Barras and ex-officer of the King's army, had not become Jacobin for love of France. Gay, lewd, debauched, cruel as a tiger, he was saving his life and his possessions by serving Robespierre, and that man did not pay for failure. Barras had helped to defend the remnants of French power in India against the English and had some knowledge of soldiering—just enough to realize that the little Corsican gunner knew what he was talking about. Napoleon was given a free hand.

How well-placed this confidence had been was shown immediately. The ships in the harbour became the helpless targets of a fire which must soon have destroyed them all.

On December 19 the English fleet abandoned Toulon and the city surrendered. One of Napoleon's superior officers wrote about him to Carnot:

"I cannot find expressions to depict the merit of Bonaparte: much service, as much intelligence and too much courage—that is a feeble sketch of the virtues of this rare officer."[84]

On December 21, 1793, at the age of twenty-four, Napoleon was raised to the rank of Brigadier-General and appointed Military Inspector of the Coast at the mouth of the Rhône. He was not unduly elated, because such promotions were common enough at a time when many of the best French officers had become emigrants.[85] He visited his mother at Marseilles, to which city she had gone, and found her in a cheap lodging, a basement flat in a house in the rue Lafon. Letizia, thanks again to Saliceti, was being served with soldiers' rations of food and fuel, and so was just able to meet the expenses of her family.[86] The fact that her son had his new headquarters near at hand was matter of great rejoicing to both of them.

Napoleon was uneasy and unhappy. He had witnessed the scenes of terror which, under Barras' orders, had followed the capitulation of Toulon—a slaughter by the guillotine which

had reduced the population from 29,000 souls to 8,000, the mob fury, the imprisonments and confiscations. And he knew that the same scenes had taken place in Marseilles and were taking place in Lyons and Nantes and other towns. He did not like it; but he could not shut his eyes to the fact that, by means of terror, the foreign invaders were being driven across the frontiers and the rebellious cities brought back again to their allegiance. France was being saved before his eyes from a ruin which, only a few weeks ago, had seemed to be without remedy.

Napoleon was too deeply interested in the study of history and the study of politics not to devote careful and even anxious thought to this spectacle of salvation by fear, and when, early in 1794, he was ordered to join "the Army of Italy" as Commander of Artillery, his mind was still in agitation. He had appointed his brother Louis his *aide-de-camp*; they went together to Nice, where the army had its headquarters. There they met the three representatives of the War Council in Paris whom Robespierre and Carnot had appointed to act as overseers of the military commanders. These were Salicetti, Ricord, and Robespierre's younger brother, Augustin. A close friendship began between Napoleon and Augustin Robespierre, who was so much impressed by the Corsican that he wrote to his brother in Paris that he had found a soldier "of transcendent merit . . . a Corsican who can offer only the guarantee of a man of that people who has resisted the blandishments of Paoli and whose estates have been ravaged by that traitor."

The two young men discussed events at length whenever occasion offered, and Napoleon learned not only the philosophy of the Robespierres, but also the practical necessities which were dictating their policy. It was his earliest contact with high politics. Augustin defended his brother by asking what means except fear remained to save France. He pointed out, further, that the commandeering of gold and silver which was being carried on in every village was essential if supplies of foreign goods were to be obtained, because the assignat, if used on any considerable scale for purchases outside of France, would immediately depreciate so heavily as to lose its buying power inside of the country.[87] Robespierre and Carnot were gathering the precious metals so as to possess the means of obtaining essential

foreign supplies without damage to the land money. Terror was being used not only to destroy rebellion, but also to obtain the means of waging war.

To the Corsican stoic this seemed to be unanswerable logic in the special circumstances; but Napoleon was unable, nevertheless, to rid himself of a sense of horror. He refused the offer, which Augustin made him on behalf of his brother, of the post of Commandant of the Paris garrison, though not until he had consulted his mother, Joseph, and Lucien. Lucien urged him to accept, and was told:[88]

"Young Robespierre (Augustin) is honest; but his brother (Maximilien) will brook no opposition. He demands unquestioning obedience. And I, shall I support such a man? No, never."

Napoleon, in other words, had told Augustin that, if he went to Paris, he would oppose further the use of the method of terror, and had been answered that such opposition would not be tolerated. Moreover, he had offered an alternative method—namely, the carrying of the war across the frontiers into enemy territory.[89] If, he argued, the foreign armies which had been invading France were beaten decisively and so compelled to furnish indemnities, the difficulty of supporting the land money would disappear. He actually drew up a plan for forcing the Alpine passes, and so far persuaded Augustin of his competence that the young man took the plan to Paris. Augustin succeeded in convincing his brother, but neither of the brothers Robespierre could make any impression on Carnot,[90] who insisted that France must make no conquests except those which were necessary for her liberty.

The truth was that the policy of terror was working its own ruin now that immediate fear of invasion had been removed. Robespierre and Carnot had driven Danton from public life the year before because Danton's determination to save France had weakened in the face of a host of enemies. In spite of Danton's opposition, real if unavowed, they had sent the whole party of the Gironde, and, a little later, Queen Marie Antoinette, to the guillotine. Their pro-consuls, Carrier, Tallien, Fouché, Collot d'Herbois, Freron, Barras, and the others, had scourged the revolting cities with massacre and pillaged them for gold so

that their armies might win resounding victory over Austrians and Prussians and Spaniards. Paris, shuddering, had acquiesced. Nor had acquiescence been withheld in the early spring of 1794, when the dictators opened attack simultaneously on the gutter-boys of Paris and on Danton. Danton had been forced publicly to condem the *enragés*, as the mob leaders were called; a week after their execution he himself had been charged with having aided and abetted them secretly in order, by their horrible cruelties, to discredit the Revolution. In other words, he had been charged with accepting bribes from London. Nor had all the efforts of his friends been able to save him in the face of a letter from the Foreign Office in Whitehall, addressed to the banker Perregaux, and found in his (Danton's) pocket at the time of his arrest. This letter was shown in private to the jury at the trial; it contained details about bribery and incitement to violence.[91] But victory on the frontiers effected immediately what no eloquence of tribune or pleas for mercy had been able to effect. France, delivered from fear, demanded that fear should be put away.

It was the opportunity for which a host of enemies had been waiting—and none more anxiously than the moneylenders in Amsterdam and Geneva and London, whose utmost efforts had not succeeded in breaking the land money. Robespierre began to encounter opposition of a kind so determined as to suggest that his opponents were by no means lacking in financial resources. Moreover, his opponents included honest and sincere men who formerly had supported him—however reluctantly—as well as many of the rogues who had been the agents of his Terror in the provincial towns. The little man began to display the weaknesses of a character which was based on vanity. Instead of striking at once he delayed, and so gave his enemies the opportunity to organize themselves. Meanwhile the guillotine was kept busy and thus served to advertise Robespierre's cold-bloodedness. Moreover, an iron discipline was imposed on all citizens, so that gaiety was quenched. Women began to desert from the Jacobin party. Even so, Robespierre might conceivably have prolonged his reign had not Joseph Fouché[92] been numbered among his foes. Fouché, as has been said, had voted for the King's death on the morrow of the composition

of a fine speech in favour of mercy to the King. Though a kind and even indulgent husband and father, he had accepted the office, with Collot d'Herbois, of executioner of the rebellious people of Lyons, and had in that city massacred some hundreds of young children by arranging them in groups and firing cannon at them.[93] The people of Lyons wanted Fouché's blood, and, since the man was suspected of being in English pay, Robespierre proposed to give it to them. Fouché, meanwhile, was dividing his nights between the sickbed of his dying daughter and the houses of deputies, to whom he brought the news that their names were upon Robespierre's list of victims. The terror which he thus spread does not, curiously enough, appear to have been shared by himself to any great extent; his letters to his brother conveyed the assurance that Robespierre's fall was certain and that, consequently, there was nothing to fear. Fouché added a touch to his preparations which proclaims his genius. The only one of the pro-consuls who had shown any degree of mercy was Tallien,[94] an ex-printer of coarse and brutal nature, who, on reaching Bordeaux, to which he had been sent as judge of the rebels, had found in one of the prisons Thérèse de Fontenay, wife of the marquis of that name and daughter of Cabarrus, the Treasurer of the King of Spain. Thérèse was very young and beautiful; but her chief attraction in Tallien's eyes had been her close connection with international finance. He had set her free and made her his mistress; and she had sold mercy to the richest citizens and contrived, with her father's help, not only to get many of them out of France, but also to invest the proceeds in London and elsewhere. Tallien, not Thérèse, profited; but Robespierre's natural suspicion of women was aroused. He had the girl watched and soon concluded that it was she who was preventing the despoiling of the Bordelais of their gold and silver and so cheating the Republic. Tallien was recalled and Thérèse found her way to prison in Paris.[95]

Fouché obtained a Spanish dagger and gave it to Tallien, who had not been arrested. At the same time he broadcast the story of Thérèse, making an angel of her and painting her young lover as a hero. All the deputies who had been told that their names were on Robespierre's list were informed,

further, that Tallien, the lover, would certainly strike a blow for his mistress if her life was threatened.

Robespierre, during this time, continued in inaction, going out for walks with his dog and playing with children in the gardens. Should he strike, or had the time come to be merciful? On July 19, 1794, against Carnot's opposition, he decided to adopt Napoleon's plan and sent a message to the army at Nice to attempt the forcing of the Alpine passes. Napoleon at once set off on a secret mission to Genoa.[96] Meanwhile the little dictator had decided, further, to make one last clean sweep of all his opponents and then dramatically to proclaim forgiveness with—if the Alpine plan succeeded—resounding victory to sweeten it. His friend St. Just,[97] young, good-looking, and a rascal, rose in the Convention on a hot day of late July and hinted insolently that there were traitors in the camp. Faces froze, and with trembling hands men—the same who had delivered up Danton and the Girondists—wiped the sweat from their brows. Tallien's corn-coloured head thrust up suddenly; the Spanish dagger gleamed, naked in the sunlight.

"Names," shouted Thérèse's lover.

He hurled his dagger on the floor, while St. Just choked and cowards were raised from the dead. Robespierre tried to speak; the dagger answered him. He was swept away—to the Hôtel de Ville, where the Revolution had been born, back, with broken jaw, to a table in a committee room of the Convention, the next day to the Revolutionary Tribunal and the guillotine.

NAPOLEON'S secret mission to Genoa was connected in some way with his plan for forcing the Alpine passes. It was so successful that, on his return to Nice, he expected warm congratulation. Instead he was arrested along with his superior officer and thrown into the public gaol at Antibes.

He soon learned the reason for this change in his fortunes. With the announcement from Paris of Robespierre's fall had come orders from Carnot countermanding the plan of attack. The commissioners with the army, Saliceti and Ricord (Augustin Robespierre had perished with his brother), had fallen immediately into panic and, in order to purge their offence in having supported the plan, had turned upon its author. The Buonapartes had received many favours from Saliceti, and this fact seems to have been present to Napoleon's mind when he wrote to the man from prison:

"If scoundrels want my life, I shall give it them willingly enough; I care for it so little and have so often despised it."

He refused to accept an offer of rescue which his young *aide-de-camp*, Junot, managed to convey to him, and remained in prison from August 9 until August 22, 1794, when he was released as suddenly as he had been incarcerated, news having been received from Paris that there were to be no more proscriptions or executions. He returned to duty, but with the consciousness that his fortunes had suffered a severe reverse. To have been the friend of Augustin Robespierre was bad enough; to be the author of a plan of campaign against the Austrian and Piedmontese armies, which Carnot had rejected as unworthy of the Republic, was so much worse as to amount to ruin. Nor, as he quickly learned, was his disgrace personal to himself. All the members of his family had suffered—Joseph and Fesch by loss of their appointments, Lucien by arrest as a disciple of Robespierre,[98] and their mother by a sharp reduction

in her free rations. Happily Lucien had been released, while Joseph had married the daughter of a wealthy silk merchant in Marseilles, whose mother, a widow, had become at once very friendly with Letizia.[99] Julie Clery was twenty-one and possessed a fortune of her own of about £6,000. Lucien's marriage, which had occurred on May 4, 1794, before the fall of Robespierre, had been less satisfactory from a monetary point of view. His wife was an innkeeper's daughter two years older than himself and wholly illiterate. Catherine Boyer had been swept off her feet by the eloquent Corsican boy of nineteen, who, in order the better to display his enthusiasm for the Revolution, had renamed himself "Brutus." But the girl had a cool head and possessed a native wisdom which won Letizia's approval.[100] Napoleon visited his mother and met his new sisters-in-law. He became fond of Julie's younger sister Désirée, and paid her so much attention that, though no contract was made, their early betrothal was expected by both families.[101] He and Joseph agreed that, since their future had become so overclouded, an attempt ought to be made to reconquer Corsica. They prepared a plan of campaign and submitted it to the military authorities, by whom it was accepted. An expedition was fitted out at Toulon and set sail, with Napoleon in command of the artillery, in March, 1795. But the English fleet had been warned and immediately gave battle. The French men-o'-war were severely beaten, and the transports had to flee for safety. Napoleon and his gunners disembarked at Toulon within a few days of having left that base.

This fiasco was soon followed by new disaster. Napoleon received orders to report for duty in Paris, and, on reaching the capital, was told to proceed to La Vendée as a General in charge of infantry. The meaning of the order was unmistakable. La Vendée, the Royalist province, had proved already the graveyard of many reputations, while to offer a General of artillery a command of foot soldiers was to cover him with shame. He summoned his courage and asked for an interview with the Minister of War. When his protests that artillery officers were too valuable to be wasted were ignored, he went sick and appealed to Barras. At the same time he wrote to a friend:

"I have been ordered to serve as General of the Line in La

Vendée. I will not do it. Many soldiers could direct a brigade better than I; few have commanded artillery with greater success."

He was sick at heart, not only because of his own eclipse, but also because of the ruin which surrounded him. The policy of Robespierre, with its iron control of prices and its ruthless seizure of the precious metals, had given France an internal money limited in amount only by the capacity of the nation to produce goods. At the same time there had been enough gold and silver to buy essential foreign supplies. But Robespierre's fall had shattered his system. His successors, Barras, Freron, Tallien, Carnot, had abjured their Jacobinism on the morrow of victory and, in response to the general weariness of France, had proclaimed a return to freedom both political and economic. They had in December, 1794, rescinded the laws governing prices and, early in 1795, allowed the precious metals to circulate once more.[102] They had, further, taken possession, for their own use, of Robespierre's hoard of gold and silver. In consequence the land money had lost about 95 per cent. of its value. Farmers would not sell except for metallic money, and famine conditions soon prevailed.[103] In these circumstances soldiers, who were still paid in assignats, were reduced to starvation unless they happened to possess friends among the small coterie which was now ruling France.

This coterie, having lost the means of financing Government without recourse to foreign lenders, was in the position which Louis XVI had occupied before the fall of Necker. Happily, in consequence of the victories which had been won during the Terror, the foreign enemies were disposed to make peace, and so humiliation in the field was avoided; but the Republic, nevertheless, at the moment when its soldiers stood triumphantly on the Rhine, was going hat in hand for the means of subsistence.

Barras' defence was financial necessity. His behaviour threw doubt upon his good faith. While the armies were being paid with the discredited paper, he and his associates in Paris were living in a manner of which the recklessness was only equalled by the corruption. The man had a mistress named Josephine de Beauharnais,[104] whose object in life it was to outshine all

rivals and so maintain herself in power. She spent money with both hands and possessed a charming little villa in the rue Chantereine, off the Chaussée d'Antin, standing back among its own gardens, and a carriage horsed with a pair of blacks which were the admiration of Paris[105] at a time when private equipages had almost disappeared.

The woman reckoned no value, but knew the worth of everything. She had tasted poverty and obscurity. Dishonour too.[106] She was determined never again to be thrust into darkness.

Josephine's history was not, in fact, unmixed with hardship. She had been born on June 23, 1763, in the island of Martinique in the West Indies at a moment when, by reason of the English blockade of the Continent, her father, a nobleman of bourgeois stock, who had taken to planting, was unable to dispose of his sugar. Joseph Tascher la Pagerie had been a soured and disappointed man whose character stood in marked contrast with that of his brother, the baron Tascher, also a planter, who wore the Cross of St. Louis and held always a smile on his face. Joseph had wanted a son; he gave his eldest daughter his own name, and she was baptized Marie Joseph Rose. Two other daughters left his hopes unfulfilled; but the masterful character of his wife, who had estates of her own, held him in such restraint that melancholy afforded the only outlet to his feelings. Melancholy deepened when his house was burned down and he had to go to live in his sugar refinery.

His daughters had found their lot a dismal one, and Josephine had rejoiced when she was sent to stay with her paternal grandmother in the neighbouring town of Fort Royal so that she might receive some sort of education. Fort Royal had not proved very exciting, but the girl cherished a strange prophecy made by a native woman called Euphemia to the effect that one day she would be Queen of France, though she would not die Queen of France.

She was pretty with bright chestnut hair and blue eyes. But her chief attraction was a great suppleness and grace of figure, acquired in the open; as she said:

"I ran, I jumped, I danced from morning to night. No one restrained the wild movements of my childhood."

Trouble, however, had soon overtaken her. Her grandmother and her uncle, the baron, referred frequently in her hearing to her aunt, Mme. Renaudin, who had gone to France and was living in Paris. Josephine had very quickly realized that some mystery surrounded this woman, and, after a time, found out that she was, in fact, living with the marquis de Beauharnais, whose wife had left him. Further, the marquis had a son, born at Martinique and brought up by Mme. Tascher, whose origins were rather obscure. Alexandre de Beauharnais had entered the world while Mme. de Beauharnais was living in Fort Royal with her husband, then a naval officer; but obstinate rumour insisted that, nevertheless, Mme. Renaudin and not Mme. de Beauharnais was his mother. In any case, a demand from Mme. Renaudin that Joseph Tascher should send his second daughter to France to marry Alexandre had reached the sugar refinery. Joseph was making ready to comply when the girl, Désirée, fell victim to a tropical fever. Mme. Renaudin had now asked for the youngest daughter, Marie, but Mme. Tascher La Pagerie refused. It had become necessary to send Josephine. Her father felt some uneasiness because his eldest girl was fifteen and "well developed for her age," while Alexandre was only a year older. Nevertheless, he wrote that she possessed:

"A happy disposition, plays a little on the guitar, has a good voice and a liking for music, in which she will some time become proficient. But alas! I fear she will not fulfil your expectations on account of the objection you have to her age."

Josephine had landed at Brest with her father in October, 1779. She was married to Alexandre on December 13 of the same year in the parish church of Noisy-le-Grand. Joseph was not present, for an attack of malaria fever had sent him to bed. Nor was François de Beauharnais, Alexandre's elder brother, included among the witnesses. The young couple had begun their married life under the roof of the marquis and under the eyes of Mme. Renaudin. Quarrels soon broke out. Alexandre was a prig with a pained sense of his own importance, and Josephine's hunger and thirst for pleasure were insatiable. To live in Paris and spend one's time listening to admonitions and exhortations from one's husband was not a programme con-

genial to her nature. A son, Eugene, had been born, and then Alexandre had left home upon a protracted visit to Italy. When he came back Josephine had borne a daughter, Hortense, but he had repudiated the child. Divorce proceedings had followed.

Josephine in Paris with Alexandre had been a figure of pathos. She had loved Paris so much. Fontainebleau, to which place the marquis and Mme. Renaudin retired, had proved much less congenial. But darker days were coming. Alexandre would not pay for the upkeep of his children; there had been no option, finally, but to borrow £1,000 from Mme. Renaudin and to set sail once more with her son and daughter for Martinique and the sugar refinery. She stayed in Martinique during two years, and seldom in that period left her father's plantation. The outbreak of the Revolution lured her back again to France, for Alexandre was become a deputy and seemed likely to make a name for himself.

He had refused still to have anything to do with her, but he had shown some interest in Eugene and he had begun to pay. Josephine was muzzled no longer among the delicious joys of the capital. She found friends, notably Tallien of the corn-coloured hair and leering eyes, and became a Jacobin, while Alexandre, as a good Liberal, was fighting his country's battles at Metz and losing what reputation as a soldier he had ever possessed. Robespierre, unhappily, had not believed in her Jacobinism and had thrown her into prison about the same time as Alexandre. They saw nothing of one another. Alexandre went to the guillotine; she survived. When she had established herself once more in her old haunts—with the added *éclat* of a "guillotine widow" and a vicomtesse—Tallien had introduced her to Barras, who had fallen in love with her grace and charm. Since Barras was King, Josephine was Queen. Had Euphemia's prophecy been fulfilled?

Barras, when Robespierre's hoard was spent, found money by pledging France to the financiers who had crowded into Paris. Notable among these was Ouvrard, the friend of the Barings in London and of the Hopes in Amsterdam, a man of great charm and—reputedly—of greater wealth, and Perregeux, whose deals with Danton had not impoverished him. These men supplied ready cash in exchange for all kinds of contracts

and concessions and made colossal fortunes. The armies were starved and the poor were starved in order that their betters might wax fat. Naturally enough, there was resentment, especially among the victims. Though Thérèse Tallien's hand had locked up the Jacobin Club, to the accompaniment of the cheers of a band of rich lads whom Fréron—once the executioner of Marseilles—had recruited the members of the Club—famished and despairing—continued to meet in the cellars of the rue St. Antoine. One day—May 23, 1795—they broke loose, in the old fashion, and stormed into the Parliament house. The President, Boissy d'Anglas, was dragged from his chair, while lean and threadbare men informed the deputies that, whereas in 1790 wheat had cost 10 livres a quintal, the price was now 300 livres. Only Fréron's lads prevented a massacre.

The event terrified Barras, not only because it threatened his power, but also because it increased greatly the difficulty of borrowing. He organized a man-hunt and set the guillotine to work once more. Every prominent Jacobin, among the number Saliceti, who had come to Paris, went into hiding. They were all in hiding still when, a week after the outbreak, Napoleon reached the capital and went to stay with his father's old friends the Permons. The young officer met, on the stairs of the Permons' house, the man who had arrested him at Nice. Saliceti did not speak, but his expression betrayed his fear that revenge would be taken.[107]

Far from it. If Napoleon had been a Jacobin in Robespierre's day he was ten times a Jacobin now. This Government which proclaimed daily that it had saved France was, he could see, stripping the country of its defences, destroying the armies, devouring the peasants and the poor. It was as inefficient, too, as it was corrupt.

He called on Barras and reminded him of their meeting at Toulon. Was it possible that the Revolution had no need of the artilleryman who had driven the English ships from the harbour? Barras promised to look into the matter; Napoleon heard no more. He would not yield, and took his half-pay—on which none could live—rather than sacrifice his pride and his patriotism. He starved and his clothes and boots began to

give out. In the street he drew his hat down over his eyes so that none might recognize him. The usual effects of prolonged fasting began to show themselves. He was exalted and depressed by turns and continuously rather light-headed. His letters to Joseph hinted at suicide, though he confessed: "I am sometimes astonished at myself." He had attacks of Mediterranean fever, which further reduced his weight and his strength, but which exerted no influence on his purpose. Very occasionally, as a General, he received official invitations and thus obtained extra food. On one of these occasions he met Boissy d'Anglas and talked to him about the army of Italy and his plan for the forcing of the Alpine passes—a subject on which he brooded continually. Next day Boissy d'Anglas happened to hear Pontécoulant, who had just become Minister of War, complaining that the mess and disorder in the War Office was so great that he could not cope with it unless help was furnished.

"I met yesterday," Boissy told him, "a General on half-pay. He has come back from the army of Italy and seemed to know all about that army. He might be able to help you."

Pontécoulant sent for General Bonaparte. There came to his room "a young man with a wan and livid complexion, bowed shoulders, and sickly appearance." The young man spoke with such astonishing assurance and vigour, however, that Pontécoulant,[108] on his own confession, concluded that privation and disappointment had driven him mad. To get rid of him he asked him to prepare a memorandum of his views. Napoleon went straight to Boissy and told him what had passed, explaining that he knew what the War Minister thought about him and why he had been asked for the memorandum. Boissy advised him, nevertheless, to perform the task. A few days later Pontécoulant read—and re-read—a new version of the plan for forcing the passes of the Alps. He sent for General Bonaparte.

"Would you like to work with me?" he asked.

"Yes," said Napoleon and immediately sat down at the work-table.

From that moment he remained in his chair at the War Office continuously, except when he was sleeping or eating. He seldom returned to his dingy lodging before 3 a.m., and within

a short period had obtained so complete a grasp of the whole military organization that his Chief insisted on his attending with him all the meetings of the War Committee. One day Pontécoulant, in gratitude, asked him what he could do for him.

"I want," said Napoleon, "to be reinstated in the artillery."

The Minister visited the Director of Personnel, Letourneur, and asked for Napoleon's reinstatement. The Director refused. Soon afterwards Letourneur himself became Minister of War. He proposed to retain General Bonaparte's services but found the young man determined not to work with him. Napoleon was in the street again with his pride and his hunger. He starved once more and because his clothes were now worn out could scarcely venture abroad.

Meanwhile Government was tottering. The increasing difficulty of borrowing made it necessary to go on printing assignats for the payment of wages though nothing could be bought with them. Barras held anxious consultations with his colleagues the upshot of which was recognition of the necessity of changing the form of government. An administration, it was resolved, must be set up at once which would command the confidence of the international bankers from whom alone help could be obtained. The abbé Siéyès, who had already fathered two abortive constitutions, was encouraged to get to work upon a third in which provision should be made for an upper and lower chamber on the English pattern. At the same time it was hinted that the members of the Constitutional party, hitherto proscribed, would be allowed to return to Paris.

While these preparations were going on the little son of Louis XVI died in his prison.[109] The heir to the throne was his uncle, his father's elder surviving brother, who was living in Venice. Barras and Tallien got into touch with him and suggested that, in exchange for restoration, he might be disposed to overlook the fact that they had voted for his brother's death and acted afterwards as Robespierre's proconsuls. But "Louis XVIII," as he called himself, was not inclined to forgiveness and could not be tempted even by the prospect of a constitutional monarchy. Indeed his reply was of so threatening a character that, had the need not been very

great, negotiations would have been broken off at once. Instead, Barras re-baited his hook with a proposal—obviously of a makeshift character—for an executive of five Directors who could, if occasion arose, at once vacate their offices in favour of a King.

The Constitutionals, headed by Mme. de Staël, whose husband had just returned to Paris as Swedish Ambassador, gave support to these proposals[110] and reopened their big houses. The Capital became gay once more and the monetary situation eased slightly. Barras was able to convince Ouvrard that thanks to the impending formation of a national Government, French credit would soon improve. Peace proposals, meanwhile, had been received from Prussia and Spain and elsewhere and these made it possible to reduce the armies and so effect economies. In Spain, as has been said, Thérèse Tallien's father, Cabarrus, was in charge of the Royal Treasury. He had been dismissed from that post, but Barras and Tallien had refused to negotiate until he was reinstated.[111] Thérèse, in other words, had become a link with the Spanish Government which, at the time, was the chief importer into Europe of the precious metals. Barras attached great importance to this link. In addition he had fallen in love with Tallien's young wife and was determined to possess her.

The plans for the new Government were advanced so quickly that Sieyès, who liked to make his constitutions slowly, became angry and disclaimed in advance the child it was proposed to father upon him. In spite of his protests it was decided to call the upper chamber the Council of Ancients and the lower the Council of Five Hundred—names that were not aggressively Republican. Various checks and balances were introduced so that an appearance of liberty might be preserved—among them a system whereby the presidential office in each chamber could be held only during a short period.

But Barras had reckoned without the King. "Louis XVIII" was in close touch with London and shared fully the objections of the English Government and the English bankers to dealing with Jacobins, however reformed. He gave his consent to the landing in France, from English warships, of an expedition which was to join up with the Royalists in La

Vendée and so reinforce them that a march on Paris could be undertaken. The expedition duly set sail. In a night, all the plans for a national Government were brought to ruin.

Barras acted swiftly and with courage. He sent General Hoche into La Vendée, where, but for his refusal, Napoleon would have been serving. Denunciations of the Bourbons came thundering from his lips and he ordered the members of the Constitutional party to leave Paris immediately. Mme. de Staël was forced to pack up and go. At the same time the new Constitution was changed once more, so that nobody who had not voted for the King's death should be eligible for the post of Director. Hoche defeated the expedition. Tallien was despatched to deal with the prisoners.

These ruthless measures prevented a new outbreak on the part of the Jacobins. Tallien acted with great savagery and had some hundreds of prisoners shot in cold blood. He returned to Paris in full expectation of honour and reward. Instead he found himself shunned by Barras and even by his own wife.

The truth was that, while it had been necessary to show severity in order to silence the criticism of the Jacobins, it was not less necessary to avoid any appearance of a return to terrorist methods which might cause the financiers to withhold their support. Tallien had been useful; a second use, as a scapegoat, was now found for him. Moreover, his wife had been supplied with an excellent excuse for leaving him. Thérèse summoned journalists[112] to her house in the Champs Elysées and told them, weeping, that, had she been with her husband this terrible massacre of prisoners who, after all, were Frenchmen, would never have taken place. She allowed it to be inferred that she could have no more dealings with the man of blood. Her surrender to Barras, therefore, was presented as the flight of innocence and mercy to a strong protector.

Josephine de Beauharnais did not share this view, for she was well aware that Barras had rid himself, simultaneously, of a dangerous political rival and of a troublesome husband. Tallien's popularity as the slayer of Robespierre was lost for ever since he, too, had become terrorist. His power to hold Thérèse, who had the ambition to be queen of Paris, had

vanished by the same token. But Josephine, with two young children, was in no position to quarrel with her rival, who, for the future, would dispense Barras' favours. She kept her thoughts to herself, accepted jilting with a good grace, and remained in possession of her house, her carriage and her pension.

Barras now had those people to deal with who had supported him because they believed that he meant to effect a restoration of the monarchy. They had been outraged by Tallien's massacre; they were suffering extremely, like most of their fellow-countrymen, by reason of the high prices and depreciated money and had become desperate. Worse still they commanded a good deal of sympathy among the peasants and the poor, and also among the officers and rank and file of the army, for nobody was so blind as not to see that the profligacy of the new rulers far exceeded that of the late King and Queen.

In these circumstances it was important to keep on good terms with officers whose republicanism could be trusted. Thérèse began to flirt with the army, which, until now, she had neglected, and threadbare uniforms appeared in her salon —among them that of General Bonaparte. She noticed the Corsican because he looked so ill and gave him a piece of cloth for a new overcoat. Later she asked him to an evening party and allowed him to tell her fortune. But his requests for reinstatement continued to meet with refusal. He grew desperate and, hearing that a military mission consisting entirely of gunners was about to be sent to Turkey at the request of the Sultan, begged his old chief, Pontécoulant, to get him seconded to it. Pontécoulant's application was successful. On September 15 an order was issued relieving "General of Brigade Bonaparte" of his unfilled post with the infantry in La Vendée, in order that he might direct the Turkish mission. He applied at once to the War Office for leave to choose the men who should accompany him, and this application was considered at a meeting of the War Council held on October 1, 1795, and was granted. The War Council then passed to routine business and approved, without reading them, a number of orders from various headquarters. One of these orders removed General Bonaparte from the active list of

officers "on account of his refusal to take up the post assigned to him." Thus, the head of the military mission to Turkey was no longer a French officer on the active list because he had disobeyed an order which had been revoked a fortnight before.

Two days later, while he was engaged in trying to resolve this muddle, the Royalist storm which Barras had foreseen broke suddenly in Paris. A mob gathered at night outside one of the theatres and began to shout threats against the Government. When troops were summoned to disperse it, the torches which the soldiers carried were snatched from their hands and extinguished. The soldiers offered no resistance.

Next day Paris was full of soldiers, but none knew whether or not, in view of the privations they had endured, they could be trusted. The Royalists had entered a disused convent and fortified it; the troops were ordered to take the place by storm. But their officer, General Menou, so far disobeyed this order as to open negotiations personally with the rebels. He entered the convent alone and demanded that arms should be delivered to him. When this demand was refused he agreed to remove his troops on condition that, after he had done so, the rebels would disperse peaceably. The soldiers were then marched back to barracks through lines of dumbfounded citizens, among whom Napoleon, just emerged from the Theatre Feydeau, was standing. Napoleon and the friend who was with him followed the crowd to the Tuileries and entered the public gallery of the Convention where an anxious debate was in progress. Deputies were on their feet hurling accusations and threats at one another and for some time the uproar was so great that no decisions could be taken. When the first shock of alarm and surprise had passed, however, Barras was invited to assume immediate command of the troops. Napoleon went back to his lodging. A few minutes after he had arrived there he received an order from Barras to come to him at once. Barras offered him the post of second-in-command to himself and when the Corsican hesitated, declared:

"I give you three minutes to think it over."

It was 1 a.m. o'clock of October 5, 1795—the 13th Vendémaire in the Revolutionary Calendar. At dawn the Royalist mob would attack the Tuileries just as the Jacobin mob had

attacked on August 10, 1792. Was Barras to share the fate of Louis XVI? Napoleon remembered that there were a number of guns at the camp of Sablons outside of Paris. He got leave to visit General Menou, who had been arrested by Barras, and obtained from him information about these pieces. Then he sent a cavalry officer named Murat, with 800 horse, to bring the guns to Paris.

He now organized his force, which, including police, numbered about 8,000 men. Every street leading to the Tuileries was picketed and supplies of ammunition and food were brought into the palace. At the same time beds for the wounded were made ready and a line of retreat decided upon in case of need. Murat came thundering across the cobbles with the guns and reported that, had he been a few minutes later, the enemy, who had also sent for them, would have had them. Napoleon posted the guns and gave instructions that they were not to be fired until definite orders were received. Then he entered the Chamber where the deputies were still in session, served out muskets to them and left them silent and abashed.

Dawn broke and revealed the serried masses of the rebels. But there was no attack because of the guns from Sablons. It was not until four o'clock in the afternoon that the Royalist leaders managed to persuade their people to debouch from the side streets. Napoleon mounted a horse which had been held ready for him in the courtyard of the palace and rode out to one of his batteries. He reached the battery just as the mob was approaching it. A moment later the rue St. Honoré was swept with fire. The mob fled for shelter. This attack, as Napoleon had foreseen, was a feint to distract attention from the main assault which was to be made by way of the bridges across the Seine. He had already trained the bulk of his artillery on the bridges. He rode to these guns and stood watching a body of men some 8,000 strong coming along the quays. He waited until the bridges were thronged and then gave the order to fire. The enemy, struck in front and from the side, reeled, broke and fled in disorder. It was six o'clock. Napoleon ordered his cavalrymen to follow him and rode through the streets to assure himself that no opposition anywhere remained.

IT was obvious that a great deal of money had been spent in organizing the rebellion; in view of the expedition to La Vendée, nobody doubted that this money had come from England. Barras, on the morning of October 6, 1795, could congratulate himself therefore that, twice over within a few months, he had defeated the plans of the Bourbons and their allies across the Channel.

Unhappily both victories had been won by spilling French blood. It was necessary therefore to do again what had been done in the case of Tallien. General Bonaparte was called before the Assembly and congratulated so warmly as to leave no doubt that he, and he alone, had planned and carried out the "whiff of grapeshot." Barras declared:

"It is General Bonaparte whose prompt and skilful dispositions have saved the Assembly."

Napoleon's name was thereupon restored to the active list of officers and he was promoted General of Division. Matters might have rested there had not the loyalty of the army been doubtful. After a delay of three weeks, during which the new Constitution in its amended Republican form was introduced, Barras, now one of the five Directors, appointed Napoleon General-in-Chief of the Army of the Interior with his headquarters in the rue des Capucines. The new commander's first business was to maintain order in the streets and restore order among the troops. He was given a free hand; Paris became, immediately, the best-behaved city in Europe.[113]

Meanwhile Napoleon had sent to Marseilles for his brother Louis and for Fesch. Louis became his *aide-de-camp* and Fesch his secretary. They brought the young Jerome with them to Paris so that he might be sent at once to a good school. A little later the post of Commissioner with the Army of the Rhine was secured for Joseph. Napoleon wrote to him:

"I have sent the family (his mother and sisters) about £100. You need not, therefore, be uneasy about them. I am still very pleased with Louis; he is my Captain *aide-de-camp*. Jerome is at school where he is learning mathematics, Latin and drawing."

Among the measures which he had ordained and was carrying out was the disarming of Paris. Every citizen was compelled to surrender such arms as he might have in his possession, and applications to retain weapons of any kind had to be made in person to the General. One day a boy appeared carrying a sword which he stated had belonged to his father,[111] the former vicomte de Beauharnais, who had perished in the Terror. The boy asked that his mother might be permitted to retain the sword. Napoleon was moved by this appeal and gave his consent. He requested, at the same time, that he might pay his respects in person to a mother of whose loyalty and devotion he approved so heartily. A few days later he called upon Josephine in the rue Chantereine.

The fact that he knew nothing about her is eloquent testimony to his isolation during the period of his refusal to serve in La Vendée. For him, when he saw her, she was *grande dame* of the *ancien régime,* victim of misfortune, as well as lovely woman. Nor did the fact that she displayed an inimitable grace and charm detract from this opinion. Josephine was become supreme mistress of the art of beauty[115] and possessed a figure of exquisite suppleness so that she looked, at thirty-two, like a girl in her teens. The Corsican boy fell in love with her instantly, and determined, on the spot, to make her his wife.

Josephine had wanted to meet General Bonaparte, for he remained, more or less, the man of the hour. But she was in no hurry to commit herself. A long experience suggested that hasty action is apt to be followed by regret. She visited Thérèse and discussed the General dispassionately while he was informing himself, with Barras' help, about her romantic childhood in Martinique, her marriage, almost as a child, to Alexandre de Beauharnais and her incarceration by Robespierre during the Terror. Barras did not supply many details and so the divorce from Alexandre went unrecorded. The Director hinted, however, that since Mme. de Beauharnais' family, Tascher la

Pagerie, possessed large estates in the West Indies, and since she was now the only surviving child of her widowed mother, her prospects were substantial. Moreover her uncle, the baron Tascher of Martinique, was a rich man who, in better days, had worn the cross of St. Louis.[116] Napoleon drank it all in and grew more and more infatuated. Nor did any whisper reach him about Josephine's relations with Barras. Martinique and its riches were explanation enough of the delicious little house (which the actor Talma had built) and of the black horses. He abandoned himself to his dreams, while Thérèse, on Barras' prompting, was talking about family estates in Corsica owned by the comtes de Buonaparte.[117]

In fact Barras was beginning to see his way out of his immediate difficulties and wished to be rid, finally, of both Josephine and Bonaparte, for money was none too plentiful and the General's reforming hand had become embarrassing at a moment when the sale of army contracts was a necessary means of obtaining daily bread. All the odium of the whiff of grapeshot had been fixed securely on his shoulders; his going with Josephine to some new sphere of activity would be the setting free of another scapegoat and so the sweetening of the political atmosphere.

It is doubtful if Josephine believed a word about the Corsican estates—Napoleon was far too much in love and far too proud to confirm that story—but she was becoming so desperately short of money that she had to draw on her mother, without her mother's consent, by means of bills which a banker in Hamburg had accepted. Bonaparte was a General of Division; if she married him she would at least be able to keep body and soul together.

He, meanwhile, was in distress about the necessity of jilting Désirée Clary, Joseph's sister-in-law. But he did not hesitate. Josephine or death. He proposed and was accepted. Josephine entered instantly upon a new and most embarrassing experience. Her lover took possession of her and ordered her life with the same thoroughness which he was devoting to the ordering of Paris. She choked in his presence. Nor did she find it easy to tell him the untruths and half-truths which were her stock-in-trade—for example, that she had been presented to

the Queen at Versailles and that she had lived on familiar terms with the old nobility. She had never been presented to the Queen nor had she visited Versailles; his grey eyes examined her so that she lost her way in her most familiar imaginings. On January 21, 1796, Barras gave a party at the Luxembourg to celebrate the execution of King Louis XVI. Josephine and Napoleon were guests and Josephine was accompanied by her son, Eugène, and her daughter, Hortense.[118] Her lover was transported at this spectacle of maternal solicitude. He announced his engagement on February 9, and a few days later sent Josephine—in bad French—"a thousand kisses."[119]

It was now decided by Barras and Carnot that the moment had come to be rid of him—for Paris was subdued. Carnot, with the plan for forcing the Alpine passes in mind, suggested the command of the "Army of Italy," and this was agreed. Barras had no illusions. The "Army of Italy" had melted away long ago into bands of robbers who, being without food or clothing, lived by plundering the countryside.[120] If it still possessed officers it did not possess one single horse and it had not been paid during months. A Corsican General had been useful against the Parisian rioters because he was a Corsican and therefore not squeamish about shedding French blood. He would be useful again, at Nice, for the same reason but in a different way. The French soldiers who had developed a taste for freebooting would not, in all probability, relish his attentions. The scapegoat of Vendémaire would lose himself among his Alps.

The appointment was made on February 23. It did not excite Josephine nearly as much as Napoleon expected or wished, possibly for the reasons that she guessed what was afoot and that Alexandre de Beauharnais had held the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Rhine without benefit to anybody. But she pretended to be pleased and agreed to an early marriage. This took place on March 9, at ten o'clock at night, before the mayor of the Section, who had gone to sleep in the bride's presence while waiting for the bridegroom, and had to be aroused. Josephine's witnesses were Tallien and a lawyer named Calmelet; Napoleon's, his *aide-de-camp* and Barras. Josephine, who was 32, gave her age as 28, having thus in-

formed her husband.[121] He was 26, but added two years in order not to put his wife out of countenance. The newly married couple went at once to the house in the rue Chantereine where Josephine's lap dog, Fortuné, gave the bridegroom a sharp bite in the leg.[122] Next day they went to St. Germain to see Eugène and Hortense, who were at school there—Eugène in a college conducted by an Irishman named Patrick MacDermott, and Hortense in Madame Campan's school.[123] The following morning, Friday, March 11, very early, Napoleon left for his army.

SALVATION BY GLORY

CHAPTER XI

NAPOLEON went first to Marseilles to visit his mother. He wrote letters to Josephine in the travelling-carriage and despatched them at the post-houses. One of them was addressed to "Mme. de Beauharnais," so unhinged was his mind by the grief of parting. But as he neared Marseilles he collected his wits. He had just heard from his mother that his second sister, Paulette, wanted to mary Fréron, Barras' agent and formerly the agent of Robespierre. He held himself responsible because he had obtained for Lucien the post of assistant to Fréron, and had thus made it possible for Paulette to meet the fellow. He was determined to prevent the marriage, not only because Fréron was rake and libertine, with an evil reputation as terrorist and swindler, but also because he was forty, whereas Paulette was sixteen. He announced his decision the moment he arrived and was involved instantly in a bitter family quarrel. As he had not, himself, asked his mother's consent to his own marriage, his position was weak. Paulette did not spare him. Nor did she fail to make him aware that, thanks to Fréron, she knew a great deal about Josephine, who, she was convinced, had poisoned his mind. He was forced to realize that his family did not approve of his jilting of Désirée Clary nor of his marriage to a widow of doubtful reputation, older than himself, with two well-grown children, nor of his lack of respect for his mother and elder brother in leaving them unacquainted with his intentions. They were all against him, Joseph, Lucien, Elise, even the child, Caroline; and they liked Fréron, who, after all, was the godson of a king and a royal princess,[124] and they all sympathized with Paulette. But he refused to be shaken in his resolve. He succeeded, moreover, in getting his mother to sign

a letter of congratulation to Josephine which he had drafted on the way down from Paris. Fréron was still in Marseilles when he left the city; but though Paulette was infatuated to the point of hysteria, he felt confident that she would abide by his judgment. He reached Nice on March 27.[125]

The "army" consisted—on paper—of some 30,000 men. It presented a spectacle of misery and disorganization which gave its new commander a shock and opened his eyes. He summoned the staff and found himself in the presence of a group of embittered and hungry men, which included Masséna, Berthier and the big fencing master Augereau. Augereau sneered openly at the Corsican stripling who had come to lead them against the Austrian and Piedmontese armies, but a glance from the grey eyes froze his sneer on his lips and, on his own confession, frightened him.

Augereau's attitude was destined to remain more or less unchanged. The big rough fellow, with his bullying ways, was as vain as he was brave and as socially timid as he was ambitious. He had risen (under the system invented by Carnot for training officers) by force of character in the narrowest sense of that word; but his character was not of the kind to sustain him against abler or better instructed men. From their first meeting Napoleon dominated him to such an extent that Augereau divided his mind between adoring and detesting a master he could not understand. The man was Jacobin by instinct and jealous of every pretension other than his own; but so far as his own pretensions were concerned he was authoritarian. The barrack-room was the background of his life and thought, even of his taste; the world outside the barrack-room remained, so far as he was concerned, a place of shadows. He was some thirteen years older than Napoleon, of humble origin about which little or nothing is known. He had seen service in Spain, where his ability had won him promotion.

With him, as has been said, was Masséna, also considerably older than Napoleon, son of a humble Jewish wine-dealer, who had so far neglected him as to let him grow up without education. This was a soldier of surpassing merit, but coarse and greedy. He had served France as an Italian mercenary,

had retired from the army in 1789, married and settled down in Nice, but had rejoined in 1792 and, within a year, been promoted Colonel. Napoleon called him "Victory's favourite son," and continued to look on him as one great craftsman looks upon another.

Berthier belonged to a category wholly different from that of Augereau and Masséna. Louis Alexandre Berthier was the son of an officer of the *Corps de Génie* at Versailles and had received instruction in soldiering from his father while still almost a child. Born on February 20, 1753, he was sixteen years older than Napoleon; indeed, he had entered the Royal Army when the Corsican was one year old. He had served successively on the staff, with the sappers, and in the Prince of Lambesque's dragoons. In 1780 he had gone to North America with Rochambeau, and on his return had been promoted Colonel and sent on a military mission to Prussia. When the Revolution began he had become chief of staff of the Versailles National Guard, and in that capacity had protected the aunts of Louis XVI from popular violence and helped them to escape. Later he had served as chief of staff to Luckner and borne a distinguished part in the Argonne campaign of Dumouriez and Kellermann. Berthier was the ideal chief of staff, careful, instructed and diligent; but his powers of individual action were limited and his genius must have remained undeveloped had not Napoleon made use of him.

Napoleon issued his first proclamation to his troops. It began:

"Soldiers, you are ill-fed and almost naked. The Government owes you much but can do nothing for you."

The proclamation went on to describe the riches of the plains of Lombardy across the Alps. Napoleon began to requisition horses for his guns and found a moneylender who was prepared to advance a substantial sum. He paid the troops and bought clothes for them. Then he armed them. Then he disciplined them. Exactly a fortnight after his arrival, on April 11, 1796, he gave the order to advance towards the Alpine passes. Four days before he had written his first bitter letter to Josephine, whose powers as a correspondent were sadly lacking.

"I am not satisfied," he declared, "with your last letter. It is cold as friendship."

The "plan" began with an attack on the Austrians at Montenotte. Napoleon stood on a little knoll to watch his ragamuffins go up the pass, which, as he had informed himself, was lightly held. Under his eyes they swept the enemy away, taking 2,000 prisoners, five guns, and four colours. He led them on, without drawing breath, to Millesimo, where a large body of Austrians and Sardinians were massed. On April 14 a surprise attack gave him 6,000 prisoners, including two Generals, thirty-two guns, and fifteen colours. Next day there was a new victory at Dego, by which the Austrian army was separated from its ally, the Piedmontese army of the King of Sardinia. The Alps had been crossed in a week. Below lay the smiling Italian plain. Augereau sneered no longer, for no soldier had seen anything comparable to this. Napoleon congratulated his men, promoted some of them, punished others for looting, and made a young officer named Lannes a Colonel on the field in recognition of his bravery. He called a council of war and asked whether he should pursue the Austrians or the Piedmontese. He did not wait for an answer; it was written already in the plan. He swung left-handed and sprang like a tiger at the fleeing troops of the King of Sardinia. The battle of Mondovi on April 22 secured him the Treaty of Cherasco (with the King of Sardinia) and three great fortresses full of food, ammunition, guns, and horses.

A proclamation to the troops followed:

"Soldiers . . . you have won battles without guns, crossed rivers without bridges, made forced marches without shoes, bivouacked without brandy and often without bread. . . ."

The proclamation was despatched to Paris for insertion in the newspapers. Napoleon was trying out the idea he had offered to Robespierre—namely, to substitute glory for terror. He sent stacks of enemy colours at the same time and lists of war materials and prisoners. Long letters to Josephine, dashed off with the fury of a love-sick boy, accompanied the trophies. Why had she not written? Did she not love him any longer? Did she love somebody else?

Josephine was horrified. There were crowds outside her

house day and night, and the sound of cheers haunted her even in her sleep. Paris stayed awake to read the bulletins, and, having read them, rushed to the rue Chantereine to "Our Lady of Victories." But at the Luxembourg were black looks. The Directors had not bargained for this sort of thing when they released their scapegoat into the wilderness. Barras shrugged his shoulders; Thérèse hoped that General Bonaparte was not undertaking too much. The new Mme. Bonaparte felt the ground quaking under her feet; what was to become of her when these flash-in-the-pan victories were turned into defeat?

Napoleon, meanwhile, had turned in pursuit of the Austrians, who were falling back across the Italian plains. He received the submission of the Duke of Parma, and demanded as indemnity 2,000,000 francs in gold and silver, 1,600 horses, great quantities of food and forage, and twenty masterpieces from the ducal picture gallery. One of these represented St. Jerome, and the Duke offered an additional million to save it.

"A million," said Napoleon, "would soon be spent. This masterpiece is everlasting. It will adorn France."

Glory again; but Barras would have preferred the million. They ground their teeth in Paris and pretended to like it. A great ceremony was decreed for the presentation of the colours by Junot, Napoleon's *aide-de-camp*. The Directors wore their plumed hats and Josephine sat with Thérèse. It was something to know that money, real metallic money, was on its way to Paris, and anyhow General Bonaparte could not be attacked while Paris and all France continued to worship him. A hint was sent to him that he ought to march at once on Rome and seize the treasure there, leaving the Austrians for later encounter.[126] Instead Napoleon drove straight at his enemy massed behind the River Po, crossed the river before his intention was realized, and on May 8 at Placentia won another resounding victory. The Austrians retreated towards the Alpine passes. He outmarched them, outflanked them, and forced them to fight once more at the bridge of Lodi. He himself, with his staff, inspected the bridge before the battle began, winning thus from his soldiers the rank of corporal—for they were amusing themselves by promoting him according to his courage. Their "Little Corporal" ordered them to take the

bridge, and they obeyed him, though not fast enough to cut off the whole Austrian army. He slept on the battlefield, content that he had uncovered the city of Milan. His plan was fulfilled, and he possessed the certainty that by glory France might be restored and held. Next day, May 15, he marched his army into Milan. The Italians received him as their liberator. Was he not himself of Ligurian blood?

The fall of the great city sent a shiver of ecstasy through France's prostrate and hungry body. But it terrified Barras and his fellow-Directors. Their little General, as they were informed, had entered Milan like a king, and, worse still, had been received with royal honours. He was quartered in the Serbollini Palace and was giving his law to Italy. They held anxious meetings, appointed General Kellermann to divide with him the supreme command, and laid down a plan of future action. Napoleon instantly threw up his command.[127]

It was the moment for which he had been waiting. The event justified his method, for the Directors, faced with the necessity of telling France how they were rewarding the architect of glory, lost their nerve and capitulated.

"Soldiers," proclaimed Napoleon, "you have rushed like a torrent from the summits of the Apennines; you have overthrown and swept away all who opposed your advance. Piedmont, delivered from the Austrian tyranny, has returned to her natural feelings of friendship for France, Milan is yours, the flag of the Republic waves throughout all Lombardy.

"These victories have awakened joy in the bosom of the Fatherland; your representatives have decreed a festival in honour of your victories, which are being celebrated in all communes of the Republic. There your fathers, your mothers, your wives, your sisters, your sweethearts are glorying in your deeds and boasting proudly that you belong to them. . . ."

The proclamation went on to declare that many tasks remained to be accomplished; it ended with a picture of the soldier returning home when peace had been won:

"Your fellow-citizens, pointing to you, will say: '*He belonged to the army of Italy.*'"

At the moment when Frenchmen had begun to despair not only of the Revolution, but also of themselves, he had given

them back their faith. Therein lay his strength. His weakness lay in the ever-increasing hostility of the Directors and in those less obvious powers who were now beginning to range themselves against him. The people who had been financing Barras, for example, were very ill-disposed towards a General who, from the beginning of his campaign, had interfered ceaselessly with their contracts, insisted on honest dealings, and prevented the wholesale robberies which they were accustomed to practise in supplying the armies. These people began to threaten the French Government that, if they were not allowed a free hand, they would refuse to lend any more money. Nor did they speak for themselves only. The great financial houses with whom they dealt shared their displeasure and possessed, in addition, a grievance of their own in respect of the defeat of the Austrian armies and the indemnities levied upon the Italian States. Bonaparte was seizing large quantities of the precious metals, and was inflicting heavy loss upon the House of Hapsburg and the House of Savoy. Moreover, the watchfulness he had begun to exercise over the disposal by Barras of the money sent from Italy to Paris was causing acute inconvenience and indignation.

But once again Fortune favoured the soldier, for, without his indemnities, the Government in Paris must have fallen into bankruptcy, seeing that the assignats were now worth one-half of one per cent. of their first value.[128] Barras, clutching at the Italian gold, was forced to offend his backers in Paris and their backers outside of France. The sale of the Revolution to its enemies was suspended, and Josephine, to her lively astonishment, found herself a person of enough importance to be flattered. She was not thus comforted. Napoleon wanted her to join him in Italy, and she had had to excuse herself by saying that she was pregnant.

She was not the only one of his relations who was giving the General trouble. If his incredible success had dumbfounded his family, it had failed to appease them. Paulette bombarded him with letters about Fréron, who had gone to Paris, taking Lucien with him. In Paris Lucien was making himself so conspicuous as the brother of the hero that the Directors had begun to complain about him. Napoleon wrote both to Carnot and

Barras asking, as a personal favour, that his brother might be sent as commissioner to one of the armies, preferably the northern, and so removed from the capital. He heard from his mother about the same time that Jerome had run away from school and gone back to Marseilles—a piece of news that greatly exasperated him.

And he had his own troubles. Some of the inhabitants of the town of Pavia, on his line of communication, revolted and massacred the French soldiers in the military hospitals. He had to rush to the place and subdue it at a moment when the Austrians were reconstructing their forces for a new attack. He gave leave to his troops to pillage Pavia for two hours, but stopped the pillage after fifteen minutes, confessing that the sight of wholesale robbery so offended his sense of order as to be unbearable, and, further, that he realized that such licence must soon prove fatal to discipline.[129] At Milan he was busy with projects which were known only to his most intimate friends—for example, the reconquest of Corsica and the purchase of Malta from its Knights. Agents came and went—among them his brother Joseph, who was in touch with those of the Corsicans who were growing resentful of the English domination. The number of the resentful was increasing quickly because, as has been said, the island had been annexed to the English Crown and Paoli removed, more or less forcibly, to London.

Meanwhile the army was being reclothed in Milan for the work that lay ahead—namely, the meeting of a new assault by the Austrians. The defeated Austrian army had been withdrawn through the eastern passes of the Alps towards Vienna. It was being reformed behind the Alps. Napoleon proposed to give it battle before it had deployed fully upon the Italian plain. With this end in view he asked for supplies from Venice and demanded the surrender of Verona; at the same time he established relations with the Pope and the King of Naples,[130] who agreed to close their harbours against English ships. He went himself to Bologna, one of the Papal towns from which negotiations with Rome could be conducted easily and without much offence. Everything he asked for, including provisions and materials for his troops and a sum of money, was accorded.

The Pope made peace with the Republic. Joseph was sent off at once to Paris with this treaty and with the Corsican news. He had peremptory instructions to bring Josephine back with him.

Napoleon returned to Milan and addressed himself to the work of organizing his army, which now was safe from attacks on the flank through the Papal States or by way of Venice and the Lagoons. His activity was ceaseless and both astonished and delighted the Italians, who had long ago assured themselves that he meant to deliver them.[131] His slight figure and thin, sallow face became a symbol not only of glory, but of resurrection. Italy, after centuries of oppression, began to know herself a nation.

In Paris the Frenchwoman Josephine was fighting, meanwhile, with all her strength to avoid going to Italy. The victories had not convinced that shrewd campaigner that "Bonaparte," as she called him, was more than a very lucky young fellow. Josephine, for all her aristocracy, had, as has been said, professed the Jacobin faith, and did not believe in heroes. Moreover, she had no stomach for travelling. She wept violently in Barras' presence, in the hope that he would decree that she must not go to Milan, but found him immovable. Bonaparte, he told her, was sending millions of livres in gold to Paris; the Government consequently were anxious to humour him in every way. She returned to her villa and, according to a witness, sobbed as if she was going to the guillotine. Next day she took her seat in the carriage with Joseph and Murat.

This Joachim Murat was the son of an innkeeper at Cahors, but what he lacked in birth he possessed in self-assurance. There was not a trace of diffidence in his nature, which was loud, showy, gorgeous. He was very handsome in a big swashbuckling way, and he loved fine uniforms as a peacock loves its tail. A huge courage condoned his offences, which, for the most part, were blatant as a trumpet and therefore without harm. Lover of women—all of them—popinjay, mountebank, he held, nevertheless, a cool taste for intrigue and an ambition that was as gargantuan as his unscrupulousness. But Murat was one of the greatest leaders of cavalry who ever sat in a saddle. And Napoleon knew it. The Corsican stoic never liked

and never trusted the Frenchman, and thus often hurt his feelings, for Murat had a childish affection for Bonaparte that was liable at any moment, if repulsed, to become petulance and resentment. Josephine, who had a weakness for swashbucklers, found Murat much more attractive than her own husband.

The journey afforded no pleasure, and when she arrived in Milan she was weary and dejected. Nor did the irrepressible enthusiasm of the Italians cheer her in the least. They jostled her and mobbed her—all in Bonaparte's honour—and she could scarcely restrain her vexation. Josephine in Italy was like a senior schoolboy sent back to play with babies in the nursery; her resentment spoiled the fun. But Napoleon's infatuation was proof even against resentment. He adored with such intensity of devotion[132] that, while he was in Milan, she found it easier to submit. As for his success, she was as far from believing in its permanence as she had been in Paris. He had won a battle or two. When he left her, early in July, to lead his soldiers against the new Austrian army, she gave herself to a lover, the Lieutenant Hippolyte Charles, a gay and amusing young fellow with a taste for the wives of his superior officers.

Napoleon had only 30,000 men; the Austrians, under Wurmser, had 60,000. But the French strategy was such that the enemy had to fight in positions of disadvantage at the openings of the passes. Thus the inequality of numbers was overcome. Within six days, at Lonato and Castiglione, Napoleon inflicted two major defeats on Wurmser, taking from him 15,000 prisoners and seventy cannon. The Austrian losses amounted to nearly half of their effectives, whereas the French lost only 7,000. Napoleon did not undress during this week of battles, and at the end of it was ready instantly to exchange the soldier's for the statesman's part. Some of the Papal troops had attempted an attack on his flank before the operations. The news of victory, in consequence, had caused alarm in Rome, and the Pope had sent a Cardinal to headquarters to apologize. This prelate fell on his knees before the conqueror; Napoleon put him under arrest in a religious house. At the same time he issued strict orders that no violence of any kind was to be done to churches or priests. He wrote to Josephine under date July 18, 1796:

"A thousand kisses as burning as you are cold."

He begged her to join him at Verona, but she went picnicking instead with Hippolyte Charles to Lake Como. The Austrians, meanwhile, were heavily reinforced from Vienna and attempted to resume the campaign. Napoleon met them again at Bassano and San Georgio, and defeated them so heavily that, in his own words:

"Italy, Friuli, Tyrol are assured to the Republic. The Emperor will have to create a new army; artillery, pontoons, baggage, everything is taken."

In fact, the means of creating a new Austrian army were to hand, because the troops serving on the Rhine under the Archduke Charles, the Emperor's brother, had been so successful in dealing with their French opponents there that the need for a large concentration had disappeared. A movement on a great scale southward, from the Rhine to the Alps, began. Napoleon understood his danger. His soldiers were exhausted and he had received no reinforcements. He wrote to Paris:

"They can count us. The charm of our strength is dissolving. Troops, or Italy is lost."

He was informed that it was impossible to send more than a very small number of troops. He set about enrolling Italians in volunteer corps for army service duty, so that all his Frenchmen might be concentrated in the firing line. At the same time he took steps to secure that no help for his enemies should come from the Papal States or Naples, and that there should be no diversion in the form of an attack on the French Riviera or Toulon by English ships. To this last end the expedition to Corsica which, as has been said, he had been planning, was launched. It was immediately successful. Since the departure of Paoli and the opening of the Italian campaign the islanders had made a hero of Napoleon. They turned against the English and expelled them at the moment when Corsica, in English hands, might have proved a formidable obstacle to success, seeing that, if France had been attacked, it would have been necessary to abandon the operations in Italy.

Incidentally the reconquest of Corsica gave Napoleon great satisfaction on personal grounds, because it meant that his mother's estates would be restored to her. But this pleasure

was damped by the arrival from Paris of a number of commissioners whom the Directors had sent to supervise their General's activities—in other words, to restrain him. Napoleon refused to allow these men to enter the zone of the army, excusing himself on the ground that the position was so critical that he had no time in which to consult with them.

The Austrian attack was launched early in November, and was of such strength that Napoleon ordered his troops to evacuate Verona and fall back towards Arcola. The enemy rushed into the trap set for them, and were thus compelled to fight upon ground of Napoleon's choosing where their superiority in numbers became a hindrance rather than an advantage. Even so the battle was long and bitter, and victory for a time doubtful. At a crisis of the battle Napoleon himself rallied his men by riding among them, dismounting and raising the colour which had fallen. His men seized him and bore him out of the area of danger. But his courage had achieved its object. The Austrian army of 40,000 men was defeated by his 15,000 Frenchmen.

Even so the struggle was not over because of the superior resources of the enemy. But the victor was determined to snatch a few days to visit his wife, from whom he had heard little, but about whom he was hearing a great deal. She had not even troubled to answer the letter in which he had told her laconically about Arcola. He left his headquarters secretly and rode, without stopping, to Milan. He entered the Serbollini palace late at night and flung himself into Josephine's bedroom. It was empty.

He was told that Mme. Bonaparte had gone to attend a fête at Genoa, and that she had been accompanied by Lieutenant Hippolyte Charles and others. He called for a courier and sent her a letter, in which he said:

"*November* 27, 1796.

"I get to Milan. I fling myself into your room. I have left everything to see you, to clasp you in my arms. You are not here. You gad about the towns amid junketings; you run away from me when I come to you. You care no longer for your 'dear Napoleon.' . . . I shall be here till the evening of the 29th. Don't alter your plans."

Next day he sent another letter:

"When I wanted from you a love like my own I was wrong. . . . Farewell, beloved wife; farewell, my Josephine."

It was the end. He rode back to headquarters and, for decency's sake, ordered that the Lieutenant Hippolyte Charles should be sent back at once to Paris. Six weeks later, in January, 1797, the Austrians began to advance once more. He met them at Rivoli, and this time defeated them decisively, taking 15,000 prisoners and practically the whole of their war material. He was now able to lay siege to Mantua, where, after Bassano and San Giorgio, Wurmser had shut himself up with the remnant of his army. Three of the armies of the Hapsburgs had fallen, within nine months, to a soldier whose name, a year before, had been unknown.

The siege of Mantua ended in a few days. Napoleon did not wish to triumph over Wurmser. He left his headquarters and, with a body of picked troops, marched into the Papal States; the fear of his name went before him, and envoys from the Pope and the King of Naples hurried to meet him and to agree to such terms as he offered. These were onerous because both Papal and Neapolitan troops had been ready to fall on his flank in the event of defeat. Before he returned to Mantua a flank attack of any kind had been rendered impossible. He addressed his troops:

"SOLDIERS,

"The capture of Mantua has put an end to the war of Italy. You have been victorious in fourteen pitched battles and seventy actions. You have taken 100,000 prisoners, 500 field pieces, 2,000 heavy cannon and four pontoon trains. The contributions laid on the countries you have conquered have fed, maintained and paid the army; besides which you have sent 30,000,000 fr. (in metals) to the Ministry of Finance for the use of the public Treasury. You have enriched the Museum of Paris with 300 masterpieces of ancient and modern Italy, which it has required thirty centuries to produce.

"You have conquered for the Republic the finest countries in Europe. The Kings of Sardinia and Naples, the Pope and the Duke of Padua have been separated from the Coalition (of the

enemies of the French Republic). You have expelled the English from Leghorn, Genoa and Corsica.

"Still higher destinies await you."

Napoleon had conceived the idea of following the Austrians through the Eastern Alps and, by driving them to the gates of Vienna, of destroying the Coalition completely and so bringing the war on all fronts to an end. The plan depended for its safety chiefly upon the French line of communication through Northern Italy and across the Western Alps. He had neglected nothing to secure these lines. The capture of Corsica had secured Toulon, Genoa, and Leghorn and thus made action by the English fleet improbable in the highest degree. The Papal and Neapolitan ports were closed to English ships, and so to English troops and munitions, while the troops of these two Powers had been effectually dealt with. The only remaining danger was Venice. He made an arrangement with that ancient Republic, and then, on March 10, a year and a day after his marriage, and a year, less a day, after his setting out from Paris for Nice, he led his army towards the Alps, where the Austrians, under the Archduke Charles, were trying to reform their shattered forces. A fortnight later the summits of the mountains were in French possession; Trieste had opened its gates and the Archduke Charles was in full retreat.

Napoleon had informed Paris of his plan—which had the approval of Clark, the chief adviser sent to the army by the Directors—and had urged that, as he drove back the enemy, the French troops on the Rhine should co-operate by crossing that river and descending the valley of the Danube, thus maintaining additional pressure. Carnot, however, opposed this strategy and even forbade the Army of the Rhine to attack at all. Thus the Austrians were able to rush further bodies of troops southward to the help of the Archduke Charles. This unexpected obstacle filled Napoleon with an anxiety which was quickened when he heard that the Venetians had fallen upon his lines of communication and were massacring his wounded. He wrote a bitter letter to Carnot asking him by implication if it was the hope of the Directors to see the Army of Italy and its chief involved in destruction. When, soon afterwards, he

learned that the parliamentary elections in Paris had resulted in a victory for the Royalist party, he decided that his ruin had, indeed, been resolved upon, seeing that it was against that party that the whiff of grapeshot had been directed. Some of the Directors, as he guessed, were in communication with the agents of "Louis XVIII." He took a swift decision and, while victory still shone upon him, wrote to the Archduke, proposing a truce. The reply came back that power to open negotiations was lacking. Napoleon attacked again instantly with his whole force and drove the Austrians pell-mell towards Vienna, the spires of which were seen by the French outposts. A truce was then asked for by the Archduke. Eleven days later, on April 18, preliminaries of peace were signed.

Napoleon sent couriers with the news to Paris, instructing them that not a moment must be lost. They arrived just as the Royalists were planning a new attack. Once more Barras profited by Napoleon's good soldiering because, since he had voted for the King's death, his fate, as "Louis XVIII" had warned him, was sealed if the Bourbons returned to France. The armistice in Italy was played by him against the Royalist revival in Paris, with which, curiously enough, Carnot was in sympathy, and the intoxication of glory proved the better counter. Napoleon's proclamations and pictures and captured colours had done their work so well that his portrait and that of Josephine were in every cottage in the land. France, for his sake, abjured her nascent Royalism and embraced the Revolution once more.[133] Barras was almost forgiven his peculations and debaucheries.

Meanwhile Napoleon, who had by no means forgiven Barras, had turned back, with the swiftness of a panther, to secure the safety of his communications. French soldiers appeared suddenly on the lagoons, and the terrified oligarchy of Venice saw the abyss open. Venice, Republic of merchants and moneylenders, had been playing London's game at London's prompting, in the full assurance that General Bonaparte had ensnared himself among the mountains. The Doge and his people knew that, General Bonaparte having escaped out of the snare, their hour was come.

They were not mistaken. Napoleon forced them to surrender

the city; he abolished at a stroke the power which they had wielded so long and wrung from them a part of their great treasure.[131] Then he rode back to Milan and, on July 14, 1797, held a great parade of his army. Josephine, afraid now, accompanied him. He issued a proclamation which began with a reminder that "this day is the anniversary of the 14th of July," and went on, in ever more threatening language, to declare that the Revolution would find defenders.

"Mountains separate us from France; you will cross them with the swiftness of the eagle, if necessary, to maintain the Contitution, to defend liberty, to protect the Government and the Republicans.

"Soldiers . . . the Royalists will have ceased to live the moment they appear. . . ."

This proclamation was already on its way to Paris. It arrived at the moment when Barras, whose nerves were becoming jumpy, had summoned the young General Hoche to the capital to protect the Republicans against the Royalists. Hoche's appearance with his troops caused a great outcry, and Barras so far lost his head as to countermand his own order and begin to make preparations for flight. Napoleon's stern words were a tonic for feebleness. For the second time within a few weeks the Director took courage and appealed to France. And for the second time he discovered that, because of Napoleon's glory, he had nothing to fear.

NAPOLEON, after his parade, moved from Milan to Mombello to await the opening of the Peace Conference with Austria. He had already sent for his sister Paulette, partly to help her to recover from the shock of breaking with Fréron, and partly in order that she might keep an eye on Josephine, who had been told that, though her husband no longer felt towards her as he had done at the time of his marriage, he meant to preserve appearances. Invitations were now sent to Mme. Bonaparte, the senior, and other members of the family.

Napoleon's mother was still in Marseilles, where Lucien, on his way to Corsica, had joined her. Mother and son were united in abhorrence of Josephine, about whose history Fréron had fully informed them. In addition Lucien was angry with his brother for having sent him out of Paris. He had obeyed the order to go to the headquarters of the Northern Army and had taken his wife with him, with the result that she had lost her unborn child. But he had seized an early opportunity to return to Paris and Fréron. It was Napoleon who had suggested the visit to Corsica.

Nor was Lucien's displeasure Letizia's only trouble. Her eldest daughter Elise had received an offer of marriage from a Corsican of Ajaccio named Felix Bacciochi, a captain in the French Army. Elise was twenty, Bacciochi thirty-five, but this objection was counterbalanced by the fact that he was a man of some substance. The real objection was his close relationship to Pozzo di Borgo, who, with Paoli, had played so big a part in the expulsion of the Bonapartes and the acceptance of the English. It seemed almost certain, in the circumstances, that Napoleon would forbid this marriage as he had forbidden Paulette's marriage. Lucien urged his mother to give her consent without delay and so circumvent the son who had constituted himself the master of them all, and Letizia yielded to

the promptings of her favourite. The marriage took place before the mayor. Almost immediately afterwards Napoleon's refusal of consent was received. Lucien had sailed for Corsica, Joseph and Louis were in Italy; Letizia became uneasy lest, by her rashness, she might have alienated Elise from the conqueror. She hastened, therefore, to accept the invitation to Mombello, and sailed for Genoa at once with Elise, Bacciochi, Caroline, and Jerome. They reached Genoa at the moment when Lavalette, Napoleon's *aide-de-camp*, was arranging with the Doge for the submission of the Republic to France—a moment to excite the enthusiasm of any Corsican. Genoa was in uproar and there were mobs in the streets, but Napoleon's mother was not daunted.[135] Lavalette hurried to welcome her and addressed her in tones of deep respect, as "La Signora Madre." He announced his intention of conducting her to her son, but she refused his good offices on the ground that there was no danger. A carriage had been sent, and in this she travelled without escort towards Mombello. Napoleon, with his staff, met her near Milan. He dismounted, ran to her and embraced her, and she told him that she was the happiest mother in the world. It was observed that he flushed with pride.

The party at Mombello included all the members of the Bonaparte family (except Lucien and Fesch). Josephine had been told how to behave, and obeyed in such a way as to win her husband's approval. But Letizia did not approve, and the atmosphere was strained. All that Fréron had said was confirmed by Paulette, who had picked up the gossip about Hippolyte Charles. Napoleon, seeing Josephine isolated, took pity on her and rebuked his sisters, who were at no pains to hide their feelings; by this act he earned the sharp hostility of his own people.

Meanwhile he had arranged a marriage between his friend Victoire Leclerc, a lad of twenty-four, and Paulette. He insisted, to the lively astonishment of his family, that this marriage should take place in church before a priest who had not taken the civil oath, and ordered, further, that Elise and Bacciochi should be remarried by the same priest at the same time. This definite break with the philosophy of the Revolution and even with its politics went unexplained, for Napoleon

would not discuss it. The double marriage took place in the oratory of St. Francis of Mombello, and the nuptial benediction was pronounced by the curé of Bovisio, Joseph Marie Brioschi.[136] Napoleon accompanied his mother, and Fesch, who had taken the civil oath, was present. Napoleon did not suggest that his own marriage might thus be brought within the canon of Holy Church.

From Mombello Letizia travelled into Corsica, taking Elise and Bacciochi with her. Fesch soon followed. Caroline went with Joseph and his wife, while Jerome was sent back to school. Napoleon, with Josephine, Louis, Paulette, and her husband, remained with the army. He was watching affairs in Paris with the closest attention and with increasing anxiety. In order to be more fully informed, he sent his *aide-de-camp*, Lavalette,[137] to the capital, instructing him to listen but not to speak. Lavalette reported that Barras, recovered now from his fear of the Royalists, was planning an attack upon them after the manner of Robespierre. In other words, there was to be a new Terror, which was likely to engulf many honest men, including Carnot himself. Paris was full of plotters and money-lenders—among them Mme. de Stael and her new lover, Benjamin Constant.[138]

Benjamin was a Swiss of Lausanne, a tall young man of twenty-seven years with curly, reddish hair and spectacles, loose, ill-favoured of body, but possessed of a singularly acute intelligence. He had been absent during long periods from his native land and had studied in Germany, Belgium, England, and Scotland, making love, as occasion offered, to married women and barmaids, chambermaids and harlots. He was the complete Liberal as well as the complete libertine, and for this reason could hold in thrall some of the cleverest women of his age—for example, Mme. de Charrière, who called him her "White Devil," and Mme. de Staël, who, having begun by loathing him, had ended by begging of him her literary and emotional bread. Appointed Chamberlain to the Duke of Brunswick, he had married a plump girl named Wilhelmina de Cramm—"*la bonne Mina*—and later divorced her while he was himself conducting, simultaneously, hectic love affairs with an actress and the wife of a nobleman, Charlotte de Hardenberg.

But Benjamin, for all his academic thinking, was a shrewd observer and a clever politician. In any period other than the Napoleonic he would, had he learned to curb his tongue and control his hysterical vanity, have risen to high place almost immediately. It was his misfortune to be forbidden the use of his chosen weapons, a deadly and destructive criticism, a bitter wit, and a power of epigrammatic writing which was limited in its scope neither by scruple nor by mercy.

Germaine de Stael, though, was more than Benjamin could cope with. The woman ate him up, physically and morally, so that, as he said, he had no strength left. She deprived him, too, of the power of independent thought and thus sterilized his mind. He became, in her hands, a weapon with which to attack Napoleon, and he was used by her relentlessly to this end.

She had got rid of her husband, though without scandal, and no longer counted Talleyrand among her lovers. Of Benjamin, as she believed, she could make a successor to her father, provided that the army, as represented by Bonaparte, could be won over. There was her plan of campaign, followed with all the tireless persistence of the most tireless woman in Europe.

Lavalette expressed the view that the steps about to be taken in Paris would alienate French sympathy from "the whole system of Republican government," and advised Napoleon that "he would tarnish his glory if he gave any support to acts of violence which the situation of the Government did not justify."

Napoleon at once ceased to correspond with the Directors. It had been obvious for long that the Royalist party was being supported from England; apparently, since Mme. de Stael was back in Paris, Barras was drawing support from Geneva. His experiences in Italy had convinced him that all the financial centres—Venice and Genoa, for example—were linked with London and were ready to play London's game. The same power which was financing "Louis XVIII" was, therefore, financing the new Terrorists. It was heads I win and tails you lose. And this power had its agents also in Naples and the Papal States and in Vienna. The coalition against which he had dared to tilt was London's coalition, and he was fighting, not an enemy of flesh and blood, but a system established in every land and everywhere, England not excepted, exerting an

iron despotism over trade and production and, through these, over government itself. Certain facts had come to his notice the significance of which did not escape him. He had been compelled, for example, in the period before the battle of Arcola, to complain to Paris that the sum of 31,000 francs which had been promised him for the upkeep of his artillery had not been forthcoming—and this at a time when he was sending millions of gold and silver to the Government. After his victory his remonstrances had been more sharply worded, especially as he knew that the Directors were allowing gold—his gold—to flow out of France to London because, the Bank of England having reduced its commercial discounts, money was earning larger profits in England.[110] Napoleon's remonstrances had frightened Barras, who, at the end of 1796, had felt it necessary to show that he was really England's enemy by ordering the fleet to sail from Brest towards Ireland—a gesture which achieved nothing. A further gesture of a more obscure kind had been made after the fall of Mantua. Upwards of 1,000 French convicts were hurriedly put into uniform and landed on the Welsh coast, from which they were instantly and ignominiously expelled.

This farcical event came opportunely, as it happened, for the London bankers, who, because of Bonaparte's resounding victories, were being subjected to a "run" which they were in no position to withstand.[111] The news of the Welsh landing, though it disturbed nobody, was instantly made use of to justify the abandonment of the gold standard by the Bank of England. Pitt, who was Prime Minister, summoned George III from Windsor on a Sunday evening to sanction the suspension of gold payments, and *The Times* next morning adjured the nation to stand firm, keep its head, and accept the bank's paper.[111] The French gold was thus effectually tied up in London. Borrowing a leaf out of Robespierre's book, the English Government now prohibited the import of silver, which, had it been allowed to come in, must have competed with the new paper money and caused it to depreciate, as the assignat had depreciated after gold and silver were allowed to circulate in France.

Napoleon saw that a large part of the treasure which he had

taken in Italy was now in the hands of the London bankers, that Barras' convict-soldiers had supplied these bankers with an excuse for seizing that gold, and that, in consequence, England now possessed a paper money capable of great expansion, but with a backing of gold, whereas France's paper money had been wholly destroyed and her good fortune in obtaining the Italian gold countered successfully. The soldiers of Italy had shed their blood in vain.

He sent for a famous banker of Genoa, Balbi,[142] and under his guidance made a study of financial method in order to be able to remit to Paris funds upon which he could draw to supply his army's need. It was an act of defiance against the corrupt Directors, who, as he saw, were playing the enemy's game. They were not strong enough to resist him. Had they attempted to do so he would have told France that, whereas he had opened the campaign with a sum in gold of 48,000 francs, only some 12,000 of these had been subscribed by the Treasury. As has already been said, he had borrowed from a moneylender at Nice. This man had been repaid; the campaign had been financed out of its own indemnities and not less than 23,000,000 francs had gone to the Directors. They had grown rich while he had been starved of resources and compelled to resort to all kinds of shifts in order to pay the troops and keep them supplied. Such a statement would have excited great indignation at a moment when Barras, not content with sending the Italian gold to London and helping to imprison it there, had actually, with calculated deliberation, destroyed the value of another form of paper money, the "mandats,"[143] which a few months before had been put into circulation to replace the dying assignats.

But if the Directors did not dare to interfere with Napoleon's financial methods, political methods remained to them. Napoleon was convinced that, whether the Royalists defeated Barras or Barras defeated the Royalists, attempts would be made to snatch from him and from France the fruit of his victories. London did not will that her coalition should be forced to make terms and pay away to her enemy the resources she had earmarked for herself. And Royalists and Terrorists alike, he believed, were as much the creatures of London as the Venetians or the Austrians.

How correctly he had been informed, and how truly he had read the situation, was made clear in September, 1797, when Barras, with the help of the Constitutionals, including Mme. de Staël and her Benjamin, Talleyrand,[144] Fouché, and Ouvrard, savaged on the floor of the Parliament that Liberty about which all of them had been prating for years. Carnot escaped by flight to the frontier, but more than fifty deputies of the Five Hundred were sent without trial into exile in tropical swamps or flung into prison. Because of Napoleon the guillotine did not make its appearance, and so the Parisians said that the "Little Terror" had used the "dry guillotine"—death in penal settlements overseas. On the morrow of victory Barras reconstructed the Directorate, filling the vacant places with his creatures. He sent an order to Napoleon telling him to refuse to complete the treaty of peace with Austria.

NAPOLEON, after touring Lombardy with Josephine, had gone up with her to the mountains, where the main body of his army remained face to face with the Austrians. He answered Barras' order by asking to be relieved instantly of a command which had become insupportable to him, since it entailed the business of waging a useless war.

There was no reply to this request; the Directors did not dare to reply. Their own friends were deserting them secretly for "the General." Both Talleyrand, now Foreign Minister, and Fouché, now Minister of Police, had written to Italy congratulating Napoleon and promising support.

These two men, the most conspicuous in statesmanship after Napoleon himself, represented opposite poles of French life. Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord was a nobleman of the *ancien régime*, who, because of a weakness in one of his legs, had been unable to follow the tradition of his family and enter the army. Ordained priest at twenty-five, he had been successively Secretary of the Assembly of the Clergy and Agent-General. In 1788 the "little abbé de Perigord," as he was called, received his mitre; soon, as he hoped, he would receive his Cardinal's hat also, and that would have happened had not Louis XVI harboured old-fashioned prejudices against priests who slept in other men's beds. Talleyrand, who liked old-fashioned prejudices as one likes old silver, bore the King no ill-will, but reached the conclusion, on consideration, that he would do better in future among the bankers than he was likely to do at Court. He had taken the road to Paris, in consequence, and with his mistress, Mme. de Flahaut, had hobbled into Germaine de Staël's *salon* to delight and challenge it with the sharpest wit in the world and to join himself, very soon, to the goodly company of Germaine's lovers.

It was he, as has been said, who was chosen by Necker to

demand the lands of Mother Church for "the People." He had held Robespierre in watchful eye and had removed himself in the nick of time from "that man's" clutches to join Germaine's little colony at Leatherhead, England, which was the excuse for her escape from Switzerland and for her cohabitation with, among others, Louis de Narbonne, Mathieu de Montmorency, and the Bishop himself. The English Government, unhappily, had shared the views of the vicars' wives about the colony and had sent Talleyrand packing to America as an "undesirable alien"—a cross which he bore with exemplary patience.

Talleyrand had come back to France under the Directory, and, thanks to Germaine, as has been said, had been supplied with money and an office—that of Foreign Minister. He deserved the office, for his knowledge and his subtlety of mind were qualities of a statesmanship which has rarely, if ever, been excelled in human story. Nevertheless, the man was sadly lacking in warmth of heart. Germaine herself knew it, and wrote of him:

"There is a man very well fitted for this world's commerce. He says little and so is able to weigh his words. As he never learns anything except by listening, he hates arguments, where his lack of solid knowledge is exposed. He has no eloquence, because eloquence demands movement in the spirit, and he has disciplined himself to such an extent as to be unable, even if he wishes to do so, to let himself go. He cannot express himself, because to speak easily one must be able to write easily, and, with all his gifts, he lacks the capacity to write even a page of all the works which have been published under his name. But when he chooses his smallest gestures possess an inimitable good taste. He knows how to possess himself of the intelligence of the whole world. And yet, excellent judge and most discerning critic as he is, he is also strangely barren and a man who needs both power and riches for his mind's, as well as for his body's, comfort. Possessed of them he will let fall, as occasion offers, sarcasms or compliments, having taken care, beforehand, to be surrounded by people ready to pick them up and prepare the way for more. . . . Mask-like face, silent when it suits him, insolent in the most calculated fashion when that is

necessary, displaying polished and charming manners when he wants to, he cannot inspire trust in anyone."

Germaine's opinion of Fouché was not less positive.

"Fouché," she wrote, "often spoke of virtue as of an old wives' tale. But a very wise head made him choose decent behaviour as the most rational, so that his wits brought him where other people arrive under the promptings of conscience."

It had not always been so with Joseph Fouché, as has been seen. For the man was timid as well as wise, cowardly as well as audacious. His vote for the King's death and his murder of children in Lyons were the price he had paid for public life, even for life itself. He was not naturally cruel, but he was naturally corrupt, a man with whom money was passion and power, however exercised, the sum of happiness. A snob, too, in the most vulgar sense of that word. Fouché, like Talleyrand, had hidden himself during the dark days, but not before his web of intrigue had ensnared Robespierre to his doom. After that the man had become swineherd or cattleman so that retribution—the blood of the murdered children—might not find him out.

Mme. de Staël wrote to offer herself as the General's mistress, saying that she did not consider that Josephine was fit to be companion to so great a man.[145] Napoleon called the peace conference together and acted as his own negotiator. He soon found that the Austrian, Count Cobentzel, had instructions to delay matters as long as possible. The snow was on the High Alps and the winter was at hand. Napoleon offered Venice to the Austrians, and was himself offered a principality under the Hapsburgs as his personal possession if he would leave the French Army. On October 16, no progress having been made, he declared that a continuation of the war was being forced upon him. Cobentzel retorted that he was sacrificing France to personal ambition by asking for so much. Napoleon walked to the sideboard of the room, on which was a porcelain tea service, the gift to the Austrian of the Empress Catherine of Russia. He snatched it up suddenly and raised it above his head. "War is declared," he cried. "But remember that in less than three months I will demolish your monarchy thus . . ."

He dashed the china to the floor, bowed to the Austrians, and rang for his carriage. An *aide-de-camp* was sent to the Archduke Charles with the announcement that fighting would begin in twenty-four hours. Next day all Napoleon's terms were granted. France obtained the suzerainty of Northern Italy and a huge indemnity; Venice went to the Austrians, to the lively anger of the London bankers.[146]

Napoleon set out at once for Paris, leaving Josephine to visit her son, who was now attached to a regiment stationed in Rome. Before quitting Italian soil he addressed a proclamation to the Italians, in which he bade them "favour the diffusion of knowledge and respect religion," and promised them that until they had learned how to defend their new-found liberty the "Great Nation" would protect them.

Napoleon had many opportunities, on his way back to Paris, of judging the success of a policy of glory as opposed to a policy of terror. France was beflagged to receive him, and at many of the villages on the way, in spite of the season, girls dressed in the red, white, and blue of the Revolution presented him with wreaths and laurels. He reached Paris on December 5, 1797, late at night, and went at once to Josephine's house in the rue Chantereine, which had now been renamed the rue des Victoires. Next morning crowds began to gather outside the house, but he remained secluded. He received a message from Talleyrand saying that the Minister of Foreign Affairs wished to call upon him; he replied that he would call upon the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He went to the appointment by way of his back door, thus disappointing the crowd. Talleyrand took him to the Directors, who were in process of arranging a festival in his honour.

This took place in the great hall of the Luxembourg and was staged with the usual "effects": an altar to the Fatherland, with the five Directors in robes and plumed caps grouped round it, choirs of girls in white, the deputies in togas, some of the captured colours grouped round the walls. Napoleon entered alone in uniform. The audience rose to its feet, shouting "*Vive la République!*" and "*Vive Bonaparte!*" as though the two were one. It was the first time that most of them had seen Bonaparte. Talleyrand delivered the introductory speech;

he said that General Bonaparte detested luxury and splendour, "the ambition of vulgar souls," and loved the poems of Ossian "because they detach us from the earth." Napoleon replied in the same heroic, pseudo-classical style, but his speech ended rather sharply in a style that was his own:

"I have the honour to deliver to you the treaty signed at Campo Formio and ratified by His Majesty the Emperor. Peace ensures the liberty, the prosperity and the glory of the Republic. When the happiness of the French people shall be seated on better organic laws, all Europe will become free."

Barras then announced that General Bonaparte had been appointed General-in-Chief of "the Army of England." He conjured him to go to London and punish the evil-doers there. The ceremony ended with the unrolling of a standard on which Napoleon's achievements in Italy had been suitably inscribed.

Napoleon was now elected a member of the Institute, and at once put on academic dress and wore it daily. He attended scientific meetings and associated chiefly with men of science, a course dictated to a large extent by his desire to acquire knowledge about Egypt and the Isthmus of Suez. He was alone in Paris, for Josephine had not returned from Italy in time to be present at the festival, while his brother Joseph had been appointed Ambassador to Rome. Lucien was still in Corsica, trying to get himself elected to the Council of the Five Hundred in Paris as deputy for Liamone. Letizia and Fesch were in Ajaccio, installed once more in the Casa Buonaparte which the careful and frugal woman was reconstructing and refurnishing.[147]

Paris wanted to study the new hero and gave many entertainments in his honour, but he hid himself, saying, "I am determined not to remain in Paris." Josephine joined him and soon afterwards he made a tour, alone, of the Channel ports. His return to Paris surprised Barras in his house, but the Director was hidden, just in time, and escaped without being seen. This was not a reopening of the old relations with Josephine, but an attempt to obtain from the wife the information which the husband refused. Josephine was ready to play the Director's game.

Napoleon's plans were already complete, and had been com-

plete for many months. His study of French economics had convinced him that the country was suffering chiefly from a lack of money on the one side and from a lack of colonial produce on the other. The two deficiencies were inter-related because England possessed most of the sources of colonial produce and, as has been seen, had obtained possession of most of the French gold. France, lacking gold, could not obtain sterling with which to buy the materials she needed, for trade between the two countries had been severely curtailed by the war, and was being curtailed further by the fall in gold prices that had followed the abandonment of the gold standard by London. French goods, in other words, were dearer than English goods.

The Egyptian campaign, in short, was an attempt to defeat London's naval and economic blockade of France. If it was successful, France would be able to supply her needs and would thus escape from the necessity of concluding a humiliating peace. The chief obstacles in the way were the admirable English seamanship and the lack of ready money. In addition the opposition of the Turks, who were the titular overlords of Egypt, was likely to prove troublesome unless steps were taken, in advance, to circumvent it. It was arranged that Talleyrand should go to Turkey and explain that the French expedition was, in fact, an attack upon England and that Turkish interests would be safeguarded.

Meanwhile Napoleon was exerting pressure on the Directors to find him an adequate supply of money. The drain of gold from Italy and Austria, caused by the Italian campaign, had had repercussions in all the financial centres, and notably in Geneva, where the international bankers were being hard pressed. Largely from this cause a deputation of Genevese Liberals, which included La Harpe,[148] and which had the blessing of Necker and his circle, had come to Paris to ask for the help of the French Revolution against the Bernese Oligarchy, the Government of Switzerland. The avowed reason for this appeal was the tyranny exercised by an unrepresentative government; the real reason was that the Oligarchy possessed a substantial treasure of which the bankers in Geneva hoped to take possession. France was to be catspaw in the deal. Napoleon

suspected strongly that Barras would not go unrewarded if the business prospered; the knowledge of financial methods, and especially of the dealings with London, which he had acquired in Italy, enabled him so greatly to alarm the Director as to secure from him a promise that, if the blessings of popular government were bestowed on the Swiss, some part of the Bernese treasure would become available for investment in ships and material. Mme. de Stael was in Paris, working hard to secure the treasure, and incidentally to obtain out of it the £100,000 which her father declared that the French Government still owed him.[149] She and Benjamin Constant and their friends were congratulating themselves that the help, financial and other, which they had given to Barras during the "Little Terror" was now about to be paid for, when news of Napoleon's proposal reached them. They rushed to Barras full of protests and threats; he asked them if they were not, then, sincere in demanding liberty for Switzerland. Mme. de Stael now tried Napoleon, whom she had been hunting as a possible lover ever since his return from Italy, but in whose presence she always experienced difficulty in breathing.[150] She spent an hour with him and he listened to her patiently. When she had finished he treated her to one or two of her own and her father's maxims. Men, he said, without a flicker of mirth, could not live without political rights; self-respect and imagination were both increased when a man had a part in the government of his country. Mme. de Staël had no answer. On leaving him she wrote to a friend that the French were disturbed by the outflow of their gold into Switzerland,[151] which they looked upon as a warlike act on the part of the Swiss bankers.

Barras seized the gold, and Napoleon fitted out the ships which he had been gathering in great secrecy at Toulon. He was anxious to be off because he saw that a financial crisis was approaching in Paris—owing to the persistent outflow of gold for hoarding purposes and to the continued failure to get the French to accept any kind of paper money in substitution for the assignats. But the necessity of avoiding Nelson's fleet imposed delay until some chance existed that a clear course could be steered. Napoleon had appointed Josephine's son,

Eugène, to be one of his *aides-de-camp*; Louis was another. Barras sent Tallien, now in the undignified position of a hanger-on, to represent the Directors and report to them. In addition a large staff of men of science and engineers had been recruited for the development of Egypt and for the cutting of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez, "the overland way to India." Napoleon had convinced himself that what he called the "English system" was based upon India and her products, and believed that even the lightest threat to the Indian trade would cause London to make peace.

On May 6, 1798, accompanied by Josephine, he reached Toulon, where a flotilla of 501 vessels awaited him. He issued a proclamation to his men which contained no hint of their destination. On May 19 he set sail, leaving a weeping wife on the quayside. He was in the flagship *Orient* commanded by Admiral Brueys. Four hundred transports, carrying in all some 30,000 men, were escorted by fifteen sail of the line, cutters and smaller craft. On June 6 Malta was sighted. Napoleon summoned the Knights to surrender and received a formal refusal. There was some stage play, and then the arrangement which had been made in Italy was carried out. The Knights of St. John admitted the French and an impregnable fortress fell without a blow. Ten days later the voyage to Egypt was resumed. No English ship was seen, though Nelson, with thirteen sail of the line, had visited Toulon soon after the expedition left that port, had gone from there to Naples, and then to Egypt. Nelson left Alexandria for the Dardanelles before the French arrived there on July 1 in a gale. Artillery fire from the shore batteries greeted Napoleon, who could not, because of the weather, enter the harbour. He gave orders to launch the boats and was the first to obey these orders. Hundreds of small craft were soon tossing on the waves. When some 4,000 men had been landed he announced his intention of rushing the defences of the town under cover of darkness. Some twelve miles had to be covered; when dawn broke the French had not yet reached the city, though it lay before them. A sharp fire from the walls challenged their advance, but Napoleon's men succeeded in getting their scaling-ladders into position, and before night had taken their prize.

Napoleon issued immediately a proclamation to the people of Egypt, in which he drew a sharp distinction between the Sultan of Turkey, venerated Moslem Kalif, and the Mamelukes who, under the Sultan, ruled their country.

"If you are told," he declared, "that I am come to overthrow your faith, believe it not. . . . I have a much higher respect than the Mamelukes for God, His Prophet and the Koran."

To his own soldiers he gave the order:

"The people with whom you are going to live are Mohammedans. The first article of their faith is this: 'There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is His Prophet!' Do not contradict them. Act towards them as you have acted towards the Jews and the Italians. Pay respect to their Muftis and their Imams, as you have done to the Rabbis and to the Bishops. . . . Recollect that he who violates (women) is a coward."

The annual floods of the Nile were due, and it was necessary, in consequence, to make speedy use of the waterway before use became impossible. But Napoleon was in no mood to make the trip to Cairo by river when the desert offered a shorter route. On July 6 he struck out with his army across the desert, marching himself on foot. There were grumblings among the troops, but he spoke to the men and made them ashamed of themselves. On the second day the discovery was made that the Arabs had destroyed all the wells, and Napoleon's troubles began. He urged that there was water at Damanhour, and so kept the march going until that place was reached. There was no water at Damanhour. Mutiny broke out, and some of the officers, frenzied by heat and thirst, Lannes and Murat among the number, joined in it. But the master remained undaunted, and by his courage and cheerfulness managed to get them going once more. The sight of the scientists, mounted on donkeys, exasperated the men at first, but later, when they had found their courage again, amused them so that they called these learned professors "the ass-horse." Napoleon, following up his victory, set them singing the hymns of the Revolution. Singing and shouting, this army, which had tasted the qualities of its leader, came to the banks of the Nile. On the morning of July 21 it saw, by the light of the rising sun, the minarets of

Cairo, the Pyramids and the Sphinx. The gilded minarets seemed to be on fire.

"From the summits of these Pyramids," Napoleon announced in the Order of the day, "forty centuries look down upon you."

As the light increased the French soldiers saw further the army of the Mamelukes drawn up to give them battle.

THE Mamelukes were a nobility of arms which, in the past, the Turks had created to subdue and govern Egypt. A number of Circassian boys of conspicuous beauty and strength had been removed at early ages from their homes, trained as soldiers and administrators, and then sent to Cairo to begin a new life without family tie of any sort. They constituted a caste of a rigid kind, like a knighthood, and had become so powerful as fighting men that their overlords had much trouble to extract tribute from them.

Every Mameluke was mounted and all wore armour of steel inlaid with gold. Napoleon and his soldiers beheld the spectacle of six thousand horsemen superbly mounted, armed with lances and swords and wearing helmets and breastplates, from which the sunlight was reflected defiantly upon their enemies. The host began to move. It gathered speed so that the helmets and breastplates were veiled in dust, as flames are veiled in smoke. The Frenchmen, bayonets in hand, had the impression of a tide surging and foaming towards them. A great shout went up from the six thousand. The living waters were poured out upon the bayonets of France, and the waters were turned to blood. The terrible horsemen, dread of Egypt and all the caravan routes of Africa and Asia, were broken. The bloody tide ebbed away. Napoleon's losses were trifling; Cairo lay at his feet.

He entered the city at the head of his troops and set to work to reorganize the administration of Egypt. The military staff was replaced by the scientific, and, through burning days and long, cool nights, plans for the improvement of health, agriculture, industry, transport and commerce were drawn up and put into execution. Immense schemes of irrigation, which had already been decided upon, engaged the attention of the chief citizens, who overnight had yielded themselves, in great

wonder, to the magic of the French commander. A chant in Napoleon's honour was sung in the Great Mosque, and the ceremony did not evoke protest, because the downfall of the Mamelukes had afforded so universal a satisfaction.

But this rejoicing was soon interrupted. On August 1, 1798, Nelson found his quarry while the French Admiral still believed himself safe. The French ships had not been taken into harbour as Napoleon had ordered, but lay in Aboukir Bay, in shallow water, protected by sandbanks. Nelson attacked them as Napoleon would have attacked an army in similar circumstances—with genius which snatches to its use daring and surprise and great mastery of craftsmanship. The battle began at dusk, and by ten o'clock the *Orient* was on fire. Admiral Brueys had fallen already on his quarter-deck. Within a few minutes the ship blew up with so great an explosion that, for a little time, fighting was suspended. At dawn of August 2 nine of the French sail of the line had been taken, while two had been destroyed by burning. Of the four French frigates one was sunk and one burned. The French losses were more than 8,000 killed and wounded; Nelson had lost some 800 men.

News of the battle of the Nile was taken at once to Napoleon at Cairo by Tallien, who had seen it from the shore and had at once sent off a letter to his wife telling her—and Barras—about it. The General betrayed nothing of his feeling at being thus trapped in the land he had conquered.

He began, on the spot, to overhaul his plans. Nothing now, neither colonial produce nor gold nor silver, could be sent from Egypt to France, and consequently, so far as the Directors were concerned, he and his army had ceased to be a matter of interest. He bent his mind to the possibility of marching through Syria to Constantinople and thus, if Turkey proved friendly, establishing a land route to France through the Balkans, Trieste, and Northern Italy. Alternatively, he examined the project of a descent upon India by the route followed by Alexander the Great. Nor was the desperate character of these projects any substantial objection to their consideration. His position in Egypt was already desperate, while in France, as he well understood, he appeared now only as an adventurer who had lost a great fleet and was bound, very soon, to lose a great army also.

To strike at England in India, on the other hand, might be to reverse Nelson's triumph and so to fulfil the mission he had undertaken. At no time in later years was he prepared to admit that this plan was chimerical, and it did not certainly lie beyond his powers to increase his army by means of native levies and by rapid marches to do once more what the Macedonians had done before him. Nor can there be much doubt that, had he reached his goal, English policy would have been modified.

He attended the annual festival of the Nile on August 22. About the same time he founded the Institute of Egypt, for which he proposed the following inquiries:

"The best construction of wind and watermills; to find a substitute for hops, which do not grow in Egypt; to find the best places for planting vines; how to bring the water to the citadel of Cairo; where to dig wells; how to cool and cleanse the water of the Nile; how to dispose usefully of the rubbish of Cairo; how to make gunpowder in Egypt."

While these projects were being discussed he reorganized his army and began the work of forming an Egyptian force. It was still possible to communicate with France by means of small vessels, and letters reached him at intervals. He learned from members of his family that Josephine had bought a house, Malmaison, near Paris, and was living there with Hippolyte Charles, a piece of news that added to his affliction, not because it hurt his feelings—he no longer loved Josephine—but because it announced the ruin of his cause. Josephine's open infidelity proclaimed to the world that he had ceased to count and might be flouted with impunity. He opened his heart to Eugène, "walking with long strides up and down his tent,"[152] and he wrote to Joseph in Paris begging him to act. Meanwhile he himself repeated Josephine's fault by becoming the lover of a young married woman named Pauline Foures, the wife of a cavalry officer, who had managed to come to Egypt disguised as a soldier. Napoleon sent her husband back with despatches to Paris, in the manner of David with Bathsheba; but Foures was captured on the way by the English, who, hearing his story, lost no time in returning him to Egypt. The army called Pauline "Queen of the East," and made a heroine of her; but Eugène felt so much distressed, for his mother's sake, that he

complained to Berthier, who spoke to the General. Pauline was then dropped. The news, in due course, reached Paris and did something to counteract the bad effect of Josephine's behaviour in that it announced that her husband was no longer greatly interested in her.

Napoleon, meanwhile, awaited anxiously the outcome of the mission to the Sultan which Talleyrand had promised to undertake. He soon learned that the Foreign Minister had not left Paris and that the Turks, though by no means distressed at the defeat of the Mamelukes, were determined to drive him out of Egypt. Nelson's victory, in other words, had put Turkey at the disposal of the English, who were offering help against the French. Napoleon prepared for attack both by sea and land and hurried forward his plans to create a native defence force. His energy aroused opposition, which was fanned secretly by the friends of the defeated Mamelukes, with the result that a revolt of serious proportions broke out in Cairo. It was repressed the more sternly because positive information had been received that two Turkish armies were about to be launched—one of them by way of Syria and Palestine, and the other, officered largely by Englishmen, across the Mediterranean.

Napoleon found himself compelled to divide his forces. He decided to go personally into Palestine and, by defeating the Turks there, to conquer that country and possess himself in addition of Syria. The resulting threat to Anatolia would, he believed, cause the Sultan to abandon any idea of sending troops by sea to Egypt. In February, 1799, he left Cairo and marched across the desert of Sinai. He entered Gaza early in March after an encounter which gave him many prisoners. These men promised, if he restored them to liberty, not to fight again, and they were allowed to go free. But when, on the 15th of the month, Jaffa was stormed and the liberated prisoners were found with arms in their hands, defending the town, he had them shot.[153] On the 20th the French reached Acre, to find that their siege guns, which had been sent by sea, had been captured by the English under Sir Sidney Smith and mounted on the walls of the town. Napoleon had only 13,000 men, and plague was already reducing that number daily, while the Turkish army, which was advancing against him, was some

25,000 strong. Nevertheless, he decided to attack Acre. A series of violent assaults effected a breach in the walls, but the losses inflicted by the siege guns were so heavy as to preclude a general movement when a relieving army was hurrying to the rescue. Once again he had to divide his forces. He left 7,000 men to contain the unreduced stronghold, and with the remaining 6,000 marched towards the Jordan by way of the valley in which stands the little village of Nazareth. He spent a night in Nazareth, in a religious house to which came leaders of the Coptic Christians who had espoused the French cause, and upon whose help he had counted to establish his power in Palestine and Syria. From Nazareth he marched to Mount Tabor, below which, in the valley of the Jordan, the Turks were drawn up to receive him. He gave them instant battle, and before the fall of night had broken and destroyed them, though their strength was four times greater than his own. He rushed back to Acre and resumed the siege, only to learn that 12,000 Turkish troops were on their way, in English ships, to defend the town. He ordered a last assault. It took place by night, and the French entered the streets. But they came too late, for the ships had already disembarked their men. A galling fire drove the assailants back; Napoleon saw his plan of menacing the Sultan by means of the conquest of Syria crumble to ruins. With Acre unreduced on his flank, advance to the north was out of the question.

The second Turkish army, therefore, would certainly be brought to Egypt across the sea. He raised the siege and began, with the 9,000 men who remained to him, to return, by forced marches, to Alexandria. There was not a moment to be lost because, if the Turks established themselves, a holy war on the infidel would be proclaimed. Every Mohammedan, Egyptian, and Arab alike must thus become an enemy.

The return to Egypt was as swift as the going out from it, though the General found time to visit the victims of plague in the hospital at Jaffa.[154] He went first to Cairo, where he found rebellion among the population and mutiny in the garrison. He rallied his men, encouraged them, shamed them, won them. Within a few days he was on his way to the coast with 6,000 soldiers to meet an army of more than double that number.

This army, which had disembarked, was composed of the best of the Sultan's troops and included Englishmen among its officers. Napoleon was urged to delay his attack until reinforcements had reached him from Cairo; but he had already, at nightfall on July 24, 1799, detected a flaw in the dispositions of his enemy. He struck at dawn; his little force was raked by the fire of English gunboats manœuvring in Aboukir Bay. It came to grips, nevertheless, with the enemy, and a hand-to-hand battle with swords and daggers began. The faulty alignment of the Turkish army was now proved by the inability of its commander to profit from his superiority in numbers. Napoleon so contrived that strength became weakness. He flung the Turkish ranks back upon one another in confusion and at last broke them. Feeling themselves surrounded, they became panic-stricken and rushed back down the sand to their boats. Thousands hurled themselves into the sea and the whole army was destroyed.

The Egyptians had already named Napoleon "Sultan Kebir" (Sultan of Fire). Now a compliment more virtuous was offered by Kléber, who had arrived from Cairo with reinforcements in time to witness the last moments of the battle. This distinguished soldier embraced his brother-in-arms with emotion, exclaiming:

"General, you are as great as the world."

The army was saved provided that peace with England could be obtained before the Turks were enough recovered to fight again. The rout and slaughter on the sands, following the disaster of the Jordan, afforded grounds of confidence that recovery would be long deferred. Napoleon decided to return at once to France so that such influence as he possessed might be exerted upon the Directors, who, in his absence, would almost certainly underestimate the importance of the conquest of Egypt as a bargaining counter with London. His mind had scarcely been made up when he received, from Sir Sidney Smith, a packet of French newspapers containing an account of the total loss of his conquests in Italy. He spent a whole night reading these newspapers. Next day he informed Kléber of his intentions and appointed him to take over the supreme command. In great secrecy preparations for departure were completed. On

August 22, 1799, with Berthier, his secretary, Lannes, Murat, Eugène, a few of his staff, and two of the scientists, he set sail in a small vessel.[157] The ship was becalmed soon after the voyage began, and his companions begged him to return to Alexandria and thus escape capture by the English; but he refused to listen, saying that his brother Louis, whom he had sent home with despatches before going to Palestine, had passed in safety. He spent his time studying the newspapers and, as a result of his study, was convinced that Barras' power was shattered. The Directory since he left France had been reconstructed to include the abbé Siéyès, maker of constitutions, and Gohir, one-time Terrorist. So impossible a mixture of oil and fire-water, with Barras as apothecary, proclaimed the nadir of statesmanship, especially at a moment when the Austrians were standing before Genoa and making ready to invade France. Gohir was no Robespierre, but, once in the saddle, he would make short work of Siéyès and the Liberals. The Jacobins would rule again in Paris.

The calm gave place to a violent gale, which drove the little ship out of her course towards the Italian coast. The captain asked leave to run for shelter to Ajaccio in Corsica—a suggestion agreeable to Napoleon, who supposed that his mother was living there in their old home. They made the port after a heavy buffeting, to find that no Buonaparte remained on the island. Napoleon landed with Murat, Lannes, and Eugène, and received a welcome from his fellow-townsmen which impressed his companions. He was told that, after the battle of the Nile, the English party, headed by Pozzo di Borgo, had again become dominant, and that the volunteers, recruited and trained by Sir Hudson Lowe during the English occupation, had adopted a threatening attitude to all sympathizers with France. In consequence the abbé Fesch had prevailed upon Mme. Buonaparte to accompany him to Paris, where her sons Joseph and Lucien, as Corsican deputies to the Council of Five Hundred, were now living. The return of Louis from Egypt and the news he brought had further influenced his mother to leave her home.

Napoleon discovered for himself that the French troops stationed in Ajaccio had not been paid for more than a year,

even though a descent upon the island by the English was expected to take place at any moment. This evidence of the Directors' incompetence and corruption disturbed him so much as to overcloud his joy in revisiting "the house where we lived,"[156] in meeting again his old nurse, Camilla Ilari, and in receiving the hospitality of the town.

The gale blew itself out. The wind veered. A fancy-dress ball given in Napoleon's honour was interrupted so that he and his staff might return at once to their ship.

NAPOLEON'S mother, on her return from Corsica, had gone to live with Joseph and his wife in the rue du Rocher in Paris. It was an uneasy household because the reputation upon which they all depended was in eclipse. Napoleon, defeated at sea and marooned on land, was a spent force; had they doubted it, there was Josephine at Malmaison living openly with her popinjay to convince them.

Nor had their own affairs prospered more than Napoleon's affairs. Joseph's embassy to Rome had ended in a riot. His seat and that of Lucien in the Council of the Five Hundred depended on Corsican votes, and Letizia and Fesch had been warned that since the battle of the Nile no Buonaparte was safe in Ajaccio. On the other hand, they possessed money, including that which Napoleon had entrusted to them, for Letizia had her estates again, and Joseph's wife was exceedingly well off. Their wealth had been invested, with great shrewdness, in magnificent country houses, the value of which continued to rise as the various paper monies, which had followed the assignat, faded out of existence.[157]

Napoleon's brothers had not developed in character as he had developed. They were Corsicans still, with a veneer of French culture which was always liable to wear thin. Nevertheless, they were all men of conspicuous ability, especially Lucien. From his earliest hours, as has been said, this spoiled child had been a rebel, violent, arrogant, greedy, yet with a most unexpected trait of nobility and with a dauntless courage. His nobility had shown itself in the emotional sincerity which had characterized all his relations with his wife. It had inspired his contempt for Josephine, but it was unable to comprehend in its ambit the superiority of Napoleon. Lucien had the singular misfortune to be a genius doomed to perpetual association with one of the greatest minds of human story, a misfortune which he shared with many others—for example, Talleyrand, Fouché,

Benjamin Constant, and, among the soldiers, Moreau, Massena, Berthier. Lucien's true and vivid intellect was warped by contact with the spirit of his brother. In that profound simplicity his abilities strayed and lost themselves, so that, misunderstanding all, he achieved nothing. A sense of personal outrage, much stronger than injured vanity, darkened his thought and fired his resentment until he began to find his only satisfaction in opposing Napoleon. He had not yet come to this stage, but his mind was already uneasy.

It was different with Joseph, who, as head of the family, felt always a sense of superiority which comforted him. He was a soft fellow, good-looking and easy-going, but he had his pride. Tall, with the straight Greek nose of the Bonapartes, he possessed a weak mouth and a corresponding weakness of character which made him the slave of women and, occasionally, a wine-bibber also. Nevertheless, he was intelligent above the ordinary, very well instructed, and of a philosophical turn of mind. But knowledge had not brought peace of mind. This Corsican felt himself lost in a world where his position as eldest son counted for nothing. Too sensible of the value of money to dream for an instant of renouncing his share in Napoleon's good luck, he continued, throughout his life, to regard that good luck as a slap in the face. Providence had been churlish or ill-informed. Mme. de Staël had known how to flatter and cajole this uneasy man, and had won, in consequence, his entire regard. It was different with Napoleon. He thought Joseph a fool, but remained, in spite of everything, deeply attached to him. It was the one Corsican trait which remained dominant in his character.

To Louis, on the other hand, Napoleon remained foster-father and preceptor. And this very handsome boy, while acknowledging the benefit, resented it in his heart. He, too, was able; Napoleon would not allow him to grow up. Adolescence rebelled, as ever, against parental authority. Unhappily, escape from tutelage, in this case, was impossible. Louis became embittered even before he fell into ill-health. Louis' health was now his mother's chief preoccupation. The lad had contracted a mysterious disease in Egypt and was suffering from severe weakness and very unstable nerves.[158] Letizia, in

June, 1799, resolved to take him to Vichy, and they left Paris together at the end of that month. When they returned at the end of August, Letizia was in better health than she had enjoyed for years, but Louis remained gloomy and depressed. He himself ascribed his trouble to an unsuccessful love affair with Josephine's kinswoman, Emilie de Beauharnais, whom Josephine had snatched away from him and married to Count Lavalette.[159] He met Mme. Lavalette in Paris and fell in love with her for the second time, only to suffer a severe rebuff, which was added, unreasonably enough, to the list of Josephine's crimes against the Bonaparte family.

These crimes, as it happened, were becoming so notorious that Gohier, the Jacobin member of the Directory, sent for the lady and remonstrated with her. Josephine told him that she did not love Napoleon. He suggested a divorce, to be followed by marriage to Hippolyte Charles, and she agreed to adopt his advice. She visited a lawyer and signed a petition asking for the dissolution of her marriage, a step which, she hoped, would convince Barras and his friends that she had had no part in Napoleon's schemes to make honest men of them. In fact, Barras and his friends were in such straits that their opinions had ceased to matter. Only one man in all France commanded any respect—namely, the abbé Sieyès, now President of the Directors, who was reputed patriotic and honest. Sieyès had just returned from Berlin, where he had attended the coronation of King Frederick William III of Prussia; his absence from France had enabled him to take a detached view of her condition and to make up his mind about her future. He was convinced that salvation could come now only from the army.

But the armies of France were once again in retreat towards her frontiers, both on the Rhine and in Italy, while the Jacobins in Paris, having ceased to fear Barras and his corps of scoundrels, were growing every day more threatening. Sieyès, finding no solution, began to lose his nerve and, at last, resigned his presidency to Gohier, the Jacobin, in order to avoid bloodshed. Gohier and his friend and fellow-Director Moulins began to purge Paris of the Moderates and Constitutionals almost without reference to Sieyès, his disciple Roger Ducos, or Barras. If the armies suffered further disaster a new Terror was certain.

The men who had financed Barras experienced a lively anxiety and joined themselves to Siéyès in his search for a military dictator. Ouvrard was prominent in this company. He had fallen in love with Thérèse Tallien, taken her from Barras, and installed her with her children in a huge house, rue du Babylon.[160] All his resources were held ready for Siéyès' soldier, when that man should be found. Nor was Mme. de Stael, as instructed by her father, less anxious or less ready to help. Necker[161] had blessed Siéyès and had given his full approval to Siéyès' private expression of opinion that what France needed was "a head and a sword."

The abbé Siéyès, as has been said, was an academic Liberal endowed with moral courage, but lacking the courage of the heart. It was he who, in the tennis court at Versailles, had baptized the Revolution. He had been, ever after, its preceptor; he had not at any time guided it. His mechanical mind, which exalted "principles" into a godhead remote from human contact, was bent to discover some magic formula which would eliminate for ever the "human element" from government and so would secure to men an automatically acting "State." His constitutions had all been framed with that object in view, and even now his sole reason for looking for a leader was his need of temporary support, in order that a new constitution might be created. The man himself was vain and pompous, a Cicero of the eighteenth century, envious of Anthony's power to perform, afraid—after his experiences with Mirabeau and Danton and Robespierre—to invoke monsters which he might not be able to control. If he had been less sure than he was that his ability transcended that of all other men, he would not have gone questing for a "sword." But lack of physical courage made the help of a soldier indispensable if he, Siéyès, was to rule France.

Siéyès views, as it happened, were the views also of the French country folk, lying in dread of invasion. But whereas the statesman talked vaguely about "a soldier," the country folk gave him a name. That name was Bonaparte. What folly to have sent the conqueror of Italy to die in desert sands when the frontiers of the Fatherland were insecure! If only he would come back!

On an October morning, in bright sunshine, this prayer was answered. The little ship from Egypt dropped anchor in the harbour of Fréjus. A few minutes later the fisherfolk of the town heard that General Bonaparte was aboard. Instantly they rushed to the sea-front. A rowing-boat was approaching from the ship. They plunged into the water, seized the General in their arms, and carried him ashore in spite of the protests of the quarantine officers who cried that there was plague in Egypt.

"Better plague than the Austrians," the villagers shouted.

It was the voice of France; Napoleon recognized it. He had judged well. He remained for a little time in Fréjus, while lathered horses carried the news along every highway. Then, with Eugène, he drove out on the long road to Paris. The carriage went slowly because, at every village, there were deputations and choirs of girls to vie with the pealing bells and booming guns. Every village possessed already its triumphal arch, and on each of the arches the same word was inscribed: "Saviour." The General spoke very little, and only about the plight of the "Great Nation," as he called France. It was observed that he was pale in spite of Egyptian suns and that his expression was grave.

The news reached Paris and was brought by Lucien Bonaparte to Siéyès, who was walking in the Directors' garden at the Luxembourg with General Moreau. Siéyès was still hunting his soldier; he was feeling a little happier because the Austrians had been repulsed at Zurich. Only two candidates had so far been found: Bernadotte and Moreau. He had dismissed the former from the post of Minister of War because of his plottings with the Jacobins; Moreau had just refused to serve. Lucien blurted out his story. Moreau turned to the Director.

"There's your man," he said, and left the garden.

Siéyès addressed Lucien:

"The die is cast. It is round your brother that we must rally."

Gohir, meanwhile, was making ready to use Bernadotte, whom he believed to be the ablest soldier then in France. Jean Baptiste Bernadotte was the son of an attorney in Pau and grandson of a master tailor. At seventeen he had enlisted in

the Royal Marines, in which regiment he saw service in Corsica, in Dauphiné, and in Provence. In 1788 he was at Grenoble; later he went to Marseilles, where he took part in various revolutionary disturbances and, with great courage, saved his Colonel from the mob. The Revolution raised him from the ranks. In 1792 he was Colonel, serving under Pichegru, Kléber, and Moreau in the armies of the Sambre and Meuse and on the Rhine.

Bernadotte called himself Jacobin, but, in fact, belonged to no party. His ambition was exceeded in intensity only by his jealousy of any rival, and it cannot be disputed that he possessed in high degree the qualities of leadership. He, and he alone, for example, could exercise over Napoleon's soldiers an influence of any considerable kind in opposition to Napoleon's influence. Augereau, in Bernadotte's company, became Bonaparte's critic and even detractor. But Bernadotte wilted, like all the others, under the Corsican's eye, and so, early in the day, joined himself to the opposition. Mme. de Staël welcomed him to her party, and hoped, undoubtedly, to use him as the "sword." Thus he was Napoleon's rival from the beginning, with the support of the financial interest and even, on occasion, of Joseph and Lucien Bonaparte. His marriage to Désirée Clary, Joseph's sister-in-law and the girl whom Napoleon had jilted, filled the cup of his jealousy of the Corsican. He belonged, after that, to the Bonaparte group as well as to the group of the dispossessed, and he fished, during years, in the troubled waters of defeated Jacobinism and Liberalism.

That he was a soldier of high merit is not to be doubted. That he was a great man in any real sense of that word no student of his career can believe for a moment, brilliant and even incredible in its success as that career became. This man sought power and wealth for the sake of power and wealth and showed himself incapable of believing that any other motive existed anywhere. To the end of his life, too, he retained the habit of mind which was expressed, as between the soldiers of the Revolution and the soldiers of Napoleon, in the terms: "*Les messieurs de l'armée du Rhin; les citoyens de l'armée d'Italie.*"

Bernadotte was an apt pupil of international finance in its

disguise of international Liberalism. Gohir was entertaining a party of friends which included Josephine when the news of Napoleon's landing in France reached him, and he did not hide his embarrassment. Suppose that Bonaparte discovered the part he had played in the divorce petition? He urged Josephine to go instantly to meet her husband, and the joy of the Parisians, which was lifting the capital from stupor to frenzy, convinced her of his wisdom. It was failure, after all, not triumph, which she had proposed to divorce from her bed.

She drove through the night to Mme. Campan's academy, where Hortense was still at school, and bade her daughter come with her. They took the road by Sens, Joigny, Anserre, and Chalon-sur-Sâone, driving swiftly under the triumphal arches; at Lyons they heard that they had missed him. He had passed through the city, going by way of Moulins, Nevers, and Cosne.

He reached the house in the rue des Victoires at six o'clock on the morning of October 18, 1799, and was met by Joseph and Paulette, for Lucien and Louis had gone to meet him by the same route as Josephine.

"Is Josephine ill?"

Pitying smiles answered him.

"She has gone to meet you," they said.

Memories of his return to Milan choked him, and he who had declared in the carriage that he had become "absolutely French"[162] became, instead, absolutely Corsican. Paulette saw his spirit kindle to the vendetta and knew herself revenged.

Collot, a cool and sensible man, came to breakfast, and the tornado burst over his head. He waited and then pointed out that the eyes of France were fixed upon General Bonaparte, the Corsican who had a French wife.

"Leave your wife and her faults alone," he urged.

Lucien and Louis arrived with the news that Josephine was following. So she had not run away. By imputing the worst motives to their enemy, the Bonapartes, as they now saw, had served her cause. They tried to undo that error by dwelling on her infidelities and dishonour, and under the strain of these revelations the pilgrim broke down and wept. His mother came, and, with her stubborn objections to divorce, steadied him. Letizia defended her daughter-in-law. He remembered

Collot's warning that he who aspired to lead France must not begin by casting out a Frenchwoman from his bed.

Meanwhile the parties were at his door. Talleyrand came and Fouché came, Barras' people, and the Jacobins, the army and the politicians. They disputed his attention. He noticed only that Siéyès had not come and that the Royalists had not come.

On the third day Josephine returned and fell into the hands of Lucien and Paulette. She reached the door of the study. It was locked. "He is going to divorce you," they told her. She knocked on the door; she heard Napoleon's voice and Joseph's voice. She rushed away to her bedroom. A message was brought to her to pack up and go to Malmaison. She answered it by beating again on the locked door with her hands. In the morning she began to heap clothing into a trunk. Eugène and Hortense watched her. She bade them suddenly go down to their stepfather and throw themselves at his feet. She followed them, waiting on the stair. Napoleon's nerve broke and, in that instant, she presented herself. He sent son and daughter away and shut the door. He walked about the room breaking small ornaments while she told him everything. Joseph was in the room. When Lucien, newly elected President of the Council of Five Hundred, called next morning, husband and wife were sharing their old bedroom.

That day the Directors sent for him, and collectively offered him the command of any of the armies which he might choose to command. He asked for a little rest. Barras invited him to dinner and offered him partnership in government. Napoleon did not speak. From Barras' rooms he went by appointment to Talleyrand, who conducted him to Siéyès. The abbé received him coldly, explaining that the idea of a military dictatorship was necessarily hateful to a good Liberal. Then he unfolded a plan which included the abolition of the Directorate and the appointment of three Consuls—himself, Roger Ducos, and Bonaparte.

There were no further meetings, and Gohir and his Jacobins became less uneasy. Josephine visited the President of the Directors and assured him that she hoped to bring her husband over to his side. She comforted Barras with the same hope.

Napoleon attended a few public dinners, but otherwise showed himself unresponsive to the general clamour. Siéyès took riding lessons and got his travelling carriage made ready for a long journey.[163]

On the morning of November 9, 1799, before dawn, Napoleon gave a breakfast-party. Figures in uniform passed along the Chaussée d'Antin to the rue des Victoires. They entered the garden gate. He was awaiting them, also in uniform. Gohir and Moulins, Talleyrand and Fouché had been invited, but Gohir and Moulins did not come. Very soon the house was full. The officers overflowed into the garden and even into the street where detachments of cavalry were jingling into position. Breakfast was served. There was a movement in the crowd. A messenger from the Council of Ancients made his way to the door of the house and disappeared within. Napoleon came out on to the balcony and announced:

"Citizens, France is in danger. The Ancients have just taken the decision to remove Parliament to St. Cloud. They have appointed me Commander-in-Chief of all the troops in the 17th Military Division of the National Guard. I rely on you to help me. Will you?"

A thudding sound, as men clapped their hands to the hilts of their swords, answered him. He retired indoors. Fouché, the Minister of Police, told him that he had just given orders to close the gates of the city.

"Why?"

"To help you."

Napoleon bade him open the gates, saying that he was determined not to imitate in any way the behaviour of the Terrorists —a rebuke for the ex-butcher of Lyons. He descended to the courtyard and mounted his horse. He rode off with a bodyguard of general officers towards the Tuileries. In the courtyard of the palace were veterans of the Army of Italy. He spoke to them. Then he entered the hall where the Ancients were assembled and walked to the bar.

"Citizen Representatives," he cried,[164] "the Republic was on the point of perishing. Your decision has saved it. Woe to the fomenters of disorder. I shall find means, with the help of my comrades-in-arms here present, to restrain them.

"You have refused to be deflected from your course by the citation of precedents. That is well, for there is no historical parallel to the eighteenth century nor does this century itself furnish any parallel to its closing years.

"We will maintain the Republic. We will secure that it shall be based on real liberty and on the representative system. I swear, in my own name and in that of my comrades, to maintain it."

All the officers clapped hands again to their swords. Napoleon left the hall. As soon as he had gone the Ancients adjourned their sitting and hurried away, for Siéyès had summoned the Council of the Five Hundred for eleven o'clock without informing the members of that body about the early meeting of the upper house.

Napoleon reviewed the troops in the courtyard in the presence of a crowd which could not contain its enthusiasm and which shouted "*Vive Bonaparte!*" till it was hoarse. The sun had come up in a cloudless sky and the air was full of showers of gold. Terror on such a morning is handicapped as against glory. The members of the Five Hundred arrived obscurely without welcome from the people. Lucien arrayed in his toga was in the chair. He announced the Ancients' decision to remove the sittings to St. Cloud, reminded the house that criticism of the decision was unlawful and, in spite of violent uproar, suspended the sitting until the next day. The Jacobins rushed off to the Sections, as of old, to recruit mobs; they found Napoleon's soldiers posted already at every street corner, and read placards to the effect that the Regional Councils,[165] upon which they had counted as rallying centres, had been abolished.

When the Five Hundred were safely on their way home, Napoleon concluded his review and joined Siéyès. He found the abbé full of cheer at the success of his plan; but the fear which had so often dried the man's mouth in Robespierre's day remained with him. He and Roger Ducos, he announced, had resigned their Directorships, but Barras' resignation was doubtful. If Barras refused to resign and joined forces with Gohir and Moulins the Directory would be saved. Napoleon's common sense rejected such a possibility. How could a

scoundrel defy the will of France? Talleyrand was instructed to visit Barras and demand his resignation. Just after Talleyrand had gone away, Barras' secretary burst into the room:

"What have you done with the Directors?" he shouted at Napoleon.

"What," Napoleon asked, "have the Directors done with France—the France I left so strong? I left peace; I find war. I left victories; I find defeats. I left the millions of Italy; I find plunder and misery. . . ."

The final shot told; Barras' secretary hurried from the room. Talleyrand returned with Barras' surrender. The Directory, lacking a quorum, had ceased to exist; it remained now only to get the two Chambers to set up the Consulate. The door was flung open and Gohir and Moulins strode in.

"You have come to resign also?" Napoleon asked them.

"We have come to save the Republic."

A messenger entered with a note which stated that Santerre, the brewer,[165] was leading a mob towards the Tuileries. Napoleon turned to Moulins.

"Santerre is your kinsman?"

"My friend."

"He's giving trouble. If he continues, tell him, I shall have him shot."

Gohir and Moulins went away and the day closed peacefully. But Siéyès remained full of alarms in face of a danger the extent of which he was qualified to measure. He advised Napoleon to have some forty of the Jacobin members of the Five Hundred arrested overnight. When that was refused he sent his travelling carriage to St. Cloud with orders that it should wait at a point near the palace. This veteran of assemblies did not share the soldier's faith in the national will as a sure shield. Had the nation willed the King's death? The nation, however, showed so lively an interest that next morning even Siéyès was comforted. Again the day was glorious; Paris went hero-worshipping in her gayest frocks, and the road to St. Cloud became a promenade. But the troops stationed round the palace would admit nobody except the deputies—in accordance with Napoleon's orders.

He was closeted with Siéyès in the room which had become

his headquarters by virtue of his post as Commander-in-Chief. The Jacobins had arrived in full force and had brought with them the two Generals who were notoriously their supporters: Bernadotte and Augereau.

The Chambers began their sitting and the proposal for the institution of the Consulate was submitted to each of them. What Siéyès had feared took place. The Jacobins shouted down the speakers with the cry: "No dictatorship." Napoleon, listening to the hubbub, learned that the popular will is impotent without leadership. These were the men who had supported Robespierre's wet guillotine and Barras' dry one. He understood that it was he, not Siéyès, who had blundered, and announced his intention of going in person to the Chambers so that Fear might be brought face to face with Glory.

Outside in the sunshine he met Augereau, who remarked jubilantly:

"Now you're in a tight corner."

"Things were worse," said Napoleon, "at Arcola."

He strode into the Council of the Ancients and came to the bar. His face was bloodless. He spoke a few halting sentences which were listened to in silence. He left the hall and, with his grenadiers, went to the Orangery to the Five Hundred. He came alone to the platform on which Lucien was seated. After the Jacobins had recovered from their surprise they began to shout again:

"What, soldiers here? Down with the Dictator. To hell with the Tyrant."

He tried to speak but could not make himself heard. His enemies jumped from their seats and jostled him, crying:

"Your laurels are blasted, Bonaparte. Shame to your glory. Begone!"

Lucien appealed for order and a hearing, but he, too, was shouted down. The Jacobins struck at Napoleon. At a sign from Lucien the grenadiers entered the hall and surrounded him. One of the soldiers had his uniform torn from his back.[167] Napoleon was dragged from the hall and lifted on to his horse. He remained at the window, on horseback, surveying the scene.

"Outlaw him!" yelled the Jacobins.

Lucien pulled off his toga.

"You would not listen to him," he cried, "though he came to explain his conduct, to acquaint you with his plans and to answer your questions."

He flung his toga away. The Jacobins rushed at him.

"Scoundrels," he shouted, "would you have me outlaw my own brother?"

Napoleon sent ten grenadiers to rescue him. He was brought out and joined his brother and Siéyès in front of the palace. The Terrorists roared their triumph.

"For God's sake," Siéyès cried, "do something. There are the soldiers."

Lucien mounted a horse and rode to the troops who were drawn up some distance away under the command of Murat, already the suitor for Caroline Bonaparte's hand. He told them that scoundrels in the pay of England had attempted to assassinate his brother and himself, and that in consequence, as its President, he had suspended the sitting of the Council. But the assassins had refused to leave the hall.

"I summon you," he shouted, "to march and clear them out."

The soldiers shouted "*Vive Bonaparte!*" but did not move.

Lucien drew his sword and brandished it.

"I swear," he cried, "to stab my brother to the heart if ever he should attempt anything against the freedom of Frenchmen."

Murat gave the order to fix bayonets. It was obeyed. He led the troops into the hall. Angry shouts met them. The command rang out:

"Grenadiers, advance!"

Drums began to roll; bayonets flashed. In a moment the hall was empty, and the Jacobins who had escaped by the windows were fleeing across the lawns.

Some hours later Lucien assumed his toga once more, and, in a house which contained no Jacobin, but was nevertheless well filled, put the motion that a Consulate of three be formed and that Siéyès, Roger Ducos, and Bonaparte be the Consuls.

The motion was carried unanimously. At midnight the Ancients assented.

Paris was abed when Napoleon returned. He had sent a courier to Josephine with the good news. His mother called late at night at the rue des Victoires and heard from the lips of her daughter-in-law that her son was master of France.

THE France which Napoleon took over on November 11, 1799, was in little better case than had been the France of 1794 when Robespierre became its master. For if civil war was confined now to the seaboard of Normandy and Brittany, the assignats, that miraculous land money by which armies had been created and equipped, existed no longer. And England and Austria were still at war with the Republic. It was necessary to find gold and silver.

On the morrow of "Brumaire," the Consuls looked into a treasury as empty as that of Louis XVI and realized that, thanks to Barras, they possessed no credit. Napoleon was forced to turn to Ouvrard. The illustrious banker, who was a great patron of the arts and a most charming man, presented himself at the Luxembourg and promised to do what he could. To his surprise, a hint was dropped that his mistress, Thérèse Tallien, would consult her dignity by refraining from appearing at any public function. A hint of a similar kind was conveyed to Mme. de Staël, who had returned to Paris, and, with Benjamin Constant, was entertaining Siéyès, Talleyrand, Fouché, Joseph, and Lucien as once upon a time she had entertained the leaders of the National Assembly.[168] Talleyrand and Fouché retained their posts as Foreign Minister and Minister of Police. All were advised that the days of parties and *salons* were at an end.

Meanwhile Siéyès was at work on a new constitution. Napoleon did not interfere with him, but, when the document was produced, offered criticisms of so damaging a kind that the abbé felt he had no option but to resign. Napoleon accepted his resignation and that of Roger Ducos and at once promulgated his own constitution. The Consulate was reformed. Napoleon became First Consul for ten years, with Cambacérès as Second and Lebrun as Third.

These were two men of widely different character. Jean Jacques Régis de Cambacérès was born at Montpellier on October 18, 1753. He was descended from a family of the *noblesse de la robe* and had been designed for the magistracy of his province. But he became revolutionary and was elected to the States-General, being unseated, however, on a technical objection. He was a member of the Convention and devoted himself to legal work on which he continued to be engaged even during the Terror. His legal mind caused him, after he had voted that the King was guilty, to demand postponement of sentence, and thus he escaped being included among the regicides. Later he opposed Barras; but Siéyès made him Minister of Justice.

The man was honest, of great erudition, and of an excellent judgment. Napoleon respected him, even if he did not wholly trust his loyalty, and was always ready to hear his views and, if possible, to give weight to them. But Cambacérès' weaknesses were not hidden from his master. One of them was vanity, another an academic quality of mind which made it impossible for its possessor to accept wholeheartedly the Napoleonic Empire. Cambacérès, in his secret thought, awaited the dawn of Liberalism, even while he was wearing the insignia of dictatorship.

It was different with Lebrun, who remained a Royalist at heart and, according to his master, took no important step without first consulting his Royalist friends. Napoleon found Lebrun's knowledge of finance exceedingly useful, but was incapable of trusting fully a man possessed of so much knowledge of that subject. "Lebrun," he told Caulaincourt, "was by nature crafty, able, disobliging, hard, and lacking in affection. He was, too, devoured by ambition." Absolute power was vested in the First Consul and popular election was abolished, but provision was made for a Council of State, to be nominated by Napoleon himself, and for two popular chambers, the Tribunate and the Legislative Body, to be nominated by the Council of State. Siéyès was rewarded with a senatorship and a large estate. A referendum was then held on the question whether or not Napoleon should be First Consul for ten years. There voted:

For Napoleon's Consulship	3,001,007
Against	1,526

Opposition had been driven underground, but it remained active, notably in the *salons*, the Press, and among the Jacobins. The *salons*, with Mme. de Staël at their head, professed themselves outraged by the "attack on Liberty," and began to hint that "Louis XVIII" was prepared to return to France as a constitutional king. The Jacobins declare that "the People" had been brought again into slavery. Both parties were endowed with fighting funds, the sources of which were not disclosed.

Napoleon made it his first business to disarm these opponents. On the morrow of his coming to power he declared:[169]

"If I leave the Press unbridled I won't be in power three months."

In opening a secret council on January 17, 1800, he asked:

"What is a newspaper but a widespread club? A newspaper exerts on its readers exactly the same effect as a mob orator exerts on his audience. You want me to impose silence on the harangues that can be heard by at most four or five hundred persons, but to allow the delivery of other harangues that will reach thousands."

A censorship was imposed.[170] When Benjamin Constant, who had been appointed to the Tribunate, delivered a speech in which he said that, "there is only servility here and silence—a silence to which all Europe is listening," he found himself shunned by many former friends. Mme. de Staël's dinner-table was regaled no longer by Talleyrand's wit or Fouché's cynicism, and soon the "great lady" was marooned in the country at Saint Ouen. Nor would Napoleon listen to Joseph's pleadings on her behalf. France was at war and in such desperate state that nothing could be forgiven to any detractor.

On February 19, 1800, the Consular Court was moved from the Luxembourg to the Tuileries. Napoleon seized the opportunity to hold a great review of his troops, and rode down the lines past the blackened standards which had been unfurled on his Italian battlefields. He pulled off his hat in salute to these emblems, and the great crowd which watched him believed

that they saw tears in his eyes. A week or two later a visitor to the palace found him lying full length on a map of Northern Italy sticking pins with heads of red and black wax into various towns and villages.[171] Napoleon explained that he was planning how to relieve the city of Genoa, which was still being besieged by the Austrians.

In fact he had tried to make peace with England and Austria and had been rebuffed.[172] It would be necessary, therefore, to fight again if peace was to be obtained and the army locked up in Egypt brought back to France. The Consulate, for all its popularity, hung upon the issue of war. Napoleon began to concentrate troops in Dijon, from which an advance might be made in any one of three different directions—namely, to the Rhine, to the Alps, or to the Riviera.

The Austrian reports on this concentration were not such as to cause Melas, the commander before Genoa, much anxiety. Nor was the "Army of Italy," now commanded by Massena, in any condition to repeat its heroic performances. There remained the Army of the Rhine, to which Moreau had been appointed; its office was too important to admit the possibility of transfer. That any other French army existed or could exist was not suspected by the Austrians, and consequently Napoleon was able unperceived to send small bodies of picked troops to various convenient centres and so gradually to build up the elements of a formidable force.[173] He meant at first to join this force to Moreau's army under cover of the Rhine and then to attack the Austrians, under Kray, turn their left flank and either capture or annihilate them. The way would thus have been open down the Danube to Vienna, and Melas' army operating in Northern Italy would (since its base had been taken) have been forced to surrender. But this magnificent conception was wrecked at its launching by the jealousy of Moreau, who refused to take orders from anybody. Napoleon showed his wisdom by leaving Moreau free to exercise his great ability. The picked troops were sent to the meadows at the head of the lake of Geneva.

Meanwhile Melas with 60,000 Austrians had attacked Massena on April 6, and had by the 27th driven him back behind the walls of Genoa. An English fleet was co-operating with the Austrians, and the position of the French was precarious;

so much so indeed that, while Massena himself remained to defend the city, a large part of his army was forced to retreat along the coast.

These actions in the south had the effect of holding the Austrians near the French frontier. Action in the north was now urged upon Moreau, and after some delay that great General crossed the Rhine and succeeded in obtaining a favourable position, at Engen, in which to give battle. On May 3 Kray and his Austrians were forced to retreat, and the danger that they might strike through Switzerland to the Tyrol was obviated. A new battle broke out on May 5 in which the Austrians were again defeated; defeat pursued them to the fortified camp of Ulm, where they made a stand. Moreau received a visit from Carnot, now Napoleon's Minister of War, who asked for a detachment to serve in the secret force.

It was Napoleon's turn. He appointed Bernadotte, who had opposed him at St. Cloud, to command the troops in France and made Cambacérès his deputy in the civil office. Some sixty newspapers were suppressed, and Fouché was told to proceed instantly against anyone who attempted in any way to create disaffection. The *Moniteur*, Napoleon's own newspaper, which had published the appeals for peace made by the First Consul to King George III of England and the Emperor Francis, now informed its readers that, since peace had been refused except on condition that the Bourbons were restored, war had become inevitable. The British Navy, under Lord Keith, it was added, was co-operating with the Austrians, but the soldiers of the Republic would teach this Second Coalition the lesson which the First had learned from the Army of Italy.

When the news of the first of Moreau's victories arrived, it was proclaimed from the stage of the Opera, and Napoleon, in his box, led the cheers. Less emphasis was laid upon the desperate position of Massena in Genoa, and Paris recovered her good spirits. Meanwhile Talleyrand, as Foreign Minister, was in touch with the Emperor of Russia, Paul I. Paul was a member of the Coalition against France, but the manner in which his Russian troops had been treated by the Austrians in Italy had aroused his resentment. It was Talleyrand's business to fan the flames of this anger and thus, if possible, to drive a

wedge between Russia and Austria—and Talleyrand understood his business.

Napoleon meanwhile had been finding money. The Rentes, the State Loan, which had fallen to one and a half per cent. of their par value before his return from Egypt, were standing at seventeen per cent. of that value. The institution of a new bank called "the Bank of France" had made it possible to discount bills at cheap rates against taxes which, owing to the efficiency of the administration, were "good money" even before they were due for collection. Lebrun, the Third Consul, as has been said, understood finance and so did the new Treasurer, Gaudin; while Napoleon himself, thanks to his studies in Italy, possessed a knowledge which, if not extensive, was respectable.[171] He had obtained the means of paying for war (by loans from Ouvrard, by taxes, and by a system of inquiry which was forcing many rogues to disgorge ill-gotten gains[175]), and the means of staving off bankruptcy while the fate of France and of his Government was being decided.

He slipped out of Paris on the night of May 6, 1800, and took the road to Dijon. He was dressed in a blue uniform which had been designed for the Consuls and held no military rank, because the leadership of armies had been forbidden by law to the head of the Government. During a single day he inspected all the troops in Dijon and then, at night, resumed his journey to Geneva. A halt was made at Coppet, so that the simple magistrate of the Republic, on his way to play onlooker at a war, might greet the man who had recently bestowed upon himself the title of "Magistrate of the Truth."[175] Napoleon told Necker that he must, for the future, cease to attempt any interference in French affairs and, above all, must restrain the activities of his daughter Mme. de Staël; and the fallen financier promised humbly enough. "A very ordinary fellow," was Necker's verdict on the First Consul! Napoleon thought him "a wheezy old schoolmaster."

The army was now formed and was ready to cross the Alps by one or other of the passes. It was some 42,000 strong. When Napoleon reached Lausanne on May 10, Lannes, with 8,000 infantry, stood at the foot of the Great St. Bernard and the remainder of the army was spread out along the two sides

of the lake. Carnot, who was awaiting him in the town, informed him that the body of troops which had been detached from Moreau's army was marching towards the St. Gothard. Four days later Lannes was ordered to cross the Alps. Napoleon followed and took post on a height from which, among the snows, he watched his army go by. The guns had been dismounted and placed in hollowed tree-trunks so that they might be dragged up the wretched mule-track. A hundred men constituted the team for each gun, and when their strength failed drums beat the charge and put new heart into them.

Bread and cheese and beer awaited the troops at the Hospice —for Napoleon had sent supplies in advance of his men. The soldiers, regaled, broke into song and went down singing to the Italian plain. Napoleon descended on the 20th, two days after Melas, informed at last, had turned with all available forces to meet him. Melas was hurrying towards Turin. Napoleon planned to meet him and give battle, but received news from Lannes, from the front, that an attempt to take Fort Bard, a perpendicular rock in the Vale of Aosta, had failed. Berthier answered Lannes that the fate of France hung on the taking of the rock. In the end the obstacle was turned by the device of getting the guns past it at night on roads covered with straw and dung. The French army debouched on the plain.

And now, in a flash, Napoleon saw a new strategy which, if successful, must give him not victory only but also triumph. His army was within a short distance of Turin where Melas awaited it. Orders were given to swing left-handed away from that city towards Milan. Napoleon was going to reconquer Italy behind the Austrian lines and before the decisive battle had been fought. If he won Italy would belong to him without further campaigning. On June 2 he entered Milan under triumphal arches and to the sound of cheers and singing. He proclaimed once more deliverance and formed, on the spot, a Cisalpine Republic. This statesmanship sent a shiver of hope through the prostrate body of Italy and turned conquest into loyalty and adoration. By the same act he took the Cathedral of Milan under his protection and proclaimed to the world his intention of recognizing the Catholic faith—

"Because religion is essential to and is in man; and because

the Church of Rome is the best, and lends itself best to democratic Republican institutions."

The army was organized in three Corps, under Lannes, Victor, and Desaix, and these were marched through Tortona towards Alessandria where Melas had gathered his Austrians. Both armies were facing homeward, for the French had described a huge semicircle behind the Austrian lines and so outflanked and encircled Melas.

But Melas, though old, was tough. He sallied from Alessandria, crossed the Bormida River and opened his attack upon the little village of Marengo where Victor was posted. Couriers dashed off to recall Desaix, whom Napoleon had despatched from his main force, while orders were sent to Victor to hold the village at any cost until Desaix returned. Napoleon began to change dispositions to meet a blow he had not expected. The Austrian commander made good use of this opportunity. He struck hard at Victor in Marengo and at the same time enveloped the right flank of the French army under Lannes. Murat with his cavalry defended this flank but was beaten back. At midday Victor abandoned Marengo and began to retreat in order to close the gaps in his broken front. As a last resort the Consular Guard of some eight hundred men was flung into the battle. But the Austrian cavalry were already far advanced in their flanking movement and the sacrifice was without avail. Napoleon, by the roadside, riding-whip in hand, tried to rally his shattered troops. He failed and his army streamed away past him in apparent ruin until five in the afternoon when Desaix appeared. Meanwhile Melas was so certain that he had won that he rode back to Alessandria, leaving the pursuit of the French to his Chief of Staff Zain. Zain was equally confident and did not, in consequence, observe what was happening before his eyes—namely, the transformation of a retreat into a flank attack. Napoleon had conceived; Desaix executed. The Austrian line had been allowed to straggle. It broke and melted away. Six thousand laid down their arms while the others took to flight. Melas, in the act of writing about his victory, saw the remnants of his army hurled into Alessandria.

Napoleon, mourning for Desaix who had fallen in the hour of victory, bivouacked in Marengo. If his tactics had been at

fault his strategy was faultless. Italy belonged to him. This was proved next morning by the capitulation of Melas, who agreed to evacuate all Northern Italy as far as the River Nuncio.

"To-day," wrote Napoleon, "whatever our Paris atheists may say, I am going in full state to the *Te Deum* that is to be sung in the Cathedral of Milan."

Marengo was fought on June 14. On June 25 Napoleon was on his way back to Paris, from which all kinds of rumours of trouble had been reaching him. The politicians, in point of fact, had been opening lines of retreat in case of disaster on the battlefield and had become so absorbed in their game that Napoleon was forgotten. Thus Talleyrand and Siéyès were in touch with the duc d'Orléans, while the Royalists were moving once more in La Vendée, where English help was being given to Georges Cadoudal and other leaders. Nor were the Jacobins idle. Fouché kept an eye on them, but he also kept a foot in their camp in case of accidents. He had already offered Josephine bribes to spy on her husband,[177] and was thus kept informed about the movements of the Bonaparte family and their ambitions. In this way he learned that Lucien was already casting his eye on his brother's office and that, meanwhile, he was helping himself, in the manner of Barras, to the perquisites of his own office.

All these intrigues withered in the sun of Marengo, and when Napoleon returned, by night, neither "King Louis" nor the duc d'Orléans had any supporters. Josephine salved her conscience by exposing Lucien and calling Fouché to witness, and thus instantly the victor was submerged in a violent family quarrel in which, when he deprived Lucien of the Ministry of the Interior, his mother and brothers and sisters took part against him. As Lucien had just lost his wife and was deeply afflicted, Mme. Bonaparte the senior felt specially tender towards him and accused her second son of heartlessness and ingratitude—a reference to the scene in the Orangery at St. Cloud. When Napoleon protested, the old woman replied truthfully:

"If you were in his place I would protect you in exactly the same way."[178]

Twenty-four hours later Lucien was appointed Ambassador in Spain. The Austrian agent who was to discuss terms of

peace arrived meanwhile in Paris. It was made clear to him that his master, the Emperor, must cease to receive subsidies from England for the purpose of making war on France. A treaty to this effect was actually drawn up and signed, but when it reached Vienna Thugut and his master repudiated it and imprisoned its bearer, on the ground that Austria's policy was based upon London's approval. The Emperor raised a new army to continue the war, but at the same time sent Cobenzl to Lunéville to reopen negotiations with the French. Napoleon appointed Joseph to meet Cobenzl.

Meanwhile at Hohenlinden, near Munich, Moreau, on December 4, 1800, inflicted a crushing defeat on the Archduke John of Austria, who was in command of the new army. The French pursued their enemies almost to the gates of Vienna, and on Christmas Day signed with them an armistice which brought the campaign to an end. Joseph at Lunéville now had an easy task, and on February 9, 1791, concluded a treaty with Cobenzl which not only deprived Austria of most of her Italian possessions, but also separated her from England. The Rhine was declared to be France's frontier, and, as this meant the dispossession of a number of princelings, members of the Holy Roman Empire, it was arranged that compensation should be found by "secularizing" the ecclesiastical lands on the Austrian bank of the river. This last provision was important because it weakened Austria as against Prussia in the Germanic Confederation.

Napoleon, in fact, was trying to do at Lunéville what he had failed to do in Egypt—namely, to force England to make peace upon terms which would deliver France from the economic control of London. He had learned that England would, in no circumstances, listen to his proposals unless a trade treaty whereby France agreed to abandon her policy of economic self-sufficiency was concluded simultaneously with the political treaty.[179] He was as firmly determined as ever not to abandon economic self-sufficiency, and he sought, therefore, for some new means of securing his Egyptian conquest and even of extending it. The means which seemed to promise a chance of success were an alliance with Russia and perhaps with Prussia also, for Russian help against Turkey might enable a French

corridor to be opened through Northern Italy and the Balkans to Anatolia, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. Along that corridor, conceivably, troops might one day march to the reconquest of India. England's command of the sea, in other words, whereby pressure was exerted on Europe in the form of a deprivation of raw materials and colonial produce, should be challenged by a land power extending into the heart of the Orient.

Napoleon had already, as has been said, made gestures of friendship to the Emperor of Russia. There were still Russian prisoners in France. He clothed them in new uniforms and sent them back home. At the same time he expressed to the Emperor Paul his entire agreement with the protests which Paul had made against the English doctrine of the "right of search at sea," an assurance the sincerity of which, in the light of the Egyptian campaign, could not be doubted. Paul responded with enthusiasm, separated himself from the Coalition, and gave Frederick William of Prussia to understand that his sympathies were now entirely with the French—an announcement which was by no means unwelcome in Berlin, where fear of Vienna was more lively than fear of Paris.

Paul's main grievance against England was the seizure of Malta, which had followed the destruction of the French fleet at Aboukir, for the Knights of Malta, though Catholic, had besought his protection. In his own eccentric way he was trying to help them by the indirect method of closing the Baltic to English ships, and to this end had entered into an alliance of "armed neutrality" with Sweden and Denmark and Prussia. The success of his policy, which caused a sharp rise of wheat prices in London and thus brought about a fall of the sterling exchange and an outflow of gold, had been so conspicuous that he was in a mood to listen to Napoleon's proposal for a joint Franco-Russian expedition to India by way of Khiva and Herat, and even urged that, since Austria had been humbled in the dust, the master-stroke ought not to be delayed. The First Consul was of the same mind, for Kléber,[180] whom he had left in command in Egypt, had fallen by an assassin's bullet on the day of the battle of Marengo.

Napoleon made ready for action, while the price of wheat in London continued its rise from £2 10s. a quarter to £7 15s.,

and the financial centre of the world began to bleed gold from its wounded exchanges. He prepared, by binding Spain to France, to do for the Mediterranean what Paul had done already for the Baltic. In Spain, as he declared, lay the control of the Mediterranean and so the power, on the one hand, to protect his enterprises in Egypt and the East, and, on the other, to depress still further the sterling exchange. His victory at Marengo had weakened Spanish opposition to France by making effective opposition impossible. The hands of the party in Madrid, therefore, which had favoured a French alliance were strengthened, and Emmanuel Godoy, called "Prince of the Peace," a Guards officer who had managed to combine the offices of Queen's lover and King's friend, became virtual master of Spain. Godoy saw in Napoleon the means of retaining his power and, in consequence, made haste to sign the treaty of San Ildefonso, by which Parma and Elba and the American colony of Louisiana were surrendered to France, while a joint Spanish and French expedition was launched against Portugal in order to force the House of Braganza to abandon its alliance with England and to shut its harbours against English ships. Spain agreed, further, to pay Napoleon for protection.

Since, however, the heir to the principality of Parma had married a daughter of the King of Spain, it was necessary to make restitution in some form. Napoleon renamed Tuscany "Etruria," raised it to the status of a kingdom, and conferred it upon young Louis and his wife. He entertained the couple in Paris for a few days, thus advertising to the world the fact that Spain and Italy were become a part of his system and, further, that he had bestowed royal crowns upon members of the House of Bourbon. King Ferdinand IV of Naples, another Bourbon, was confirmed in his kingship, though not before he had been compelled to evacuate the Papal States and restore to Rome the treasures he had filched from her before Marengo.

It remained, in order to complete this peaceful conquest of the Mediterranean, to come to terms with Rome herself. Napoleon was already determined upon that course for reasons of policy unconnected with his Russian alliance—as the marriages at Mombello, the protectorship of Milan Cathedral, and,

most important of all, the ordering of funeral obsequies for Pope Pius VI, who had died at Avignon, had shown. Opportunity favoured his plans, because the new Pope, Pius VII, had been his friend during the first Italian campaign and stood now in some need of his support by reason of the disputes which had attended the Papal election. Napoleon announced that the States of the Church in French occupation would be restored upon certain conditions, one of which was the closing of all harbours to English trade. A hint was conveyed at the same time that the First Consul was ready to come to an understanding with the Curia, and Cardinal Consalvi immediately travelled to Paris. After some negotiation the treaty called the Concordat was signed. Napoleon acknowledged the Pope as head of the Church and agreed that appointments of archbishops and bishops should not be valid unless approved by him. In return the Pope gave recognition to the Consulate and accepted a subsidy for such losses of territory as were irreparable.

Like the creation of the throne of Etruria, the Concordat proclaimed Napoleon's strength, since it showed that he and not the Royalists or the Jacobins was master in France. The mass of the French nation, always Catholic at heart, rejoiced, while a similar joy was felt throughout Italy and Spain. Thus, by a master-stroke of policy, the three great Latin peoples had been fused together in an alliance based upon their common heritage of faith and having as its secular object emancipation from a financial system that was making all Europe dependent upon London. This Latin League was the counterpart of the Baltic League. A great inland sea was in process of being closed to English shipping and English trade, while a shield was being provided behind which countries, denied the use of the oceans as a means of communication, might pursue in the Near East and Northern Africa their search for colonial products. Pitt's policy of blockade was thus dangerously threatened by a prospect of economic self-sufficiency which, if it succeeded, must make Europe independent of sterling credits and so inflict ruin upon the international bankers of Lombard Street.

This was clearly understood on the other side of the Channel. Indeed, two occurrences, the one execrable and the other of lustrous fame, showed with what anxiety the enemies of France

were watching events. On Christmas Eve of the year 1800 an infernal machine was exploded by Royalists, among them Georges Cadoudal, in the rue Niçaise in Paris, just after the carriage of the First Consul had passed along the street on its way to the Opera. Though there were many deaths, Napoleon was uninjured and appeared at once, with Josephine, in the consular box. The second event was the destruction by Nelson of the Danish fleet at Copenhagen, with the consequent opening of the Baltic to English ships. This second blow, by exposing Russia to attack from the sea, put a check for the moment upon the Emperor Paul's designs.

Paul, nevertheless, contrived so greatly to interfere with English trade that the price of wheat remained at its high level in London. Pitt, unable to agree with the King on the question of Catholic Emancipation, resigned, and Addington replaced him as Prime Minister. Overtures for peace were made to Napoleon.

SCARCELY had the discussion of peace begun when the Emperor Paul was assassinated in his palace at St. Petersburg by a group of officers who were notoriously the close personal friends of his son and heir Alexander. Alexander instantly abandoned his father's policy, opened his harbours to English ships, renounced interest in Malta, and withdrew from association with France. This young man had received his early education from La Harpe, a Swiss Liberal in touch with the Neckers, and was already identified with advanced thinkers in the Russian capital—noblemen, for the most part, having financial or commercial connections with London, who had suffered severely by reason of Paul's "armed neutrality" and were heartily glad to be rid of it. It was observed that the new Emperor took no steps to punish his father's murderers.

Napoleon, afflicted by the blow, was now so little sure that peace would be made that he inserted a clause in his treaty with Holland to the effect that the Low Countries would not be evacuated by the French "until the final conclusion of peace with England." As it happened, however, the high price of wheat in London and the change of Government proved enough, in combination, to offset the Russian *volte-face* and so to secure the continuation of the peace talks. Napoleon urged these talks forward by all the means in his power, well knowing that, without Russia, his great design was fatally compromised. If Alexander became the ally of England a new Austrian campaign was a certainty. It would be necessary, in that case, to defend France once more upon European battlefields. Happily the English people were weary of war and determined to make an end of it. Preliminaries of peace were signed in London on October 1, 1801, amid great rejoicing. Paris was not less enthusiastic. There were torchlight processions in the streets and salvos of guns.

Napoleon's satisfaction was unrestrained, for alone among his counsellors he realized that he had snatched victory from defeat. If the treaty gave England India and Ceylon, that was no more than an acknowledgment of accomplished fact. On the other hand, Egypt was to be restored to the Sultan of Turkey and Malta to her Knights. Nor had any clauses relating to trade been included.

This last advantage outweighed all the others in the First Consul's mind, because he remained implacably determined to pursue his own economic policy—namely:[181]

"Agriculture, industry, and foreign trade. Agriculture is the soul, the foundation of the kingdom; industry ministers to the comfort and happiness of the population. Foreign trade is the superabundance; it allows of the due exchange of the surplus of agriculture and industry. . . . Foreign trade, which in its results is infinitely inferior to agriculture, was an object of secondary importance in my mind. Foreign trade ought to be the servant of agriculture and home industry; these last ought never to be subordinated to foreign trade."

This economic system threatened the possessions of no other nation, but constituted, as Napoleon knew, a deadly danger to the debt system of London, for the reason that, when home trade is allowed to expand to its full extent, producers of goods, being assured of their markets, get out of debt and are enabled, in consequence, to sell their surplus products more cheaply than producers in other countries who are carrying a burden of debt. Debt in such circumstances cannot be endured by any nation and must inevitably disappear from all nations. Had the London bankers, Napoleon asked himself, lost their control of the English Government that a treaty which did not protect their system had been concluded? He allowed himself to believe it and began immediately to make plans for the development of the French possessions in America and the West Indies. His policy was changed completely, and the complications of European diplomacy no longer occupied first place in his mind. "This old Europe," he exclaimed in tones almost of scorn, as his gaze moved from the scenes of his triumph to the shores of the ocean. France had a new slogan: "Ships, Colonies, Commerce." He sent Joseph to Amiens to conclude the "Definitive

Treaty" with England which was to form the basis of a new period in French and European history.

Meanwhile plans were discussed whereby French agriculture and French industry might be stimulated in every possible way. Napoleon was determined that his factories should constitute the market for his farms and his farms for his factories, and that these two should be protected against any influences tending to upset their interdependence. The system is as old as civilization and possesses an effectiveness in making those who adopt it prosperous which has been displayed again and again in human story. Essentially, it consists in equating consumption to production until the demand for home-made or home-grown goods has been fully satisfied. Such unwanted surpluses as may then exist are exchanged for foreign goods, of which the home supply is insufficient. Since the power to consume is the power to buy, it is obvious that the amount of money in the markets must be equal, at a given level of prices, to the amount of goods and must be kept equal, for if not consumption and production will at once get out of step with one another—in the language of economics, prices will begin to fluctuate, rising when the amount of buying power exceeds the amount of goods on sale and falling when buying power is less than the amount of goods.

Napoleon was determined to prevent such fluctuations in prices and possessed the means to carry out his intention in the indemnities obtained from Austria (after Hohenlinden and Marengo) and from Portugal. These large sums, amounting to about 50,000,000 frs., were to be supplemented by annual payments from Piedmont and Northern Italy.

The new Bank of France served as the necessary buffer between the Treasury and the markets, on the one hand, and between the Treasury and the tax-payers on the other. If the First Consul wanted to put money into circulation, he lodged promissory notes with the Bank in exchange for cash; if he wanted to take money out of circulation, he redeemed his promissory notes. In the first case, he was in a position to buy more himself or to enable others—for example, army pensioners—to buy more; in the second, power to buy was restricted. This maintenance of a stable relationship between supply and demand was equivalent to the maintenance of stable relation-

ships between costs and prices, sellers and buyers, creditors and debtors, producers and consumers, farms and factories, and thus afforded the necessary basis for an expansion of the home trade, and also for an export trade consisting of surplus products. The system required no borrowing from foreign bankers because the steadiness of prices ensured reasonable profits to farmers and industrialists, out of which new production could be financed by them.

The difference between Napoleon's system and the system of London resided, as has been indicated, in the attitude to the level of prices. The London bankers lived by preventing the equating of production and consumption. Production in England was stimulated while consumption was being restricted;[182] prices, in consequence, tended to fall and to go on falling so that neither farmers nor industrialists could ever earn enough to cover the cost of new capital goods, and were forced to borrow continuously from the banks. Most English farmers had to mortgage their crops before they were planted, and most English manufacturers built and equipped their factories with debt. Wages were very small because, had they been allowed to rise, interests on the debts could not have been paid. The home market in consequence possessed little power of absorbing goods, which had to be disposed of in foreign markets.

The London bankers accordingly feared exceedingly either the closing against English goods of important foreign markets or the deliverance from debt of any great European country. These two dangers, as they very well knew, were in reality the same danger, seeing that the effect of either must be to damage the English export trade (debt-laden goods cannot compete with debt-free goods) and so to depress the sterling exchange and cause an outflow of gold. Napoleon was challenging the monopoly of gold which was the secret of London's power, not only over Europe, but over England.

On the other hand, his system, as must be repeated, threatened no interest of the English people, but, on the contrary, held promise for that people—as for all other peoples—of deliverance from the debt-system and so of higher wages, expanding production and a rising standard of living. His system carried no threat of war, because it involved no struggle for foreign

markets by producers unable to sell their goods in their home markets. Englishmen anxious to exchange their surplus wool for surplus claret are not, by that anxiety, tempted to kill French wine-growers nor to lay waste the vineyards of France. Again, the possession of colonies, when a nation has free access to the world's markets, is no matter of life and death, and may even be something of a burden. When the export trade consists of the barter of a nation's superabundance for the superabundance of some other nation, the desire to cripple that other nation by excluding it from sources of raw materials or tropical products is not awakened. Only debt, with its concomitant low wages—*i.e.*, lack of buying power—arouses that desire. England's colonial empire was not menaced by Napoleon's economic system; nor was England's command of the sea. Only one interest, indeed, was threatened—namely, money-lending. Napoleon was to discover that, in his own words, "*l'argent est plus fort que le despotisme.*"

The process of discovery began almost immediately after the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens. The First Consul had used the occasion of peace to go in state to Notre Dame on Easter Sunday of the year 1802,[153] thus showing to the world France's reconciliation with Christianity. He had, further, opened his frontiers to the emigrant nobles and priests, who were assured, if they had not taken arms against France, of welcome and protection. These actions, far from winning approval among the Royalists, had caused an outbreak of vituperation, which had achieved its liveliest expression in London in the so-called Emigrant Press. Napoleon, always fearful of the influence of subsidized newspapers, had protested to the English Government, only to be told that they possessed no jurisdiction in the matter.

A sharp anxiety immediately took possession of him, and was quickened when demands were made by London for a trade treaty—that is to say, for the removal of the French tariff on English exports. The First Consul refused to make a treaty. He hurried on his preparations for an expedition to quell the negroes of San Domingo who had rebelled against the French and seized the island, and he ordered the whole of his naval effectives to make ready to cross the Atlantic. These plans,

which left France unprotected at sea, did not, however, silence the campaign of suspicion in the London Press. On the contrary, the expedition to the West Indies was represented as an attack on English trade, to be followed, very soon, by the creation of a powerful French Navy.

NAPOLEON, STATESMAN

CHAPTER XVIII

ON the day following his election as Consul, Napoleon had appointed bodies to advise him about the reform of the legal and educational systems. The reports of these bodies were discussed by the Council of State; he attended the meetings of the Council and guided and directed its deliberations. The schemes which were evolved were his schemes.

There was nothing haphazard about any of them. Napoleon, since he had become leader of armies and administrator of peoples, had acquired a body of knowledge such as very few men of his generation possessed. It was exact knowledge, won in action and tested by events; he was the last man in the world to underestimate its value. On the contrary, he had allowed it to change all his opinions and so to give a new direction to his policies. Whereas, as a Jacobin, he had been interested in the nature of ideas, his interest was set now upon the nature of things.

The nature of things, as he had begun to understand, is utility. He saw that, apart from men and women, nothing had meaning, and that consequently every abstraction was a trap for the unwary. There was no such thing as Liberty; but there were free men. In the same way Beauty and Justice and Truth were virtues to be enjoyed and not ideals to be worshipped. The State, too, was a figment, if by that term was meant a social contract superimposed upon the reality of effective leadership. Without leadership, as experience had shown him, there was no estate, and consequently leadership was not subject to any contract, but existed *sui generis* as one of the supreme facts of man's life, resembling in this respect fatherhood itself. Just as the father created the family, so the leader created the nation, which was always in the last issue his offspring stamped with the impress of his spirit. To say, as the revolutionaries had

said, that a people created its leader was, therefore, as absurd as to say that a child created its sire—an absurdity which every battlefield unmasked and which the history of the Revolution itself had, again and again, exposed. Mirabeau and Danton and Robespierre had thrust themselves upon the French, and with their hands and hearts had remoulded that people, each according to his own nature.

This was the antithesis of the doctrines of Rousseau and the philosophers who had taught that leadership is a quality delegated by the People and therefore inherent in the People.[184] Napoleon was enough acquainted with the writings of the Athenians to know that, whereas Rousseau's ideas derived, however remotely, from Plato, his own had been enunciated, in some degree, by Aristotle and, later, in a new and richer form, by St. Thomas Aquinas. The exigencies of the battlefield and the Council Chamber, what he called "the nature of things,"[185] had compelled him to abandon abstractions for reality. Like Robespierre, he had passed from Liberalism to Stoicism; unlike Robespierre, he had rejected fear to espouse glory, and this last movement had carried him unexpectedly beyond the confines of classic thought into a world where the ideas he had received in childhood from his mother and nurse began to wear again the complexion of truth. Without purpose, as he saw, glory is a bubble, and so the office of the leader who employs glory to lift up his folk is itself utilitarian and teleological. There is a quality of men and things which cannot be described or defined apart from human need. He saw that the Catholic doctrine of "essential substance" offered a complete and profound philosophy of life and urged this view upon Chateaubriand, who was writing a book on philosophy, and, on that writer's own showing, persuaded him, instead, to exalt Christianity. The result was the famous *Génie de Christianisme*. If the leader could not lead, Napoleon insisted there was no leader, and therefore no effect of leadership. An army without a leader, as he had seen, became an agglomeration of fugitives or of bands of freebooters; a people in the same plight was torn by factions and enslaved or destroyed. A chair broken was no longer a chair, because the essential substance had gone out of it.

Leadership, therefore, had the duty to preserve its effectiveness as well as the duty to sacrifice itself for the led. It must teach the people truth and give them warning against error. And it must so contrive that each man, in his daily life and work, experienced its virtue and thus found understanding of its reality. The husbandman and the craftsman, freely and easily exchanging their products, would experience the virtue which had instituted such exchange and was protecting it, while the fact of exchange would enable apprentices, by their native gift of enthusiasm, to undergo the discipline of refractory materials, and so (in learning to supply their neighbours' needs) to increase in moral and spiritual stature—the true education.

Napoleon's restoration of her Christian altars to France was a firstfruit of this change in his way of thinking. It was no mere political move, deeply as politics entered into it, but a course deliberately chosen because he had found, contrary to his expectations, that the teaching of the Church could be applied in practice, whereas the teaching of the philosophers could not. He was in no position to flirt with unreality, however much abstinence from such flirtation might cost him. It was essential to his purpose to show the French his leadership; he conceived that this object could best be attained by showing them the truth about all leadership—namely, that it is ecstatic and not intellectual, a passion and not a contract, a marriage and not a chairmanship. His acute sense of history approved and justified this method. Out of the Christian doctrine of the Fatherhood of God had proceeded, as he recognized, the reality of the fatherhood of the Christian king—a reality wholly distinct and different from secular representation. Thus leadership found its sanction in religion and its prototype in the life of every family. He desired to inculcate that truth, and, further, the truth that as Creation proclaims a Loving Creator—since without love there can be no creation—and as the children are witness of their father, so the nation, strong and prosperous and self-respecting, makes manifest the leader's grace. In other words, altar and throne and hearth, craftsman's bench and husbandman's fields embody the same substance of love. *Verbum caro factum est.*[186]

Madame de Staël's sneer that the returned priests were the

First Consul's "Clerical Constabulary" is testimony to the lack of understanding of Napoleon of the whole body of Liberals and philosophers. So far had their minds moved, indeed, from that order of ideas upon which Europe's civilization was originally built, that they failed even to recognize the order. Christianity and kingship had become counters in a political game, names of opprobrium to fling at enemies, an offence in the nostrils of the great god, Liberty. It was duty, therefore, to attack Napoleon as tyrant and despot, "Robespierre on horseback," "ideophobe."[187] On the day of the *Te Deum* in Notre Dame, Mme. de Staël shut herself in her house, "so that I might not witness the odious spectacle." And she complained bitterly that Bonaparte had made use of the old royal carriages and liveries and even, in some instances, of the coachmen as well, and that in the Cathedral the sermon had been preached by the same prelate who had officiated at the marriage of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

Napoleon cared nothing for such opinions. The service in Notre Dame informed France, if it did not inform the people who had used the cry of Liberty to load Frenchmen with debt and dishonour. On the morrow there was further information in the shape of a code of civil and criminal law, a system of primary and secondary education, an economic system, and a new order of chivalry.

The Code Napoleon, even in its form, expressed Catholic philosophy because it dealt first with persons, then with things (the objective or natural world), and, finally, with the relationship between them—the law of property and inheritance. Types and averages were abandoned in favour of the real man and the real woman. The object was utility, clarity, efficiency in operation. The family, too, was protected as never before in recorded history, knit together and armed against every sort of danger.

Exactly the same spirit informed the system of education. It is significant that a distinguished chemist, Foucroy, was put in charge of the system, which thus acquired a practical and scientific character. The system possessed also a political character, for Napoleon believed that children ought to be taught to uphold rather than to criticize the government of their country.

He wanted men and women capable of helping to remake France rather than scholars; the sneer that a mental enslavement was aimed at has little substance when it is remembered to what uses, during more than ten years, "Liberty" had been put. In the economic sphere, as has been said, attention was focussed upon markets. Napoleon declared, at a later period:[188]

"I will create institutions which will give strength to my system, to the machine which I have organized. You cannot imagine what sacrifices I am ready, even gladly, to make to secure a European order which will assure a long period of rest to all peoples, and prosperity to France and Germany as great as that enjoyed by England. . . ."

He added:

"England's prosperity rests on a figment. Her 'credit' resides solely in confidence, seeing that she does not possess the means of discharging her promissory notes in actual money. I admit, though, that her Government has more substantial assets than the means of payment, seeing that every private fortune is bound up with that of the State. The system of debt piled upon debt, by binding the present to the past, compels a species of confidence in the future. By involving everybody, every private fortune, in that of the State, the Government possesses something much better than means of payment (which it does not possess), because it has created an unlimited interest in itself on the part of every possessor of wealth. That is why we must persevere in our course. The time is not, perhaps, far distant when the English Ministry will find it more difficult to make loans or will only be able to make much smaller loans. When that time comes the English will no longer be able to offer the subsidies which have exerted so potent an influence on the Continent; for, with the exception of France, the paper money of all the European States is debased. There is neither credit nor money to-day except in London and Paris. . . .

"England's power, such as it now is, reposes solely on the monopoly (of colonial produce) which she exercises over other nations. Her power could not exist without that monopoly. Why does she keep to herself the benefits which so many millions of other people would like to share with her? She sees the world only through her Customs houses, through her com-

merce; but her population cannot consume all the goods on which duty is paid to her—there is the proof that she is acting selfishly as against other peoples. Why, then, if that be so, should other peoples pay duty to London on the goods they use?"

Inherent in his regulation of markets was his determination to be independent of London, whether in the matter of colonial produce or in that of tariffs. Nor, as his clear exposition shows, was he under any misapprehension. He knew that it was the monopoly of money, supported by the monopoly of raw materials, that he was challenging. The enemy was not England at all but Lombard Street, the Debt System, which had defeated and replaced the debt-free system of mediæval Europe. Christianity and leadership were the guarantees of the debt-free system just as speculative philosophy, party government, and a subsidized Press were the guarantee of the Debt System. Such illusions about the independence of the English Ministry as he had cherished when peace was made began to dissolve very soon afterwards, for he declared, in a speech about the greatness of France:

"The struggle is not over for the maintenance of that greatness; it will be renewed."[183]

That he hoped, nevertheless, to prevent renewal is clear from the efforts he made to disarm English fears about French seapower—the sending away to America of his naval units has already been mentioned. No building upon an important scale was undertaken to replace these units. Nor did the size of the expedition to San Domingo leave room for doubt about its genuine character. Napoleon put Leclerc, Paulette's husband, in charge of it and compelled Paulette herself, against her will, to accompany her husband. Elaborate schemes for developing the island after it had been reconquered from the "Black Napoleon," Toussaint l'Ouverture, were drawn up by the First Consul himself in a manner which proves that he expected to be able to maintain peace during many years. The same expectation was shown in the persistence with which the attack on San Domingo was pressed in face of grave danger from yellow fever and other tropical ills, and the stubborn refusal to relinquish hold even in the face of new threats of war in Europe.

Napoleon has been accused of cruelty to Toussaint, who was captured, brought to France, and imprisoned. The illustrious negro died of the effects of the European climate; but had he been left in San Domingo all hope of turning the island into a source of colonial produce must have been abandoned. Toussaint's removal from the scene of his power, therefore, is further proof that hope of avoiding war with England had not been abandoned in Paris. Nor can the steps taken to send troops to Louisiana and to buy Florida be excluded from this category of evidence.

Hope, nevertheless, was not permitted to serve as an excuse for dilatoriness in preparing for the worst by strengthening the defensive position of France both within and without her frontiers. Napoleon instituted the Legion of Honour in order to possess the means of rewarding service, whether military or civil; he demanded, and obtained by an overwhelming vote, the life-tenure of his great office, with the right to name his successor, and he armed himself with such power of control over the members of his own family as seemed necessary to him. His family was in uproar, as it happened, over Josephine's proposal that her daughter Hortense should marry Louis. Lucien, as usual, led the opposition, but Mme. Bonaparte the senior was also active, because she had reason to believe that a rumour, to the effect that Napoleon himself was Hortense's lover, had been put into circulation by Josephine. Her suspicions, in point of fact, were well founded. Josephine's escape from divorce after her husband's return from Egypt had been so narrow as to leave behind it a fear, amounting to obsession, that her new-found glory would soon be snatched away from her unless she could provide Napoleon with an heir. If, however, Hortense's son was believed to be Napoleon's son, her salvation might, she thought, be accomplished. The scandalous story, unfortunately, reached Louis' ears; and though he knew it to be baseless and was really fond of Hortense, it poisoned his happiness. The marriage, nevertheless, took place. Caroline was already married to Murat, and she and her husband received the nuptial benediction at the same time as Louis and Hortense. Their joy made striking contrast with the melancholy of the other two. Napoleon, who liked a seasonable ex-

hibition of mirth at a wedding, was gloomy and ill at ease. Next morning he took Josephine away with him to Lyons where the election of the head of the new Cisalpine Republic was about to take place.

He had already been chosen to fill this office, but had delayed acceptance of it because of his hope that peace would be maintained. His journey to Lyons, therefore, expressed an increasing uneasiness, as also did his annexation of Piedmont to France—for though that step had been announced before the signing of the Treaty of Amiens, it had not immediately been taken. Italy possessed importance to France in proportion as the danger of war with England increased.

The same was true of the Rhine. As has already been said, the Treaty of Lunéville with Austria provided for the secularization of a number of bishoprics on the right bank of that river, and their distribution among the princes who had been dispossessed by the French acquisition of the left bank. This share-out, so far as Napoleon was concerned, was important only as a means of defending France against Austria, but he saw in it a further means of binding Russia to his policy. The young Emperor Alexander, who was related to the family of Baden, was invited to express his approval of the principle of secularization. When approval was forthcoming, the Prince of Baden, the King of Prussia, and the King of England (as Elector of Hanover) were enriched by new possessions (George III got a bishopric), whereas Austria suffered loss and, in addition, was virtually cast down from her seat as head of the Holy Roman Empire.

The first effect was to stimulate Austrian intrigue in Switzerland so that the safety secured by France on the Rhine might be lost again among the mountains. The Treaty of Lunéville had secured the removal of French troops from the Swiss valleys. No sooner were its provisions carried out by Napoleon than a civil war between the Bernese Oligarchy, supported by Austria and financed by London, and the pro-French elements of the population broke out. It was no part of the treaty that the Alpine passes—the great road over the Simplon from Briques was in process of completion—should be handed to Austria and the French thus shut off from communication with Italy. When

the struggle increased in violence, therefore, Napoleon sent Ney with an army of 20,000 men to restore order, declaring:

"I will not deliver up to 15,000 mercenaries, paid by England, those formidable bastions of the Alps which the European Coalition has not been able, in two campaigns, to wrest from our exhausted troops. People talk to me about the will of the Swiss people; I cannot discover it in the will of two hundred aristocratic families."

Mme. de Stael and her friends, who as has been seen had formerly demanded the help of the French against the Bernese Oligarchy, now became the Oligarchy's champions against the French, and an outcry was raised in Geneva and also in London against "the bully" engaged in trampling down the liberties of a small people. The British Government despatched a Mr. Moore to Berne with instructions to offer financial aid and to proceed into Austria for the purpose of buying guns and other munitions. At the same time an offer was made to the Emperor Francis of Austria of a subsidy of £9,000,000 if he would go to the help of the Oligarchy. Negotiations with the Emperor Alexander of Russia were opened at the same time.

These acts of secret hostility awaked Napoleon's liveliest suspicions, and he instructed his Ambassador in London to ask if England desired to kindle another war in Europe. The Ambassador was told to add:[190]

"If war should be renewed on the Continent it would be England that would have obliged us to conquer Europe."

The Swiss, other than the Oligarchy of Berne, shared none of London's fears on their behalf. On the contrary, they sent a mission to Paris to consult with the First Consul, who told them:

"You must be a neutral people, whose neutrality all the world respects because it obliges all the world to respect it. But do not, in your wish to remain independent, forget that you must be friends with France. Her friendship is necessary to you . . . Switzerland must not, on any account, become a focus of intriguers and secret enemies."

He announced his intention of becoming "Grand Mediator of the Swiss Republic" and of guaranteeing neutrality on conditions conformable to French safety. The Swiss accepted and

the French troops were withdrawn. Switzerland settled down to a period of peace and prosperity which was not again interrupted during ten years.

London's demands for a trade treaty continued, meanwhile, to be pressed in Paris so that Napoleon was left in no doubt either that the English Government were actuated by the same ideas as the English bankers or that he himself must choose immediately between compliance and war. He was stubbornly determined not to comply. His mind in consequence was bent upon the discovery of means whereby the martial ardour of the merchants of debt might be abated. His thoughts turned again to Egypt, and he sent Colonel Sebastiani[191] on a semi-private mission to that country "to observe and report."

In England the enthusiasm which had been shown for France at the time of the Treaty of Amiens was evaporating daily under the fiery blasts of a Press which spoke with one voice. The Addington Ministry was already doomed, and Pitt's return to power was certain. Parliament met and the speech from the Throne declared:

"You will, I am persuaded, agree with me in thinking that it is incumbent upon us to adopt these measures of security which are best calculated to afford the prospect of preserving to my subjects the blessings of peace."

Measures to increase the strength of the English Navy from 30,000 to 50,000 men and to add 66,000 men to the Army were immediately passed. In the debate Lord Grenville taunted the Government for its feebleness:

"What," he exclaimed, "has the Government at last discovered that we have interests on the Continent; that attention to these interests is an important part of British policy; and that they have never ceased to be sacrificed since the hollow peace signed with France? And is it the invasion of Switzerland that led ministers to perceive this? Was it not till then they began to discover that we were excluded from the Continent; that our allies there were immolated to the insatiable ambition of that pretended French Republic which has desisted from threatening European society with a demagogue convulsion only to threaten it with a frightful military tyranny?

"Scarcely had you signed the Preliminaries of London before

our erstwhile enemy openly seized the Italian Republic upon pretext of having the presidency of it decreed to him, appropriated Tuscany to himself, upon pretext of granting it to an Infant of Spain and, as the price of this false concession, made himself master of the finest part of the American continent—Louisiana. Scarcely had you signed the Definitive Treaty—the wax which you had stamped with the arms of England upon that treaty was scarcely cold—when our indefatigable foe, disclosing the intentions which he had dexterously concealed from you, united Piedmont to France, and dethroned the worthy King of Sardinia, the constant ally of England. . . . But this is not all . . . in August (1802) the Consular Government intimated to Europe, plumply and plainly, that the Germanic Constitution had ceased to exist. All the German States were blended together and divided, as it were, into lots which France assigned to whomsoever she pleased; and the only power on which we have reason to reckon for curbing the ambition of our enemy, Austria, has been so weakened, abased, humbled, that we know not whether she will ever be able to raise herself again."

Lord Grenville went on to speak of the distresses of the House of Orange, which had received from the secularizations on the Rhine "a paltry bishopric, nearly the same as the House of Hanover, which has been unworthily robbed of its personal property."

However, there was one point upon which the Government could be congratulated: it had not withdrawn from Malta.

"Is it from negligence, from levity," he asked, "that you have acted thus? Lucky negligence! The only thing we can approve in you. But we hope you will not let this last pledge, left by accident in your hands, slip from your grasp, and that you will hold it fast to indemnify us for all the violations of treaties committed by our insatiable enemy."

Napoleon had violated no treaties and had fulfilled already his part of the Treaty of Amiens. But Malta lay upon the way to Egypt with its store of colonial produce. Grenville was answered by Fox, who had visited Paris and been received by Napoleon on several occasions.

"I am astonished," Fox said, "at all I hear, astonished particularly on considering who they are that say such things. . . .

When was this extraordinary aggrandizement which astonishes and alarms you, when was it produced? Was it during the administration of Mr. Addington? . . . Or during the administration of Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville? Under the administration of Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville had not France acquired the line of the Rhine, gained possession of Holland, Switzerland, Italy as far as Naples? Was this because no resistance had been made to her, because her encroachments had been tamely endured, that she had thus outstretched her giant arms? I apprehend not, for Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville had banded together the most formidable of coalitions to crush that ambitious France.

"They laid siege to Valenciennes and Dunkirk, and already destined the first of these places for Austria, the second for Great Britain. That France, who is charged with intruding by force in the affairs of others, was then to be invaded for the purpose of forcing upon her a government to which she would not submit, of obliging her to accept the family of Bourbon, whose yoke was spurned, and by one of those sublime movements of which history ought to preserve an eternal record and to recommend to imitation, France repelled her invaders, Valenciennes and Dunkirk were not wrested from her; laws were not dictated to her; on the contrary she has dictated laws to others. . . .

"You talk of Italy; but was it not in the power of the French when you were treating for peace? Did you not know that it was? Was not this one of your grievances? Did this circumstance prevent you from signing the peace? . . .

"The King of Piedmont (King of Sardinia) interests you much—well and good; but Austria, whose ally he was much more than yours, Austria has abandoned him. She did not even choose to mention him in the negotiations lest the indemnity that might be given to this prince should diminish the part of the Venetian States which she coveted for herself. . . .

"You talk of Germany turned upside down; but what has been done in Germany? The ecclesiastical States have been 'secularized' to indemnify the hereditary princes by virtue of a formal article of the Treaty of Lunéville, a treaty signed nine months before the Preliminaries of London, more than twelve

months before the Treaty of Amiens,, and signed at what period? When Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville were ministers of England. . . . Why do you not complain of Russia, who went halves in consummating the convulsion?

"The Elector of Hanover, you say, because unfortunately for himself he was King of England, has been very ill-used. I have not heard that he was extremely dissatisfied with his lot; for without losing anything he has obtained a rich bishopric. . . .

"To break a solemn engagement, to retain Malta for instance, would be an unworthy breach of faith which would compromise the honour of Britain. . . .

"Must we then, to gratify the ambition of our merchants, spill torrents of British blood?"

It was necessary, after Fox's speech, to find some more substantial reason for keeping Malta than had so far been advanced. The English Government declared therefore that they were retaining the island because Napoleon had not yet removed his troops from Holland as he had promised to do, in his treaty with the Dutch, at "the final conclusion of peace with England." Napoleon replied that peace based upon a treaty which remained unfulfilled in an important respect had not been "finally concluded." Malta first, then Holland. The French Ambassador, Andréossy, who had been sent specially to London, was instructed that:

"In our existing relations with England we cannot but see a kind of armistice."

Meanwhile Colonel Sebastiani had returned from Egypt. He reported that the English were settled in Alexandria, contrary to the terms of the Treaty of Amiens, that the Turks were fighting the Mamelukes, and that, in such circumstances, six thousand French soldiers could reconquer the country. Napoleon at once published this report in his newspaper *Le Moniteur*, with the comment that publication had been resolved upon in order to show the world how England was fulfilling the Treaty of Amiens. The real reason of publication was to convince the City of London that, if war was resumed, a second Egyptian expedition could be counted upon. That London was impressed is clear from the fact that the Russian Ambassador in Paris immediately offered, on his master's behalf, to mediate

between France and England. Without committing himself to the Russian, Napoleon sent for Lord Whitworth, the British Ambassador. He received him in an empty room furnished with a long table. The Ambassador was given a chair on one side of the table, Napoleon sat down opposite to him on the other side.[192]

"Every wind that blows from England," Napoleon said, "brings me hate and insult. Now we have got into a situation from which we must, absolutely, extricate ourselves. Will you, or will you not, fulfil the Treaty of Amiens? I have executed it on my part with scrupulous fidelity. That treaty obliged me to evacuate Naples, Taranto, and the Roman States within three months; in less than two months all the French troops were out of those countries. Ten months have elapsed since the exchange of the ratifications and the English troops are still in Malta and Alexandria.

"It is useless to try to deceive us on this point; will you have peace, will you have war? If you want war, only say so; we will wage it relentlessly until one or other of us is ruined. If you want peace, you must evacuate Alexandria and Malta. . . ."

Lord Whitworth answered that Malta would already have been evacuated but for Colonel Sebastiani's report and the changes which had occurred in Europe.

"To what changes are you alluding?" Napoleon asked. "Not the Presidency of the Italian Republic conferred on me before the signature of the Treaty of Amiens? . . . Is it Piedmont? Is it Switzerland? . . . I told everybody, even before the Treaty of Amiens, what I meant to do with Piedmont. I told Austria, Russia, and yourselves."

He discussed Switzerland and the Rhine, and continued:

"If you are jealous of my designs on Egypt, my Lord, I will try to satisfy you. Yes, I have thought a great deal about Egypt, and I shall think about it still more if you force me to renew the war. But I will not endanger the peace which we have enjoyed so short a time for the sake of reconquering that country. The Turkish Empire threatens to fall. For my part I shall contribute to uphold it as long as possible; but if it crumbles to pieces I mean France to have her share. . . .

"If I had pleased, I might, out of the numerous divisions

which I sent to San Domingo, have diverted one to Alexandria. The four thousand men you have there would not have been an obstacle. They would, on the contrary, have been my excuse. I could have pounced unawares on Egypt, and this time you would not have wrested it from me. But I have no thoughts of the kind. . . . I contemplate no aggression. All that I had to do in Germany and in Italy is done; and I have done nothing but what I had previously announced, avowed, or comprehended in a treaty. . . .

"Do you suppose that I want to risk my power and renown in a desperate struggle? If I have a war with Austria, I shall contrive to find my way to Vienna. If I have a war with you, I shall take from you every ally on the Continent; I shall cut you off from all access to it, from the Baltic to the Gulf of Taranto. You will blockade us, but I will blockade you in my turn. . . ."

This was an announcement that the Baltic and Mediterranean Leagues which had existed before the assassination of the Emperor Paul would be reformed at once and the drain of gold from London, in consequence, resumed. But Whitworth was too well aware of the state of mind of the new Emperor of Russia to feel nervous. If the Baltic League was London's chief anxiety because of her purchases of wheat in Poland and Russia, London believed that it could not be reformed without Alexander's consent, and was assured that Alexander was implacably hostile to France.

Napoleon understood this perfectly, and in consequence had been very reserved of late in his attitude to the Russian Ambassador. Nevertheless, as Whitworth knew, he possessed weapons of a kind likely to be formidable—notably the understanding which for a long time had existed between France and Prussia.

"Act cordially by me," the First Consul concluded, "and I promise you, on my part, an entire cordiality. I promise you continual efforts to reconcile our interests wherever they are reconcilable. Let us think of uniting instead of going to war and we shall rule at pleasure the destinies of the world. Everything is possible, in the interest of humanity and of our double power, to France and England united."

Napoleon, on the showing of Whitworth, displayed great uneasiness. He felt it. An anxious message was sent by him to the Chamber in which the sentence occurred:

"The Government states with just pride that England to-day cannot strive alone against France."

Unfortunately for him, as he knew, England had no thought of striving alone—Austria and Russia and other smaller states were with her. Nevertheless, there were still many partisans of peace in England—so many that it was determined by their rulers to make their flesh creep in order to convert them.

"His Majesty," a royal message to Parliament announced, "thinks it necessary to acquaint the House of Commons that, as very considerable military preparations are being carried on in parts of France and Holland, he has judged it expedient to adopt additional measures of precaution for the security of his dominions."

These statements were untrue, as the speech itself shows, for the King was made to add:

"Though the preparations to which His Majesty refers are avowedly directed to colonial service yet . . ."

There were no preparations. There was not, in any French port, a single disposable ship. In a Dutch port two sail of the line and two frigates were embarking troops for Louisiana. Napoleon, reading the speech, knew that his hopes had been disappointed. He was about to receive the Diplomatic Corps. He showed a lively anxiety and, on entering the *salon*, walked straight up to Lord Whitworth.[193]

"So you are determined to go to war," he exclaimed.

"No, First Consul, we are too sensible of the advantages of peace. We have already been at war for the last fifteen years. . . ."

"But you want to make war for fifteen years more, and you are forcing me into it."

"That is very far from His Majesty's intention."

Napoleon had become violently agitated. He left Whitworth and strode to the Russian Ambassador. He declared in loud tones:

"The English want to make war; but if they are the first to draw the sword I shall be the last to replace it. They refuse to

respect treaties. In the future they will have to be covered with black crêpe."

He turned to the Swedish Minister—another representative of the old Baltic League, who was co-operating with Russia:

"Your King forgets," he exclaimed, "that Sweden is not what she was in the time of Gustavus Adolphus, that she has sunk to the level of a third-rate power."

Lord Whitworth was watching closely. Napoleon returned to him, and "to my great annoyance" resumed the conversation by saying "something personally civil to me."

"What is the meaning of these armaments?" he then asked. "Against whom are you taking all these precautions? I have not a single man o' war in the French ports; but if you wish to arm I shall arm too; if you wish to fight I shall fight too. You may succeed in annihilating France; you will never intimidate her."

"We wish to do neither; we should like to live on good terms with her."

"You should then respect your treaties. May evil befall those who fail to respect their treaties. They are responsible to all Europe."

"He was too agitated," Whitworth wrote, "to make it advisable to prolong the conversation. I therefore made no answer and he retired to his apartments repeating the last phrase."

Meanwhile Andréossy, in London, had been discovering the real reasons of hostility. As has been said, a flight of gold from London had preceded the conclusion of peace. Gold, since peace was declared, had been returning to London; the exchanges were steady and the merchant bankers were eager to lend. Napoleon's refusal to discuss a trade treaty had made all these merchant bankers his enemies. Andréossy reached the same conclusion as his master—namely, that the choice lay between the trade treaty and war.

"In a country where the main interest is business," he wrote to Napoleon,[194] "and where the merchant class is so prosperous, the Government has to appeal to the merchants for extraordinary funds and they have the right to insist that their interests should be considered in the policy which is adopted."

This meant simply that the English Government would find

itself without resources if it did not obey the dictates of the City of London, and that consequently the merchant bankers who supplied the "extraordinary funds" and not the Ministers of the Crown, were in control. Andréossy thought that this state of affairs justified a change of attitude on Napoleon's part, and urged that if concessions were made, in the matter of commerce, the English would be found willing to arrive at a settlement; and similar advice was given by Talleyrand, who had acquired a large fortune since he became Barras' Foreign Minister and knew what he was talking about. But the First Consul would not yield. Nor did the references to the hints made at Amiens that England might be willing to acknowledge him as King of France if satisfactory terms were reached move him in the least. England, as he believed, was trying to force him into her debt system by threatening that, if he refused, she would close all the seas, including the Mediterranean, against him. The threat amounted to a demand for submission, seeing that if he became the recipient of sterling loans—and without his tariff that would inevitably happen—he would be bound hand and foot to the interests of his creditor. "The hand that gives," he declared, "is above the hand that takes." Later he said:[195]

"One has only to consider what loans can lead to in order to realize their danger. Therefore I would never have anything to do with them and have always striven against them."

To Talleyrand and his brother Joseph, who continued to press him for concessions to London, he declared:

"As we must fight, sooner or later, with a country to whom the greatness of France is intolerable, why, the sooner the better. ... Let them (the English) obtain a place in the Mediterranean to put into, I have no objection. But I am determined that they shall not have two Gibraltars in that sea, one at the entrance and another in the middle."

A few days later, so great was his anxiety, he instructed Andréossy to accept the mediation of the Emperor of Russia in the sense that Malta should pass into Russian hands. The English Government replied that it possessed positive information that Alexander would not accept the task which France sought to impose upon him. In fact, Alexander did accept. But it was too late; war had already been declared.

THE Peace of Amiens was broken on May 16, 1803, by a declaration of war by England. Every available French ship on the high seas was thereupon seized as lawful prize. Napoleon, for his part, ordered all Englishmen in France to be arrested and thrown into prison and at once sent an expedition to take possession of Hanover. Bremen and Hamburg were closed to British commerce. A month later the French entered Naples and closed the harbours of Taranto, Brindisi, and Otranto.

In July, 1803, the "Continental system" was inaugurated. Napoleon forbade absolutely the importation of English goods into France or into any of her dependencies, and thus threw back on the deflated English market a large bulk of merchandise. The goods could not be sold in England. Prices fell and industrialists and farmers suffered heavy losses. The consequent freezing of credit inflicted injury on the financial system.

But the weapon was two-edged in the respect that English markets were now closed to the First Consul, who stood in great need of equipment for his army and in still greater need of money. When hope of preserving peace had vanished, hurried attempts had been made to borrow in Holland. The bankers there, however, were in close association with London and refused to lend. Napoleon thereupon sold Louisiana to the United States, arguing that if he won his war with England the difficulty of obtaining raw materials would be resolved, whereas if he lost it, England would seize all his colonial possessions. In the meanwhile Louisiana was useless. He obtained only £3,000,000 for the colony, and of this sum had to part with about £1,000,000 in commissions to the Hopes of Amsterdam and other financial houses; but the money, nevertheless, saved him from immediate ruin. With it he bought

some 250,000 muskets, 100,000 cavalry pistols, 30,000 sabres, and 100 batteries of field artillery. He also spent a small sum in refitting those naval units which he still possessed. And he began to concentrate all his available forces under his ablest Generals on the cliffs of Boulogne. Holland, in exchange for a guarantee of her integrity, home and colonial, was compelled to furnish 5 ships of the line, 100 gunboats, 11,000 men, and subsistence for a French army of 18,000. Spain was ordered to accept a change of the treaty made in 1796, by which change a money payment of 6,000,000 frs. a month was substituted for the ships and men she had guaranteed to her ally. Portugal bought neutrality by a contribution of 1,000,000 frs. a month. All these resources were spent on the army and the "flotilla" with which, so it was asserted, the invasion of England was to be undertaken.

In fact, as has been said, Napoleon's object was to restore as quickly as possible the Baltic and Mediterranean Leagues. Much depended upon Prussia, owing to her position on the shores of the Baltic and the size and strength of her army. The declaration of war with England was the signal, therefore, for an approach by France to King Frederick William. Napoleon had studied Frederick the Great's grand-nephew carefully and had assured himself that the only qualities of that illustrious soldier which he had inherited were frugality amounting to meanness, honesty, and stubbornness. He offered him, in exchange for an immediate alliance, King George III of England's German principality, Hanover. The offer was as tempting as the prospect of the consequences of refusal to accept was dismal. Napoleon controlled the navigation of the Elbe and Weser by which the linens of Silesia, Prussia's chief product, reached the sea. Already that navigation was paralyzed so that a severe economic crisis had taken place.

But an alliance with France meant grave difficulties with Russia. Frederick William, as has been seen, had shared fully in the secularizations on the Rhine and so had incurred the hostility of Austria. His relations with England were compromised. Was he, then, to have no friend in Europe except Bonaparte? His wife answered for him. This lovely girl possessed the spirit of Marie Antoinette, and would not listen

to any proposal that the House of Hohenzollern should be made the catspaw of the Corsican revolutionary. Frederick William hesitated and then accepted an invitation to meet Alexander of Russia at Memel.

Napoleon meanwhile was forging, on the cliffs at Boulogne and in six camps placed at intervals down the coast from Holland to the Pyrenees, a weapon which, while it seemed to be directed against England, could obviously be turned immediately against more accessible neighbours. The army on the cliffs was engaging as much attention in Berlin and Vienna as it was engaging in London, and it constituted, as far as Frederick William was concerned, an additional reason why the French offer should not be refused out of hand. In these circumstances London acted with her usual vigour and intelligence. The French emigrants in England were encouraged to hope for assistance and, becoming convinced that the hour of their triumph was near, made a great stir which was re-echoed in France. At the same time instructions of a very secret nature were sent to the British Consular agents in Cassel, Salzburg, and Munich, obedience to which was attended by no stir of any kind.

Thus Alexander doubtless had good news for Frederick William when they met at Memel. There was, in fact, no need to be unduly depressed about the closing of the Elbe and Weser, seeing that the Danube and the right bank of the Rhine remained in friendly hands, and could therefore be used not only for the export of Prussia's linens, but also for the import of England's manufactures. Napoleon's Mediterranean League was not so complete that English ships could not enter that sea, nor was his hand so heavy upon Naples and the Papal States that English merchandise could not be brought into Italy, transported from there to the Tyrol and the Danube basin, and so dispatched through Bohemia to Dresden or through Bavaria and Baden to the Rhine. Why, then, join an attempt to close the Sound in the interests of France? Such a step could have no other effect than that of exasperating still further the English Government, which had it in its power to prevent absolutely any shipment from any Continental port.

Frederick William must have been the more ready to listen

to such pleadings because the merchants of Hamburg and Bremen—both in French hands—who had always bought the Silesian linens had refused recently to bid for such quantities as were available. It could not be doubted that these merchants were acting upon French instructions. Prussia had lost the markets by which she lived, and he, Frederick William, had been compelled to send a million crowns into Silesia to relieve the distress in that district.

But though Emperor and King parted with many protestations of friendship, the Prussian soon showed that he did not yet see his course clear. He sent an emissary, Herr Lombard, to Napoleon, who was then in Brussels. Napoleon received this young man cordially and told him, without equivocation, that his sole purpose was to curb the maritime despotism of England and so to obtain peace. Prussia, Russia, Sweden and Denmark, he added, had made common cause against England in 1780 and again in 1800, and on both occasions had achieved their object. Why not again make use of so well-proven a weapon?

As the First Consul developed his argument, Herr Lombard became first interested and then enthusiastic. Napoleon urged upon him the necessity of closing completely the coasts of Prussia and promised that the sufferings caused by that step would be of short duration. If the markets of Europe were denied to her, England would be driven into bankruptcy, and would thus be compelled to make peace on terms honourable to the European Powers. For these reasons Prussia ought to take her stand with France. The First Consul then mentioned Silesia and offered to pay in full for all the damage inflicted upon the trade of that area.

It was the month of August, 1803. The Baltic would not be ice-bound for several months, and consequently no time ought to be lost in bringing matters to an issue. But Herr Lombard's return to Berlin was not followed by any new advance on the part of Frederick William, who continued merely to protest his friendly feelings. The First Consul's suspicions were aroused. Did the King of Prussia know of some means whereby, when the Baltic was frozen, he would still be able to send out his produce to the world?

Very secretly inquiries were begun in the Rhineland where

the activities of the British Consular agents in Hesse, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria were being closely watched. Before long a Frenchman who had been associated with Mr. Drake,[196] the British Minister in Munich, was persuaded to supply information. He stated that Mr. Drake was in close touch with the French Royalists who lived in the Rhenish States, that he received agents from France and that he was concerned in Royalist conspiracies. The First Consul dictated some letters which this Frenchman was instructed to forward to Drake and in which the object of the army at Boulogne was said to be the invasion of Ireland. But this was only a shield for the real purpose—namely, to find out if Drake was one of a chain of agents busy with arrangements for the smuggling of merchandise into and out of Germany and Prussia, when the Baltic should be no longer available.

Napoleon soon convinced himself that his suspicions were well-founded. He discovered that an emigrant named Vernegues, who was in close touch with the Bourbons, was living in Rome in the quality of a Russian subject and, further, that another agent of the exiled princes, M. d'Entraigues, was at Dresden on a diplomatic mission from the Emperor of Russia. It needed no great acuity to connect these circumstances with the activity of Drake and so to discover the making of a secret channel for English goods (and Russian goods also), stretching from Southern Italy to the Rhine or to Prague and Dresden, and no doubt, as occasion offered, entering France too.

Here Napoleon convinced himself was the explanation of Frederick William's dilatoriness, and so also of the failure to recreate the Baltic League. Those Rhenish States on the right bank of the river, some of which he himself had created, were being used for his undoing. And he had no power to enter and control them. While his police were busy watching the Royalists in Normandy and unravelling the details of a plot that had recently been discovered, he obtained information about the activities of various important persons who were living in Bavaria and Baden and Würtemberg. Among these was the son of Bourbon-Condé, the Duc d'Enghien, a young man whose rather mysterious comings and goings were ascribed at Ettingen, where he lived, to his passion for hunting and to

the fact that he was married secretly to his cousin, a Princesse de Rohan. D'Enghien had applied for a commission in the English Army and was acting, as was soon discovered, on orders sent from London.

Napoleon kept his discoveries to himself until the time should have come to take action. But he developed suddenly an interest in the Royalists of Normandy which he had not hitherto displayed. The police were urged to hasten their inquiries and to spare no pains to discover the source of the rumours and counter-rumours which were vexing the capital. France, in a short time, was horrified to learn that a plot to assassinate the First Consul had been discovered, and that involved in the plot, in addition to English agents, were General Moreau, victor of Hohenlinden, General Pichegru, Napoleon's old teacher at Brienne and the one-time conqueror of Holland, and Georges Cadoudal, a chief author of the infernal machine. Pichegru had a bad reputation, for he had been convicted of treason to France and sent to Cayenne, from which he had escaped. But the association of Moreau with Cadoudal occasioned dismay. Was not France at war with England? What was to befall a country whose greatest soldiers played the enemy's game because they were personally jealous? Moreau's popularity vanished overnight, and when search began for Pichegru and Cadoudal, who were in hiding in Paris, something like panic occurred. Napoleon made it known that the conspirators had come from England and had been landed from an English naval unit commanded by a Captain Wright, and, further, that they had a secret means of reaching Paris by way of lonely farmhouses. While the anxiety was at its height the gates of the capital were closed. Cadoudal's arrest on March 9, 1804, after a murderous struggle in which two men were killed, removed from the public mind the last traces of doubt about the seriousness of the danger.

The First Consul himself, however, was still much more deeply concerned about the threat to his Baltic policy than about the threat to his life. It was obvious to him that unless Enland's secret highway was closed Prussia would not move; he would thus be powerless to bring any real pressure to bear on London, and his slender stocks of gold and silver would be

drained away to pay for the goods which all his efforts would not be able—so great was the demand for colonial produce and other merchandise—to keep out of France. Whereas all those about him saw a state of armed neutrality between France and England, he saw active and relentless war. England was bleeding him to death by cutting off his resources and drawing away his money. Nor did any possibility of salvation exist outside of the Baltic League, for the possession of Malta guaranteed his enemy against a new Egyptian expedition.

It was this knowledge which awakened his lively anger against the Bourbon princes. No doubt their position and way of thinking entitled them to look upon him as usurper of their patrimony and so as a dog to be killed. But it did not entitle them to kill France. These princes, on their own showing, were obeying English orders and accepting English money. They were actively supporting England's efforts to compass the economic destruction of their fatherland. He was resolved to treat them as enemies and, by means of them, to destroy at a blow the system in which they had been enlisted. He assumed personal control of the police and caused to be arrested persons whose connection with the chief plotters was not obvious—among them a Swiss attached to the Russian Embassy. Before this man had been interrogated, M. de Markoff, the Russian Ambassador, demanded his release. The demand was refused and orders were issued to increase the rigour of imprisonment. A request was sent at the same time to the Court of Saxony that the Russian agent, M. d'Entraigues, should be dismissed immediately, and a peremptory message to Rome asked for the arrest and extradition of Vernegues, the Russian agent in that city. Both demands were of a nature which admitted of no refusal. At the next diplomatic audience Napoleon strode up to de Markoff and told him, in loud tones, that it was most strange that he should have had in his employment a conspirator (the Swiss) against the Government to which he was accredited, and stranger still that he should have asked for the release of such a man.

"Does Russia," he demanded, "suppose that she is so superior to us in strength that she can act thus with impunity? Does she fancy that we have so utterly laid aside the sword for

the distaff that we must needs endure such conduct? She is much deceived if she thinks this; I will suffer no affront from any prince on the face of the earth."

The reference to "the distaff" was calculated to recall the Silesian linen which Napoleon had offered to buy so that it might be spun in France. Meanwhile he had sent a police officer in disguise to Ettenheim, in Baden, to report on the doings of the duc d'Enghien. This officer informed him, on March 10, the day of the first interrogation of Georges Cadoudal, that the young duke was often absent from home and that nothing was known about the reasons for these absences. Napoleon at once summoned an extraordinary council to attend him at the Tuileries. He announced his intention of seizing the duc d'Enghien and apologizing afterwards to the Prince of Baden for the violation of territory, and, though protests were uttered, notably by the Second Consul Cambacérès, persisted in his plan.

"These little German princes," he declared, "need a lesson."

He issued his orders on the spot. Colonel Ordener, with 300 dragoons, some sappers (for bridge building), and several brigades of gendarmerie, and furnished with rations for four days, was to go to the Rhine, cross that river at Rheinau, and immediately surround the town of Ettenheim. He was to seize the duc d'Enghien with all his papers, and was also to seize any Frenchmen who might be in the château. He was to conduct his prisoners to Strasbourg. At the same time Colonel Caulaincourt[197] was to go with another detachment, supported by some pieces of artillery, to Offenburg and wait there until the arrest had been carried out. He was then to visit the Prince of Baden and present him with a letter from Napoleon in which it was complained that, by allowing gatherings of emigrants in his territory, he had compelled the French Government to act for itself without previous assent.

These orders were executed. Napoleon demanded that the duc d'Enghien should be brought to Paris. He himself went to Malmaison and shut himself up so that great difficulty was experienced in getting into touch with him. The duc d'Enghien reached the capital on March 20, 1804, and was taken to

the fortress of Vincennes. Napoleon personally issued and signed orders-for-the-day for the Paris garrison, in which it was commanded that a military commission should immediately try the Duke for treason and that, if he was found guilty, sentence of death should be passed and executed on the spot. The commission assembled at midnight. The duc d'Enghien declared bravely that he had served against France and that he was upon the banks of the Rhine for the purpose of serving against her again. He was condemned; nor were his appeals for an interview with Napoleon listened to. Just before dawn he was shot in the fosse of the castle and then buried in a grave which had been dug the day before.

Next morning the news was announced to Paris and the world. It caused such a revulsion of feeling against Napoleon that those Royalists who had been giving him a tepid support called him assassin and murderer—regardless of the fact that France was at war with England and that the duc d'Enghien was in the enemy's pay. Napoleon cared nothing. The louder and more violent the outcry against him became, the more certainly he knew that he had found the way of closing the secret channel for English merchandise and Prussia's linen. There was not a princeling in Germany, after this, who would allow a bale of goods access to his dominions.

And he was right. Drake and the other agents were hurriedly removed from their posts and sent home, and King Frederick William of Prussia, through whose kingdom they passed, would not allow them to linger an hour on their way. Frederick William was terrified. His hopes of obtaining Hanover, and, more important still, the reversion from Austria of the leadership of the Rhenish States, could now be abandoned, because Napoleon must have discovered everything about his relations with Russia and his doings on the Rhineland. He busied himself to damp down, so far as possible, the outcry against France which his wife was conducting, and it is probable that he hinted to Mme. de Staël, who had come to Berlin on a missionary visit against Napoleon and in favour of England, and who was in high favour with the Queen, that she had better go home.[198] Herr von Haugwitz was instructed to tell the French Ambassador that "throughout this affair the

King has been especially anxious about all that concerns the glory of the First Consul."

Happily for Frederick William the spring was at hand and the Baltic ports were opening. There was no immediate prospect, therefore, of ruin. He turned again to Russia, and made a secret treaty whereby both sovereigns bound themselves to go to war with Napoleon if he attempted to invade Denmark so as to close the Sound by his own unaided action (May 24, 1804).

Alexander, meanwhile, was venting his fury on the unhappy Rhenish States and also on the Pope—for having delivered over Vernegues to Napoleon. He had put his Court in mourning for the Duc d'Enghien, had dismissed the Papal Nuncio from St. Petersburg, and had ordered the Diet of Ratisbon (all that remained of the Holy Roman Empire) to protest to France against the violation of the neutrality of Baden. He himself protested to France. Napoleon replied by removing the French Ambassador from St. Petersburg, whereupon the Russian Ambassador was removed from Paris. To a deputation of the Rhenish States, which waited upon him, the First Consul declared that if they made any formal protest:

"My reply will be so scornful and so harsh that your dignity will be cruelly humiliated. You will have no choice but to endure that reply or to take up arms, for I am resolved, if need be, to begin on the Continent my war with Great Britain."

Austria had made no protest, because she was glad to see the hopes of Prussia about the Rhineland so severely disappointed. Nevertheless, her part in the affair was not overlooked by Napoleon. She had drafted bodies of troops into the Tyrol and Bavaria to protect the English merchandise; she was ordered to reduce these establishments at once or to expect the march of 40,000 Frenchmen upon Munich. Finally a reply was sent to the Emperor Alexander, in which Napoleon asked him whether or not, had he known that the assassins of his father, the Emperor Paul, were living close to his frontiers, he would have had them seized. The sting of this question lay in the fact that, as has been said, Alexander had taken no steps to punish the murderers of his father.

NAPOLEON, by the seizure and execution of the duc d'Enghien, had won the secret war. He had already restored her altars to France; he determined now to restore also her throne, for he had learned that a dictator is a feeble substitute for a king.

The power of a dictator, as he saw, tends to be based upon a party or a caste, whereas a king's power proceeds out of himself in his relation to all his people. He had never identified himself with any party, and had been at pains to dissociate himself from the Army; on the other hand, by his leadership, he had recreated the French nation and thus become, in fact, the consecrated man.

"France," he declared, "needs a king."

The French people were of the same opinion. During eleven years they had exhausted all the forms of government known to men—constitutionalism, liberalism, dictatorship, oligarchy, the rule of the rogues. At last the fatherhood for which they craved had been restored to them. They wished to surround it with the ancient forms and symbols, and to make it manifest by the garlands and the oil of sacrifice. Napoleon should be raised, once for all, above those who continued to dispute his sovereignty, so that, upon the throne, he might possess new resources of strength.

The impulse was spontaneous, for the plot of Georges Cadoudal had revealed to millions of Frenchmen the extent of their dependence upon their leader. Petitions demanding the restoration of monarchy flowed into Paris from every corner of France and from all classes of the people. The Army and Navy were not more insistent than the body of the peasants or the townsfolk. The First Consul called his advisers together and opened his mind. He would be no Emperor of the Prætorians; France must speak. The Senate, under Fouché's guidance,

drafted a message to Napoleon on March 27, 1804, a week after the execution of the duc d'Enghien, in which he was invited to assume new powers for the benefit and safety of France. Napoleon replied in person that he wished for a little time in which to make the necessary soundings at home and abroad. Couriers were immediately sent to Berlin and Vienna, from both of which capitals towards the end of April favourable replies were received. On April 25 Napoleon asked the Senate to explain fully what it meant. On May 3 the Tribunate carried by an enormous majority a proposal that Napoleon Bonaparte should be "named Emperor," and that the title and power of the Emperor should descend in his family in the male line according to the order of primogeniture. This proposal was carried next day to the Senate, which received it with joy, and the upshot was that a Committee, over which Napoleon himself presided, set to work to draw up the constitution of the new Empire, its chambers, and its functionaries. By May 18 all was in readiness. The Senate accepted the new constitution, and then drove in a body, escorted by the Consular Guard and through delirious crowds, to St. Cloud where, in the palace, the First Consul and his wife awaited its coming.

"At this very instant," announced Cambacérès, the Second Consul, at the conclusion of a short speech, "the Senate proclaims Napoleon Emperor of the French."

"Everything," Napoleon replied, "which can add to the welfare of France is part and parcel of my happiness. I accept the title which you believe to be useful to the glory of the nation. I submit to the people the sanction of the law of hereditary succession. I hope that France will never repent of the honours with which she invests my family. At all events my spirit will no longer be with my posterity on that day when it shall have ceased to deserve the love and confidence of the Great Nation."

Cheers broke out and were carried to the gardens and the highway, and along the highway to Paris. Cambacérès then addressed Josephine. He remained to dinner and the new Emperor told him that he proposed to take the title also of King of Italy and to invite the Pope to come to Paris for the Coronation. The Arch-Chancellor, as Cambacérès had become,

was not fully informed about the reasons for these decisions, which had nothing to do with ambition or glory. Napoleon desired to give the Mediterranean League a focus in his own person and so to weld together France, Italy, Naples, Spain, and Portugal—the Latin Catholic peoples. The blessing of the Father of Christendom was essential to that purpose, not only because the new Empire was Catholic but also because the Pope himself was an Italian sovereign.

France voted immediately, and nearly unanimously, for the new Emperor and his family. The Imperial family, however, was less ready to acquiesce. On the morrow of his accession Napoleon found himself involved in bitter quarrels with his brothers and sister[199] and assailed anew by their violent jealousy of his wife. He had already had experience of this jealousy, which had flamed out when he had proposed to adopt Louis' and Hortense's son. His family had warned him on that occasion that, if he did anything so imprudent, everybody would believe Josephine's slanderous story that he was the child's father, but the real reason of their opposition—namely, that adoption would place this infant in the direct line of succession and so prevent the coming to the throne of Joseph, Lucien, or Louis—had not been hidden from him. His brothers were determined that he should not disinherit them, and his remark, "To hear my family, you would think that I had wasted the patrimony of the late king, our father," was faithful rendering of their thought. Lucien, in particular, was angry because he could not forget the service he had rendered at St. Cloud, nor the harshness with which Napoleon had dealt with him when it became known that he was robbing the public. Lucien had revenged himself by making a large fortune in Spain during the period of his ambassadorship in that country. He lost no opportunity of scoring off Napoleon, and succeeded in alienating, for a time, their mother's sympathy from her second son. Thus, when on one occasion Napoleon asked him to "tell mother not to call me Napoleone in public; it's an Italian name," he replied: "Our mother is no more obliged to speak French than was, for example, Marie de Medicis." He had been appointed a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour and a member of the Council of the Order,

which made him a senator, but was far from being appeased by these promotions.

A second source of trouble was Paulette. Her husband had died of yellow fever during the San Domingo expedition and she had nursed him with great devotion and courage. But she was not willing, after her return to Paris, to endure the monotony of a prolonged period of mourning. Napoleon was using Leclerc's death as an example of devoted sacrifice to the Fatherland, and could not tolerate the spectacle of his sister driving gaily about the capital as if nothing had happened. Nor did he hear with any pleasure that Paulette meant to marry Prince Camille Borghese, who possessed the finest diamonds in Europe. There was no objection to the marriage as such—indeed, it might help the Mediterranean League—but every kind of objection to anything savouring of indecent haste. Paulette became very angry and complained to her mother and Lucien, who advised her to do as she chose. A secret marriage, in the presence of the Bonaparte family, took place.

Napoleon's vexation was great. He had just, at his mother's request, obtained a Cardinal's hat for his half-uncle, the abbé Fesch, and had appointed Fesch to be his Ambassador to the Holy See. Was the Pope to be insulted by the presence in Rome of his sister and her husband when the fact of their marriage was unknown? On the other hand, to make the marriage known immediately would be to insult the memory of a brave French soldier who had been his own personal friend. He ordered the couple to remain in France until a second, public marriage could be celebrated, and told them that he would not himself be present on that occasion.

Napoleon's sisters were all interesting and all different, and the hatred which each cherished against Josephine was coloured by disposition and character. Elise, Bacciocchi's wife, who made up for the plainness of her face by the firmness of her character, despised the woman from Martinique as a vulgar intriguer. Elise was blue-stocking and wit, the friend of Mme. de Staël, but always enough Corsican to prefer the deed to the word. If she invited Chateaubriand, Fontanes, La Harpe, and Boufflers to her house, that was very much after the fashion in which she filled her *salons* with flowers. She took no man

seriously except her brother, and set his teeth on edge often by the weight of her comments on his plans and performances. But she had, likewise, a silly side to her character, the expression of which was a literary output, jejune and witless. Josephine was not really afraid of her.

How different the case of Paulette! This lovely girl, the most beautiful in Europe, according to many testimonies, possessed a fine courage, which was as reckless as her love-making. She had known how to face disaster and death in San Domingo; in Paris she seemed to care for nothing except her long, lingering toilets and great mirrors. Napoleon was as much attracted as the fading Josephine was repelled. He used to attend Paulette's toilets and amuse himself by inspecting the arsenal of perfumes, soaps, face creams, lipsticks, powders, paints, salves, tonics in which she delighted. Her surging laces and silks and the array of her frocks and hats gave him unending joy that made his protests so many compliments. But he listened to Paulette, whose attachment to him was sincere and unswerving, and acted, very often, on her suggestions. Josephine knew that and recognized an enemy whose hate was sleepless. Paulette's faithfulness made her own infidelity an enduring danger.

Caroline, on the contrary, was not greatly to be feared, though she hated, too, with the strength of a nature masculine in its vigour. Caroline, when she married Murat, had contracted out of the Bonaparte family. She was brave, fierce, implacably ambitious, governed by her unruly passions, but in love, as schoolgirls love, with her big dragoon. It was not Josephine's position that she coveted so much as Napoleon's, and consequently she was ready, on occasion, to intrigue with her sister-in-law against her brother. That she was Murat's evil genius the Emperor did not doubt, and he felt for her much less regard than he bestowed on Hortense, who, if she plotted with her mother, remained wholly dependent upon himself. Hortense was far too unhappy with Louis and far too much in love with M. de Flauhaut, Talleyrand's natural son, to constitute a real danger to anyone. A gentle girl, pretty in her own simple way, inclined to lamentation, but possessed, nevertheless, of a natural gaiety which was always disarming.

Paulette's revolt proved to be a trifle as compared with the

revolt of Lucien, which immediately followed it. Lucien, too, had contracted a second marriage. The lady was a widow named Marie Laurence Charlotte Louise Alexandrine. She was the daughter of an official of St. Malo, and at nineteen had married Jean Jouberthou, a financier, who had made a fortune during the Revolution. She had borne him two children. Jouberthou lost all his money and emigrated to San Domingo, leaving his wife and daughter (his son had died in infancy) without resources. A few months later Mme. Jouberthou met Lucien, who fell in love at first sight with her wild red hair and big blue eyes. Lucien installed her in his country house at Plessis. A son was born, and Lucien then went through a form of marriage. But nobody knew whether or not M. Jouberthou was dead. Napoleon found himself face to face with a scandal, the danger of which lay in the fact that Lucien's son, if it was legitimate, was his, Napoleon's, heir, for Joseph had no son and Louis' son had not been adopted. Napoleon sent for his brother and pointed out the impossibility, in the circumstances, of allowing him to remain in the succession. A violent quarrel followed, and was immediately taken up by the whole family and notably by Mme. Bonaparte the senior. In vain Napoleon pleaded that Lucien must either repudiate a doubtful marriage or forfeit his rights, seeing that already the wits in Paris were making use of the scandal to discredit the House of Bonaparte.

"Mother came to see us," Lucien wrote.[200] "She told me how distressed she felt at the public opposition to my marriage which the Consul was showing. She said she had foreseen his attitude, and she advised me to go on my way calmly without showing resentment against anybody."

Meanwhile it was ascertained positively that M. Jouberthou was dead. Lucien now went through a second form of marriage, which had the effect of legitimizing his six-months-old son. Napoleon urged that at least Mme. Jouberthou might not immediately call herself Mme. Bonaparte, but this suggestion was very ill-received.

"How," the Emperor asked,[201] "can anybody try to secure rights of succession to the throne of France for the fruit of a union which only a belated marriage has made legitimate? How can the French be expected to respect such a person?"

Lucien replied by taking his wife to Italy, to the Papal States, a step which threatened to have consequences not less disturbing than Paulette's marriage. At the moment when the Pope was about to be invited to come to Paris to crown him, Napoleon, Emperor, and by that act to bless the Mediterranean League, his sister and brother were heaping insult upon the good old man by using his territory as a sanctuary for scandal. He declared that Lucien must either have his marriage dissolved or remain permanently out of France.

"If Lucien goes," their mother declared, "I go also."[202]

It was Lucien against Napoleon, the family against Napoleon, Corsican loyalty and Corsican tradition against Napoleon. A vendetta at the centre of which stood the tarnished figure of Josephine.

Mme. Bonaparte the senior closed her house and ordered her travelling carriage. She visited Napoleon for the last time to ask for a letter of recommendation to the Pope for Lucien. Napoleon gave her the letter. On March 13, 1804, she left Paris.

A third marriage immediately engaged Napoleon's attention —namely, that of his brother Jerome, now a naval officer, to Miss Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore. Jerome had contracted this marriage in America while absent without leave from his ship, and complaints had been addressed to the new Emperor by the Captain, who had stated that discipline on board had been completely undermined. Napoleon declared that, since the consent of their mother had not been asked or obtained, there had, in fact, been no marriage[203] according to French law, and adopted so threatening an attitude that Mme. Bonaparte the senior, now in Rome and becoming weary of Lucien's complaints, promised to abide by his will. Jerome was informed that his "wife" would not be allowed to land in France and that he himself would be punished as an officer who, in time of war, had forsaken his post.

IMMEDIATELY after his accession Napoleon went to Boulogne to hold a great military and naval review and to distribute decorations. His flotilla of flat-bottomed boats was still exercising the minds of the statesmen of Europe, who continued to speculate about its ultimate destination.

In fact, these boats were not intended to transport troops across the Channel to England. Napoleon's plan, as Alexander of Russia had suspected, was to advance into Denmark and occupy Copenhagen, thus sealing the Sound against English ships. The function of the flotilla was to hold a large part of the English Navy in the Channel while this operation was in progress, and a further refinement had been introduced in the shape of a diversion in the Mediterranean, where Nelson was keeping watch on the French ships in Toulon harbour. The Emperor, in short, meant to divide the British Navy, to hold one part by means of a dash out of Toulon, and to hold the other by means of the flotilla and its escort, while he himself with his picked troops sealed the Baltic with the help of the Danish sail of the line supported by land batteries. The hostility of the House of Vasa to France was an obstacle so far as Sweden was concerned, but there was, nevertheless, in Sweden a powerful French party, while the Danes, smarting still from their defeat in the battle of Copenhagen, were eager to co-operate.

Napoleon did not anticipate that Prussia would attack him. Frederick William, no doubt, had made promises to Alexander, but the events on the Rhine had shaken the good man's confidence and shown him that in the event of trouble with France no help would be forthcoming in that quarter. The real danger, now as before, was Russia—and especially Russia in alliance with Austria. The French Emperor kept a close watch, therefore, on Alexander, especially after he learned that Pitt, who had returned to power in England, had asked for an additional £2,400,000 for the Secret Service. The reply of the Russian

Government to his note about the duc d'Enghien did not allay his suspicions, and he answered it by asking why Russia was concentrating troops at Corfu, why her agents everywhere showed themselves hostile to France and why her policy consisted of supporting England and opposing himself. These questions had the effect of causing M. d'Oubril, who had been in charge of the Russian Embassy in Paris since the recall of the Ambassador, to ask, in his turn, for his passports.

Was this the prelude to a declaration of war? The answer was evidently to be found at Vienna, and Napoleon at once inquired of that capital why the promised recognition of his Imperial title had been so long delayed. Making no attempt to hide his suspicions, he demanded recognition and declared that this should be sent to him at Aix-la-Chapelle, which place he was about to visit. Refusal would be followed by the recall of the French Ambassador. He went aboard his flotilla and took part in a skirmish with some English frigates, which came near to costing him his life. Then he left Boulogne and went, by way of Mons and Valenciennes, to Aix. The Austrian Ambassador awaited him with the required recognition. M. de Cobenzl, however, had in addition a piece of news to impart—namely, that the Emperor Francis had, by his own act, made some alterations in his titles. He remained the elected Emperor of the Romans, but he had become, in addition, hereditary Emperor of Austria and King of Germany. This was a plain intimation that Napoleon's power ended on the left bank of the Rhine and that the raid into Baden, if repeated, would be met by strong resistance. The French Emperor visited the tomb of Charlemagne and descended into the vault. Then he began an inspection of the fortifications on the Rhine, the thoroughness of which astonished his own staff. Venloo, Cologne, and Coblentz were visited in turn; at the end of September, 1804, he was in Mayence. All the German princelings were there to welcome and congratulate him—a circumstance the meaning of which was not overlooked in Vienna.

Meanwhile orders sent to the naval bases had been changed, partly as the result of the untimely death of Admiral Latouche-Tréville, the commander of the Toulon squadron, but also, and chiefly, because the Emperor of the French felt doubtful still

about the plans of Russia. The fortifications of the Rhine were in excellent state; but a Russian advance through Prussia, with or without her consent, might result in the heavy defeat of a movement into Denmark.

How well founded were these fears is evident from the fact that secret negotiations were at that moment proceeding in Vienna and St. Petersburg, the object of which was an Austro-Russian agreement to attack, by way of Poland and Prussia, Napoleon's lines of communications if he should make a move towards the north. Agreement was reached and signed on October 25, 1804.

"If it should happen," one of the clauses of the Austro-Russian Treaty ran, "that the French Government, abusing the advantages procured to it by the position of its troops which now occupy the territory of the Empire of Germany (Hanover), should invade the adjacent countries (Denmark) of which the integrity and independence are essentially connected with the interests of Russia, and if His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias should find himself obliged to march his troops thither, His Majesty the Emperor-King will consider such proceedings on the part of France as an aggression which will impose upon him, etc. . . .

"These troops will be embodied and constantly provided on both sides with every requisite, and there will further be a corps of observation left to secure the non-activity of the Court of Berlin. . . ."

The treaty provided, further, for the transport of Russian troops through the Dardanelles and so for a simultaneous attack by way of Naples. Alexander promised to obtain the necessary subsidies from Pitt. Napoleon was ready to fight in the north, but his preparations in Italy were not yet complete. He returned, therefore, to Paris and set about immediately preparing for his coronation. The Pope was formally invited to come to Paris—a proposal exceedingly disagreeable to Austria—and Fesch, in Rome, was told to exert his utmost efforts to this end. There was a period of hesitation, and then consent was given. Napoleon announced to France and the world that the Father of Christendom would anoint him Emperor in the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Nothing was now spared to endow the Papal journey with splendour so that all Europe, but especially Italy and Spain, might recognize its importance. The good old man, not unnaturally, left Rome in anxiety, but before he had been many hours upon French soil found his fears dissipated. His carriage proceeded, mile after mile, through double ranks of kneeling peasants, who, in seeking his blessing, themselves blessed the leader who had restored to them their Catholic worship. Napoleon became, like the kings of France before him, the elder son of the Church, and so immediately took the place in Italian and Spanish hearts which, as it had appeared a few months before, only a Bourbon could occupy.

Paris began to glow with colour, and all the great dignitaries of the new Empire—soldiers, sailors, civilians—were gathered within her walls. There was, however, one notable absentee. Napoleon's mother was not by his side; she had elected to remain with Lucien in Italy. The Emperor experienced real distress, which, however, he tried to hide. He sent messengers to Corsica to his foster-mother, Camilla Ilari, inviting her to be his guest in the Tuileries and at Notre Dame, and, though the good woman's son was now serving in the British Navy, she accepted with pride. Alone, among his own people, she had not swerved in devotion to him, and her presence was comfort among the violent wrangles of his sisters, whose fury at the prospect of seeing Josephine upon a throne knew no bounds.

The Pope travelled, in the first instance, to Fontainebleau, where Napoleon, artlessly engaged in hunting stags, met him by the roadside in order to avoid the ceremonial difficulties of a more formal reception. The two sovereigns drove together to the palace, Napoleon being seated on the left side of the carriage. Josephine and the Court stood on the steps to receive the Holy Father, who was immediately conducted to his apartments. On November 28 Pope and Emperor drove together into the capital, which received them with a great but subdued enthusiasm—so perfectly had Napoleon's wishes been carried out.

Behind the scenes the family quarrel was reaching a degree of bitterness which even the Emperor found terrifying. Paulette and Caroline had already refused to carry Josephine's train in

the Cathedral, and had reduced Hortense,[204] whose disputes with her husband were an added source of misery, to tears and helplessness. The Emperor cajoled and threatened by turns until an event occurred which, for a moment, joined him once more to his own people. This was a secret visit paid by Josephine to the Pope to tell him that her marriage had not received the blessing of the Church as had all the other marriages in the Bonaparte family. Pius VII was horrified, and sent at once for the Emperor, who was made to understand that the coronation as originally planned could not take place until so grave an omission had been remedied.[205]

Napoleon retired to his apartments in lively anger, which his sisters did their utmost to exacerbate. Why, they demanded, make an Empress of that troll? Why not ascend the throne alone and, later, get rid of her in favour of a wife with an honest reputation? But they overdid their wrath. As their spite quickened Napoleon became amused. Josephine had got the better of him and had revenged the insult of Mombello handsomely on the steps of the throne. He expressed his admiration for a strategy which had thus turned his flank. His sisters received orders in a tone which even they were reluctant to disregard. At midnight of December 1 Emperor and Empress received the sacrament of marriage in the chapel of the Tuileries at the hands of Cardinal Fesch and in the presence of Berthier, the Emperor's Chief of Staff, and Talleyrand, formerly Bishop of Autun, but now a married man and a millionaire.

Next morning, which was bright and cold, the Pope drove in state to Notre Dame. He entered the Cathedral to the singing of the chant "*Tu es Petrus*" by a choir of five hundred voices. Preceded by the Cross, he walked slowly to the High Altar, knelt before it, and then ascended the throne which had been prepared for him on the right. The Cathedral was already full, and the decorations of velvet cloth, sprinkled with golden bees, offered a spectacle such as none had formerly seen. There were armchairs for Napoleon and Josephine before the altar; the Imperial throne, on the contrary, stood at the far end of the nave against the west door.

The Imperial procession did not leave the Tuileries until the

Pope had reached the church, an error in timing which imposed a heavy strain of waiting on Pius VII. Napoleon's coach, drawn by eight horses, was completely surrounded by glass and lavishly gilded. He wore a costume specially designed for him by the artist David, a short mantle and a plumed hat. The route lay along that rue St. Honoré where the hounds of Danton and Robespierre had hunted and by which Marie Antoinette, Danton, and Robespierre, among a thousand victims, had come to their death. Duplay's house was in this street and these walls bore still the scars inflicted on them by the "whiff of grapeshot." But Paris had forgiven or forgotten. The Emperor found nothing in the reception accorded to him by his subjects of which the most exacting could complain. The crowds were large and their enthusiasm matched their size.

The ceremony in the Cathedral followed a course every step of which had been subject to long consideration, for the new sovereign was only too conscious of the fact that all that pageantry and ritual could bestow would be less than his need in the struggle about to begin. Not that he was insincere or basely calculating. No king, perhaps, had ever been more completely sure of his legitimacy, because no king had ever more effectually exercised the kingly power. But, face to face with a world arming, or already in arms, he owed it to his people to extract from every source its contribution of safety. The crown, modelled upon that of Charlemagne, was borne in front of him as he entered the Cathedral, but he wore a golden laurel—the crown of the Cæsars. He knelt and then took his seat beside Josephine. Camilla Ilari, at whose breast he had been suckled, and whom he had presented already to the Pope, was watching him.

Sceptre, sword, and Imperial robe lay upon the altar. The Pope anointed the Emperor on forehead, arms, and hands, girded him with the sword, gave him the sceptre, and advanced to set the crown upon his head. Napoleon, with a sudden movement, took the crown and set it on his own head—thus, in an instant, resolving the question, old as the Gallican Church itself and alive still with contention, whether or not kingship is the direct gift of Heaven. After that he crowned Josephine as she knelt weeping before him, and then proceeded

to the throne, followed by Joseph and Louis, who bore the train of his robe. When he was seated, with Josephine, Pius VII came to the foot of the throne, blessed him, and chanted the words which had proclaimed the Empire of Charlemagne a thousand years before:

"*Vivat in æternum semper Augustus.*"

The music ceased. The whole company in the Cathedral shouted together: "*Vive l'Empereur!*" A moment later cannon announced to the Parisians that their sovereign had been consecrated to their service.

Sixteen days later Mme. Bonaparte the senior, who was to be known in future as Her Imperial Highness *Madame, Mère de l'Empereur*, and to receive a grant of £12,000 a year, came back unobtrusively to Paris. Her son received her with deepest homage.

ON the morrow of his coronation Napoleon decided to assume the crown of Italy, that "Iron Crown" of Savoy which, for so long, had remained a symbol of a glorious past. Like the Emperors of the Romans he would be crowned in the Cathedral of Milan by the Archbishop. The Pope consented; Cardinal Caprera, who was in Paris, returned to his See to make the necessary preparations.

Intimation had thus been given both to Austria and Russia that attempts to join forces in the Italian States would meet with the utmost resistance, and would result, for Austria, in the immediate loss of Venice. Napoleon now sent his *aide-de-camp*, Lauriston, to Toulon with orders to Admiral Villeneuve to embark 6,000 picked men, artillery, and a battering train, under Lauriston himself, and to sail at once for the West Indies so as to lead Nelson away from European waters. Orders were sent at the same time to the Admiral at Brest to land some thousands of men on the coast of Ireland and then return to the Channel. The flotilla at Boulogne, meanwhile, was directed to hold itself in readiness for action. The expedition into Denmark, in other words, was about to be launched.

Unhappily, misfortune, in the shape of a great storm, scattered Villeneuve's squadron and sent it back, dismantled, to harbour. Nor was that the only gale which was blowing against the Emperor's design. Events were taking place in Spain which, in any case, must have caused a postponement, since they threatened the whole financial structure on which Napoleon's policy was based.

Soon after the beginning of the Consulate, as has been said, the banker Ouvrard had offered to make loans to the Government. Napoleon had accepted the offer, though with great reluctance,[206] because no alternative was open to him. At the same time he had told Ouvrard, as has also been said, that

Thérèse Tallien would not be received at the Luxembourg and would not be permitted to visit her old friend Josephine. This snub had occasioned a lively distress in the rue de Babylon. Ouvrard, whose wife was alive, could not marry Thérèse; he did not wish, because of her, to be excluded from the Consular Court. He had advised her, therefore, since she had divorced Tallien, to accept a proposal of marriage which she had received from the comte de Caraman-Chimay. At the same time he had promised to remain her friend and to avenge her. It had been arranged, at his request, that he should travel into Spain to visit her father, Cabarrus, the Treasurer of the King.

Before leaving Paris for Madrid the banker had some long consultations with Marbois, Napoleon's Finance Minister, who was experiencing great difficulty in finding the money to equip the Boulogne flotilla and the army at Boulogne. Ouvrard offered to make advances against the two great sources of revenue—namely, the taxes and the annual contributions from Spain. These latter amounted to 48,000,000 francs and were payable in gold, because Spain possessed, in Mexico and Peru, the chief goldfields of the world. Napoleon was informed and expressed uneasiness, but, since money was indispensable and in very short supply, gave his consent. Marbois was allowed to discount with the banker the taxes and the Spanish promises, but was urged at the same time to exercise great care. Ouvrard now left France. He appeared at the Spanish Court as a great financier, the master of millions, and quickly won the confidence not of Cabarrus only but also of the King and Queen and the Prince of the Peace, Godoy. He made the important discovery that the Spanish Treasury was empty, and duly communicated the news to his backers, the Hopes of Amsterdam the Barings of London. Then he offered to advance to King Charles as much money as he might require, and, in addition, to bring bread to the famished people of Madrid and of the large cities on the sole condition that he was made the agent for the shipments of gold and silver from Mexico and Peru. That condition was immediately granted; Ouvrard obtained the right to buy the whole production of precious metals at the rate of three francs a dollar, the usual price being five francs.

This meant that London was now able to buy the Spanish gold, which Napoleon had earmarked for his army and navy, at little more than half its former value. It was agreed between Ouvrard and the Barings that the metal should be shipped direct from America to London, so that all risk of loss might be avoided. The certainty remained, however, that Napoleon would offer violent resistance to this project, and it was necessary, therefore, to provide against him. Pitt resolved the difficulty by complaining, in December, 1804, that the Spanish Court was helping the Emperor of the French by permitting him to make use of its harbours. King Charles IV, instructed by Ouvrard and Cabarrus, made a great show of indignation and, without telling Napoleon anything about it, declared war on England. Pitt immediately seized a convoy of four frigates laden with £2,400,000 worth of gold and silver, which was on its way from Mexico to Spain.

Spain was now in a position to tell the French Emperor that, since he was no longer acting as the guarantor of her neutrality, he was no longer entitled to his annual tribute. Ouvrard, professing to be horrified at what had taken place, sent a courier to Marbois to say that he could advance no more money to the French Treasury since there would be no more Spanish gold with which to repay such debts. The Emperor needed urgently a sum of 22,000,000 francs for his war chests at Boulogne, on the Rhine, and in Italy. He could scarcely contain himself. Marbois, therefore, replied to the banker, urging him, as a patriotic Frenchman, to exert his utmost endeavours. After some bargaining Ouvrard agreed to do what he could on condition that the whole revenue of France, for at least a year, was pledged to him as security. These terms were accepted.

Pitt, therefore, and his friends had secured a stranglehold Napoleon's finances as well as the means of exerting heavy pressure on the Spanish Court which, without its gold, was hopelessly bankrupt. The feeble old King of Spain scarcely realized what had happened; it was upon Godoy, as the Queen's lover, that Ouvrard had principally relied.

Nevertheless Napoleon determined to recast his plans and persist in his effort. At least he had gained the nominal help of Spain against England. He sent Junot to Madrid with in-

structions to stimulate the Court and the Government to active measures which should restore the Spanish Navy and make it possible to wrest Gibraltar from the English. At the same time he evolved new schemes for splitting up England's sea-power. An expedition to India was determined upon, as well as the expedition to the West Indies, and what remained of the Spanish Navy was brought into the field of operations. Action, it was decided, should take place while Napoleon himself was in Italy, at his second coronation, upon which, as he believed, the eyes of his enemies—England, Russia, and Austria—would be focussed. He meant to ride northwards from Milan to the Danish frontier and make himself master of the Sound, while Nelson and the other British Admirals were pursuing his ships on the North and South Atlantic and while England kept anxious watch over the flat-bottomed boats in the harbour of Boulogne.

On April 4, 1805, the Pope left Paris to return to Rome. Napoleon had gone three days before to Fontainebleau, where he had been informed that Villeneuve, in command of the expedition to the West Indies, had set sail. He began immediately, with Josephine, his journey to Italy, and, travelling with his accustomed speed in an excellent carriage, behind teams of six big Normandy horses, reached Lyons ahead of the Papal cavalcade. He awaited the Pope at Turin, and there bade him final farewell. A few days later he witnessed a great military review on the battlefield of Marengo and laid the foundation-stone of a memorial to the fallen. On May 8, to the sound of pealing bells and cannon, he rode into Milan. On the 26th, in the Cathedral of that city, he set upon his own head the famous "iron" crown, repeating at the same time the formula:

"*Dio me l'ha data, guai a chi la tocchera*" ("God has given it to me; let him beware who shall touch it").

The same day Italy was transformed into a monarchy, and Eugène de Beauharnais, Josephine's son, was named Viceroy and presented to the Italian people—a considerable triumph for his mother. The Spanish Ambassador, on behalf of Charles IV, offered the new King of Italy the Order of the Golden Fleece, and the Prussian Minister, on his master's behalf, tendered the Black Eagle and the Red Eagle. Soon afterwards Elise was

created by her brother Princess of Lucca—a bagatelle as compared with Eugène's prize.

The final act of the Italian visit was the inclusion of the Republic of Genoa, once insolent and ruinous mistress of Corsica, in Napoleon's Empire. He cared nothing for this revenge, but only for the fact that he had closed another gateway against England's merchandise. He returned to Turin and held a great review there, and, while this was in progress, on July 8, 1805, entered a humble post-carriage and drove out of the town. He announced himself at the post-houses as the Minister of the Interior. On the morning of the 11th he was in Fontainebleau where Cambacérès and other Ministers awaited him. He had only one question for them: What were Prussia's intentions?

He was fully informed, as they soon discovered, about the mobilizations of troops on the Danube and in the Venetian States which Austria was carrying out, and also about the march of the Russian Army towards the frontiers of Poland. These events scarcely interested him and he talked only about the invasion of England.

"Rely on my activity," he told the anxious Cambacérès. "I will surprise the world by the grandeur and the rapidity of my strokes."

Cambacérès took him at his word and trembled to contemplate the sailing of the flotilla. But there was no question of that. The Emperor's sole concern was the possibility of reaching and holding Copenhagen and the Sound. If Prussia would join him he could do it; if not, the enterprise must, once again, be postponed, for he knew now that his descent upon Italy had not intimidated Austria to the extent which he had hoped. The Spanish gold was flowing already into the treasuries of Vienna and St. Petersburg, where the desperate state of his own finances was, doubtless, very well known.[207]

He reached Boulogne on August 3, 1805, and plunged at once and with as much publicity as possible into preparations for crossing the Channel. Reports about the doings of his Admirals and about Nelson's movements poured in upon him and were discussed with the greatest eagerness; in fact, he cared very little where any of his ships were situated, because wherever they were they were attracting the enemy and so dividing the

enemy's forces, just as, in a week or two, the flotilla itself, by its mere existence, would be holding English men-o'-war bound within the narrow seas. What was Prussia going to do? News had reached him that a treaty had been made between England and Sweden, and that, in consequence, Sweden's "foothold" in the north of Germany, Stralsund, was already swarming with troops. But he was not afraid of Sweden, provided that she remained unsupported. He had already, at Fontainebleau, ordered Talleyrand to offer Hanover to Frederick William on condition that he allied himself instantly with France and proclaimed his alliance to the world. Everything depended on the answer to that offer, for if it was accepted Prussia would forbid, or dispute, the passage of the Russians through her territory, and thus both Russia and England would be held back from the scene of operations until he had made himself master of the entrance to the Baltic. In such circumstances Austria would lose her courage.

The answer reached him on August 22, 1805, by way of Paris. Talleyrand announced that Prussia was ready to agree to an alliance. The Emperor, without waiting an instant, sent for Duroc, one of the very few people whom he could trust, and bade him ride hard to Berlin and bring the treaty of alliance back with him.

"I give him Hanover," he told Duroc, "but on condition that an immediate decision is taken. In a fortnight I will not make him the same offer."

He now began to speak openly of his intention to embark immediately for England, and wrote also on August 22 to Villeneuve, whom he was far from trusting and even suspected of treachery:

"Set out, lose not a moment, bring my united squadrons into the Channel and England is ours."[208]

Villeneuve had returned from his decoy work in the West Indies and was supposed to be in Brest, though, in fact, he was in Cadiz. What matter, since he was containing an English fleet? But Admiral Decrès, the Minister of Marine, who thought that Napoleon meant what he said, urged that such a message should not be sent, and that, in any case, Spanish ships should not be included in the French fleet. Napoleon, having

supplied any spies who might be at hand with the information by which he hoped to send the English Navy down channel, yielded and withdrew his order. Next day Bernadotte in Hanover, Marmont on the Texel, and corps commanders in Boulogne itself received secret orders to prepare to march, without at the same time giving any indication of what they were about. The Emperor himself rode daily on the seashore, field-glass in hand, as though watching for the coming of his fleet. The army, which supposed that its destination was England, was actually already embarked upon the flotilla—an example of Napoleon's thoroughness.

A very few hours would suffice to disembark these picked troops and send them northward towards Denmark while Bernadotte and the others were hurrying to the Rhine to forestall any possible action by Austria. As the time approached for Duroc's return from Berlin, Napoleon's anxiety increased to such an extent that he walked about his quarters talking to himself and gesticulating.[203] This time an evasive reply from Frederick William meant the ruin of his hopes, seeing that, if Prussia did not go with him, she would, in all probability, be forced to go with Alexander. In that case Austria would attack on the Rhine and in Italy and he would be compelled to fight great battles in the north, while, hundreds of leagues away, his own territories were being invaded.

Day followed day, but Duroc did not return. Napoleon sat down grimly to dictate a plan of campaign extending from the Rhine to the Danube.

THE LAND AND THE SEA

CHAPTER XXIII

NAPOLEON had tried, and failed, to close the Baltic in order that he might force London to give him peace without debt. Choice now lay between war and that system which, for the sustaining of the monopoly of money exercised by a small number of banking houses in the world's capitals, imposed on the whole of mankind the necessity of unending economic strife. The French Emperor, to his honour, chose to fight.

"Europe," he declared at a later date,[210] "does not see the real dangers which beset her. She listens to nobody but the shameful people who are imposing on her their war of the seas. You can say that the whole policy of this poor Europe, that all her interests, are contained in the price of a barrel of sugar. That is a sad state of affairs, but it is the state of affairs which now exists. Everybody abuses France and nobody can see any other armies than mine; as if England was not also ubiquitous and much more threatening. Heligoland, Gibraltar, Tarifa, Malta—what are these but English strongholds which menace the commerce of all other Powers? . . . If I were to relinquish my hold on Europe she would throw herself into England's arms. And then all trade treaties would be submitted to the good pleasure of the London Cabinet, and nobody would be allowed to taste any sugar which had not been supplied by English merchants, nor to wear stockings or cloth woven elsewhere than in English factories. . . .

"It is thus for the dearest interests of Europe that I am fighting and exacting so many sacrifices from France. I have the foresight which a wise policy bestows, whereas the other sovereigns seem to be actuated only by the blindness of an abysmal fear. They seem to fear nothing except the power of

France at a moment when my power alone can defend Europe's commercial freedom. . . . As for me, I have only one aim—namely, peace with England, that is to say universal peace. Without peace with England all others are mere truces. . . . For this commercial colossus cannot exist except at the expense of other people, seeing that it cannot pay the interest on its loans nor give subsidies nor even meet its bills except by means of the monopoly which it exerts over all other nations."

The plan of campaign was dictated by two chief considerations. It was necessary to draw Russia away from the north, and, secondly, to deprive the forces she was sending through the Dardanelles to Corfu of the support of a great British fleet. These Russian forces numbered only about 12,000 men, but they were likely to be augmented by some 6,000 English from Malta and at least 30,000 Neapolitans. Such an army with naval co-operation might easily take Genoa and even advance along the French coast to Toulon and Marseilles—for the Austrian army of 100,000 men coming from Venice would demand the whole attention of the French troops gathered on the Adige under Massena.

The Prussian difficulty was dealt with by the simple expedient of handing over Hanover to Frederick William, and thus isolating in Swedish Pomerania the army of 16,000 Russians and 12,000 Swedes which had been brought by sea to Stralsund. A more elaborate diplomacy was used in the case of Naples. On September 14, 1805, Napoleon sent an order to Admiral Villeneuve in Cadiz to sail with the French and Spanish fleets for Naples "and to engage the enemy wherever he may be found." The object was to keep Nelson away from the Mediterranean, and there is no doubt that the French Emperor expected to pay for that benefit with heavy losses, for he had small faith in the seamanship of his commanders. A week later the offer made by the Court of Naples for a treaty of neutrality was accepted, though Napoleon knew that this was a ruse to induce him to remove his troops under St. Cyr from the Neapolitan frontier so that the Russians and English might the more easily establish themselves. Without naval support these forces would be powerless to harm him, whereas their gathering in Naples in defiance of the treaty would justify

him, when victory had been won, in annexing that country and so obtaining a strong position in the Mediterranean.

His own plan of campaign was based on his knowledge of Austrian and Russian methods. He ordered Massena to hold the Archduke Charles and his army of 100,000 men on the Adige for six weeks while he, himself, with the mass of the French army, defeated the Austrians on the Danube and entered Vienna—after which, of course, the Archduke's army would be cut off from its base. At the same time, he directed his own troops to advance towards the Danube along the northern side of the Black Forest so as to avoid any contact with the Austrian army, under General Mack, which had entered Bavaria and was in position at Ulm. It was the strategy of Marengo on the greatest conceivable scale, for it aimed at surrounding two armies, the one after the other, cutting their lines of communication and thus compelling them either to fight at grave disadvantage or to surrender. In twenty days the army which had been formed and trained on the cliffs of Boulogne was transported to the Rhine. Napoleon, who had left Paris on September 24, 1805, with Josephine and Talleyrand, joined it there on the 26th. Two days later the encirclement of Mack had begun while that unsuspecting General waited confidently for the coming of the Russian army which was to support him. A fortnight later the movement was complete. Mack was trapped, and the Russians, who had been hurrying to his help, were falling back, in haste, towards Moravia. Twenty-three thousand Austrians laid down their arms. Napoleon took the surrender of the Austrian army on October 20, 1805, standing in front of a big camp fire with his arms crossed behind his back. He wore the uniform of a common soldier with a shabby grey overcoat and a hat of the type he had now affected. He kept up a running fire of conversation with the Austrian officers, telling them that he had no quarrel with their sovereign or their country, and that they had been acting merely as the catspaws of the London bankers.[211]

Next morning, as the Emperor of the French made ready to advance upon his enemy's capital city, his battle-fleet put out, a thousand miles away, to dispute for him the mastery of the Mediterranean. Admiral Villeneuve left the shelter of Cadiz

harbour with a heavy heart, not so much because he feared Nelson as because he disapproved his master's plans. This brave and gallant sailor failed to grasp the unity of a design which based its left flank upon the Mediterranean, its right on the Elbe, and its centre on the Danubian plain. Unaware that he had been chosen to prevent an enveloping action by Nelson which, had it made possible the landing of the Russo-Neapolitan army on the Mediterranean coast of France, must have threatened the success of the campaign, he saw only the heavy blunder of a landsman into whose hands, by perverse fate, had come the destiny of a great fleet. Villeneuve knew that Nelson was his superior in all that concerned the strategy of the sea; he had pleaded, in consequence, for a policy of caution, made up of small engagements and the raiding, as opportunity offered, of English commerce. The working of a mind which was prepared to risk the complete loss of sea power for any reason whatsoever lay wholly beyond his comprehension.

Nevertheless, on that 21st of October, 1805, while Nelson's ships were bearing down on his line, he made ready to exert his utmost fighting strength. The allied navies of France and Spain were drawn up in two parallel lines, curved so as to offer the English a kind of bay into which, as he believed, they would penetrate at their peril. Every ship which entered the embrace of these deadly arms would be subjected to a double cross-fire. But Nelson did not hesitate. With dauntless courage he drove straight at the enemy line, broke it in two places, and, sweeping left and right, embraced, in his turn, the French and Spaniards, hemming them in as Mack had been surrounded and hemmed in by Napoleon. By two o'clock of the afternoon the battle was already decided. But at that hour Nelson lay dying in the cockpit of the *Victory*, struck by a ball from the *Redoubtable's* rigging. England had won the command of all the seas, but not soon enough to turn the Emperor's flank.

As he gasped his last orders, Nelson knew that his work was accomplished and that, henceforward, England had nothing to fear upon her native element. He gave his final advice: "Anchor the fleet," and was silent for a time. Then, before he died, exclaimed:

"Kiss me, Hardy."

The storm which followed bore harsh witness against those who had neglected to obey him. Most of the prizes were lost, and it was with great difficulty that the fleet made the Straits of Gibraltar.

Three weeks later, after a series of marches without parallel in the history of war, Napoleon brought the mass of his army to Vienna. Only one misfortune had attended that operation—namely, the disregard by Murat of the orders given to him and the consequent isolation and destruction of a French force under Mortier. The Austrians from Italy and the Tyrol had fallen back to link up with the garrison of Vienna in its headlong flight across the Moravian plain. Massena and Ney were coming up. But far to the east the armies of Russia stood, ready to give battle.

Napoleon knew now about Trafalgar. He had expected defeat, but not certainly on this ruinous scale. Nevertheless the battle had postponed action from Naples. His gaze was set no longer on the Mediterranean, but on Berlin, where the Emperor Alexander was expending his utmost persuasiveness to induce King Frederick William to fight. France had given Hanover; Russia offered the same gift, but had to retract it later, when Pitt declared that his master would never consent. Then England and Russia together offered Holland.[212] Frederick William descended with Alexander into the tomb of Frederick the Great, and there, urged by his wife, swore to declare war on the French if they had not retired from Austria within four weeks.

Alexander rushed off to Olmutz in Moravia, where the Emperor Francis of Austria had arrived. He demanded that battle should immediately be offered to Napoleon. The allied forces were set in motion and, returning towards Vienna, came face to face with the French near the little village of Austerlitz. Napoleon had already chosen this village as his battlefield, and had prepared catastrophe for his enemies in the shape of an apparent oversight by which a ridge of high ground of a commanding character had been left unoccupied by his troops. It was his calculation that, having seized upon this ridge, the Russians and Austrians would defend it by a great concentration of force, thus weakening the more remote parts of their

line. He proposed to deliver his master-stroke where the line was weakest, to roll up the opposing flank, and, by turning the ridge, to convert it into an abyss for his enemies.

He worked with ceaseless care throughout December 1, 1805, to secure the effective operation of his design. The Russians and Austrians came slowly into position; as night fell their bivouac fires roped the darkness with light. Napoleon left his headquarters and walked through the ranks of his sleeping army, under a clear, frosty sky. His tour lasted until beyond midnight. As he was coming back a soldier saw him and jumped up, shouting: "The anniversary of the Coronation." That cry was taken up by others, and in a moment the French were kindling bonfires with the straw of their beds in honour of their Emperor. The men crowded round Napoleon, begging him not to expose himself on the morrow, and this he promised provided that they gave him no occasion of anxiety.

He was uneasy, not from fear of the issue of battle, but lest, even now, his enemy might refuse to fight. If a decision was not immediately obtained, Prussia would attack him and perhaps sever his lines of communication, and there was another and equally grave menace—namely, the drying up of his financial resources. Every courier from Paris brought news of the impossibility of raising further moneys.

This was Ouvrard's work, carried out in collaboration with London. The banker had contrived, as has been seen, to divert the flow of Spanish gold to London. With that diversion as his excuse he had refused to lend any further sums to the French Treasury until the revenues for the coming year, in the form of the advance promissory notes given to the Government by the collectors of taxes, were made over to him. Having gained possession of these promissory notes, he presented them for rediscount at the Bank of France. The Bank could not refuse to accept the bills of the Government's agents, but, since it possessed very small stocks of gold and silver, it could meet these bills only by printing bank-notes. It did this without great anxiety because of its belief that, sooner or later, when the taxes had been collected, gold and silver would flow in to make a backing for the bank-notes.

But the demands of Napoleon for money grew greater and

more insistent every day, and fresh borrowings by the Treasury therefore became imperative. Ouvrard declared that he had come to the end of his resources, and so induced Marbois to commit the folly of handing over to him, as soon as it was received, the money supplied by the taxpayers. Ouvrard now held not only the bank-notes of the Bank of France, which he had obtained by rediscounting the tax collectors' bills, but also the gold and silver which ought to have served as the backing of these notes. Just as he had enabled London to seize the Spanish bullion a few months before, so now he had himself, on London's behalf, seized the French.

His closest friends, in addition to Thérèse, now Princesse de Chimay, were Mme. de Stael and Juliette Récamier, wife of the banker of that name. These three women were entertaining on a lavish scale and were using their *salons* to shatter Napoleon's financial strength in the interests of that international power to which all of them belonged and by which the armies of Russia and Austria had been munitioned and supplied. All three women were courtesans, with lovers innumerable; Thérèse and Juliette were lovely; Juliette possessed nimble wits; but of the three the ugliest carried the heaviest weight of influence. Mme. de Stael, as has been seen, had played her part, at a critical hour, in dissuading the Prussian Court, and especially Queen Louise, from associating with Napoleon; she had gone later before the conqueror into Italy and tried to stir up opposition to him there.[213] Now in Paris she awaited Ouvrard's signal to begin the work of casting doubt upon the solvency of the Bank of France and so of setting in motion a calamitous run upon that institution.

The signal was given when Napoleon entered Vienna. All the *salons* held whispers of impending ruin, and Mme. de Stael, Thérèse, and Juliette, bankers' daughters and banker's wife, let it be known that they were panic-stricken. Everyone rushed to the Bank of France to demand gold and silver for the bank-notes in their possession. The Directors, beside themselves, begged Marbois to hand over to them such moneys as had already been received by him from the collectors of taxes. Marbois then had to confess that these moneys were no longer in his possession; Ouvrard had taken everything.

The Bank of France now suspended payment, though various devices were adopted to put as good a complexion as possible on the event. Wild panic swept through Paris, and the bank-notes, which could not be redeemed, lost their value. Once again, as in the days of Barras, farmers showed reluctance to bring their goods to market, and there was danger of an outbreak of violence. In the *salons*, where speculation on the crash of the franc was busy, it was now confidently declared that Napoleon was ruined. Trafalgar itself was not likely to exert a more disastrous effect upon his fortunes than the collapse of his monetary system.

It was with the news of this deadly threat in his mind that the Emperor faced his enemies across the frozen lake of Tellnitz on the morning of December 2, 1805. It was a misty morning, but Napoleon had the satisfaction of seeing his bait taken by the Russians. He attacked them on the high ridge and, as he expected, observed huge reinforcements being hurried to the defence of a position which both Alexander and Francis believed to be the key of the battle. About midday the mists cleared and the sun blazed forth. The enemy line on the French left was now dangerously weak, whereas the French were holding their positions on the slopes of the ridge. Napoleon gathered his thunderbolts and launched them on the weakened Austro-Russian flank, and long before the sun had set the allied army was a helpless rabble deserted by its royal leaders. Alexander fled through the night, knowing not where he should find safety.

NAPOLEON, in the hour of victory, seemed anxious and uneasy and showed no sign of triumph. On the night before the battle he had addressed to his soldiers a message in which he bade them:

"Be thoroughly imbued with this thought that you must defeat these hirelings of England."

He now issued a proclamation in which he said:

"I am satisfied with you. In two months this Third Coalition has been beaten and destroyed. Peace cannot now be far away, but, as I promised my people before I crossed the Rhine, I will make only such a peace as gives us guarantees."

Next day he wrote:

"SOLDIERS,

"You have won peace; you will again see France. Give my name to your children. If among them there should be one worthy of us I will leave him all my goods and declare him my successor."

This reversal to the authentic nature of kingship thrilled the army. But it was no piece of exuberant rhetoric. Napoleon's conception of a king was that of a leader capable of protecting his people against all their enemies and especially against the enemies at home, who, as he wrote, were gnawing at the foundations of his house.

"I have never wished," he said[214] later, "to be anybody's man; not even to find support in an idea or in men. I lean on myself, on those things which successively I have created in the interest of France, on my institutions, on the moral strength of a Government based upon no special opinions. First Consul and Emperor, I have been King of the people. I have governed for the people, in its interest, without allowing myself to be distracted by the clamourings or the interests of special classes.

They know it in France and the French people loves me. I use the word 'people'; I mean 'nation,' because I have never liked the sense in which many superior persons talk about 'the people,' meaning the rabble. I have not favoured great lords because, if the ignorance and poverty of poor men make them disposed always to disorderly conduct, the pretensions of the others make them just as dangerous for authority. Always displeased with a power which does not depend on themselves, they will always, when they dare, turn to revolt. . . . The poor 'people' is always deceived. . . . France needs a nobility, but a nobility based upon different foundations from those now existing."

The great realist proceeded now to take the steps which he believed to be necessary for the success of his plan—never for an instant forgotten or relinquished—to obtain a debtless peace with England over the heads of the London money-changers. He met Francis of Austria, who came to his bivouac in an old carriage. One of the French officers heard Napoleon open the talk by saying:

"The English are merchants of human flesh."

A few days later the victor was back again in Schoenbrünn. He gave orders to seize the kingdom of Naples, which had broken faith with him, and bade his brother Joseph ascend the throne of that country and see that every harbour was closed to English merchandise. The same ban was laid upon the Pope's harbours, in spite of protests, for Napoleon distinguished sharply between the spiritual and the temporal power, as he said:[215]

"I am no pagan king; although politically I don't always see eye to eye with the Pope, religiously I venerate him. I respect his character."

Holland, which Pitt had offered to Prussia as a substitute for Hanover, now asked for Napoleon's protection, and was bestowed on Louis and Hortense, not that they might enjoy themselves upon a throne, but that they might effectually expel all English shipping from their harbours. Attention was then directed to the Rhenish States, that German confederation which in days past had constituted the body of the Holy Roman Empire. Napoleon wanted a substantial buffer between him-

self, Austria, and Prussia, a buffer, moreover, which he could hold under his control while he was turning again to the Sound and the Straits of Gibraltar. He made kings of the Electors of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, married Eugène de Beauharnais to the Princess Augusta of Bavaria, betrothed his brother Jerome—now parted from Miss Patterson,[216] though without the consent of the Pope—to the Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg, a granddaughter of King George III of England. This last stroke was a delicate one, for Catherine had been betrothed to the son of the Prince of Baden. But Josephine resolved the difficulty by bringing her pretty niece Stéphanie de Beauharnais to Munich. The Elector's son promptly fell in love with her. Murat and his wife Caroline were made Grand Duke and Duchess of Berg and Cleves.

Napoleon was now ready to deal with Prussia. All his plans on the Rhine and his plans about the Sound would be useless unless he could count absolutely on Frederick William's support. Was the King of Prussia still the ally of Alexander? He had received von Haugwitz, sent to congratulate him on his victory, and had asked him sharply:

"Will you tell me whether, if I had lost the battle, you would to-day have mentioned the friendship which you say your master bears me? . . . Your master was ready to attack me. . . . He was signing treaties against me. He has no mind of his own; he is ruled by the Queen, by women, by Court ladies."

After this outburst, which von Haugwitz had borne with dignity, he had offered to forget the past and to leave Hanover in Frederick William's hands. But there must be an open alliance. Peace with Austria, meanwhile, had been concluded. Napoleon possessed himself of Venice and Dalmatia, again with the object of keeping English merchandise out of Europe, and obtained as indemnity a large mass of gold and silver—the treasure which Pitt had seized on the Spanish galleons and transmitted to Vienna.

This treasure meant salvation because, by means of it, the Bank of France could be restored to solvency. Heavy carts, under strong guard, began to roll slowly towards the Rhine and France. Napoleon himself, travelling at his usual speed, reached

Paris on January 26, 1806, at midnight. Early next morning he was seated in council to probe to the bottom the financial panic which had so nearly ruined him. Marbois stood trembling before him; Ouvrard and his associates were present.

"I esteem your character," said the Emperor to his Finance Minister, "but you have been the dupe of men against whom I warned you to be on your guard. You have given up to them all the effects in the portfolio."

Ouvrard had used the money given to him in a gigantic speculation in Spain known as "United Merchants." He had the boldness now to tell Napoleon that he ought to be allowed to wind up the affairs of his company. The Emperor was not to be cajoled. He offered the banker and his associates the alternative of criminal prosecution or the surrender of all that they possessed, whether goods, papers, or pledges. He flung them into Vincennes to make up their minds. Then he appointed Mollien, whom he trusted, to be his Finance Minister.

"Marbois," Napoleon said later,[217] "was an intriguer with the appearance of a Quaker and the deceptive manners of a salesman. I was for long his dupe because he kept telling me about his high principles and passing severe judgments on other people and their doings. . . . A discontented man, sycophantic towards power, but loathing it and trying to undermine it. At bottom an unprincipled man."

Mollien found that Ouvrard had obtained 141,000,000 francs, and Napoleon immediately took the place of Ouvrard's company in relation to the speculations in Spain, in which, as he found, the House of Hope in Amsterdam was heavily involved. He thus became possessed of claims of 60,000,000 francs against the Spanish Court and of 10,000,000 francs against the Hopes.

The financial system meanwhile was recast. Napoleon had 70,000,000 francs in hand, the war indemnity. Of this, 20,000,000 had been spent on the army, leaving about 50,000,000 in precious metals and in good bills on Frankfort, Hamburg, and other centres. This money he turned into an "Army Fund"[218] for pensions of all sorts; the Army Fund became his own private bank. The fund was further enriched by the sale of captured war material to the Government and by other

means. It was empowered to discount Treasury notes and to buy national domains. Napoleon regulated the rate of interest. Thus the Emperor Napoleon became the customer of General Bonaparte and General Bonaparte of the Emperor Napoleon, and the money markets were excluded. A further refinement was a fighting fund by which, in an emergency, speculators could be put to rout—the counterpart of the modern Exchange Equalization Accounts.

The Emperor banished Mme. de Stael from Paris, excluded Thérèse and her husband from any access to the Court, and refused to lift a finger to save Juliette Récamier's husband, whose banking business had been involved in the crash. Récamier lost the whole of his fortune. Nor was Fouché, whose dealings with financiers, especially Ouvrard, were always an object of Napoleon's suspicions, left in doubt about what his master thought of him.

Meanwhile Pitt had died. He was succeeded by a coalition in which Fox was Foreign Minister. Feelers began to be extended both from London and Paris. Napoleon instructed Talleyrand to inform Fox:

"The Emperor is persuaded that the real cause of the rupture of the Peace of Amiens was no other than the refusal to conclude a commercial treaty. Be assured that the Emperor, without refusing certain commercial advantages, if they are possible, will not admit of any treaty prejudicial to French industry, which he means to protect by all duties or prohibitions that can favour its development. He insists on having liberty to do at home all that he pleases, all that is deemed beneficial, without any rival nation having a right to find fault with him."

Napoleon was once again interesting himself in Prussia. Why had Frederick William not avowed his alliance with France? Orders were sent to the French army to remain on the Rhine, and the Emperor conveyed the suggestion to the King of Prussia that he ought to form a confederation of the north similar to his, Napoleon's, confederation of the Rhine. Napoleon was plain-spoken:

"If Prussia is frankly, publicly on my side," he said, "I have no more European coalitions to fear, and without a European coalition on my hands I will soon settle matters with England."

As he knew, Prussia had a large mercantile fleet of some 300 ships, the value of which, in an attack on the Sound, could not be exaggerated. Since, therefore, the earlier treaty which gave Hanover unconditionally to Frederick William had not been ratified in Berlin, a new treaty was granted, though on somewhat more onerous terms, seeing that Prussia was required, as the price of Hanover, to shut the Elbe and the Weser against English merchandise. The second treaty was signed in Paris on February 15, 1806, by von Haugwitz, and ratified in Berlin nine days later. Scarcely was the ink dry before England and Sweden declared war on Prussia. The precious 300 merchantmen were instantly seized.

Napoleon made no sign; but he knew that his gift of Hanover had been accepted in order that Frederick William might have an excuse—in England's prearranged declaration of war—for removing his ships beyond the reach of the French. Once again the way to the Sound was barred and bolted; worse still, it was obvious that a new coalition was in process of secret formation.

Napoleon began to busy himself again with his financial system, which must now at once be put on a war footing. He had determined to contract no loans, but he needed a large sum in ready money. With astonishing skill he obtained his object while apparently busying himself with purely domestic affairs. While he watched Prussia, he founded and endowed the University, and arranged endowments, in addition, for the Senate and the Legion of Honour. He had given national domains to the Senate and the Legion. He now replaced these gifts by Treasury Paper yielding 5 per cent., and put the domains into the Army Fund, to be sold gradually as occasion offered. This, again, enabled him to borrow from the Army Fund against the security of the national domains—for the Fund would be reimbursed gradually as it sold off the domains and would meanwhile enjoy interest on the money advanced.

He was now, therefore, in a position to replenish the munitions and equipment of the great force with which he had just conquered Austria and which, as has been said, remained on the Rhine. He lost not a moment in carrying out this work. In addition he reduced the burdens on agriculture by reintroducing indirect taxation and so secured the goodwill and co-

operation of the farmers. Thanks to his encouragement, too, "colonial produce" was being made in France. Europe owes her beetroot sugar industry to him.

Nor was he content to leave the Bank of France in its unsatisfactory state. The Bank was a semi-private institution conducted by merchants; they had shown that their sympathies could not be relied upon in an emergency, and he had consequently, as has been said, set up his own bank in the form of the Army Fund, through which his own immediate business could be conducted. But he did not propose to leave the merchants a free hand in the vital matter of private trade. The Bank was reconstituted so that its Governor would always be nominated by himself, and a policy of a most rigid kind was laid down for it. Its advances were limited to "the known credit of the mercantile men who applied for them"—that is to say, they were related strictly to the volume of goods to be disposed of. This was a method of maintaining the general level of prices in a condition of stability and so of equating demand to supply. Thus, though the Government and the commercial community were served by two separate institutions—the Army Fund and the Bank of France—both were wholly in the Emperor's power, and could, therefore, be used by him separately or jointly as occasion might require. Incidentally the Bank was allowed to receive the promissory notes of the taxpayers and discount them immediately at fixed rates of interest, thus securing to the administration a safe and rapid method of realizing its revenue and protecting the Emperor against a repetition of the calamity which had been caused by the discounting of the promissory notes with outside brokers. There was in this new system no place for an Ouvrard and no loophole by which that man might penetrate into the citadel. From first to last Napoleon had become his own banker.

Meanwhile the farce, of which the Anglo-Prussian "war" had been the first act, was still being played. Lord Yarmouth, who had been a prisoner at Verdun, was released at the request of the British Government to conduct negotiations for peace with M. de Talleyrand, while a little later Alexander of Russia asked leave to send an envoy, d'Oubril, to Paris. Napoleon took little or no interest in these proceedings. As has been

said, the seizure of the three hundred Prussian ships by which, had Frederick William been a real ally, so much might have been accomplished in the Baltic, occupied the whole of his thought. Not a doubt remained in his mind that a fourth coalition—England, Prussia, Russia—was already actually in being, and that, in consequence, the peace negotiators had no other object than to delay matters until the Russian Army had recovered from the wounds of Austerlitz and been joined to the Army of Prussia. It was his lively determination that such a junction should not take place. Whereas it was the interest of his secret enemies to lull him into a false sense of security and so get him to bring his army home again while they completed their plans, it was his interest, since they had resolved upon war, to fight them at once, one after the other.

The object of his strategy was to force Prussia to declare war before Alexander and his army arrived upon the scene. The object of his enemies, on the contrary, was to delay any declaration until that event had taken place and, further, by a series of peace offers, to convey the suggestion to the French people that their Emperor was a madman, inflamed with ambition and pride and determined to trample the whole world under his feet. Napoleon recognized all the danger of that propaganda in which Mme. de Staël had shown herself so proficient, and which was already a principal weapon of the British Government and of the merchant bankers associated with it. He met propaganda with propaganda. The chief obstacle in the way of a quick encounter with Prussia was the influence of King Frederick William over his people. The King had managed so far to hold the war party in check, and believed that he could maintain his hold until Alexander arrived. This eminently wise and politic attitude, however, was mistaken by the hot-heads of the Court and Army, who had the active support of the Queen, for a sign of weakness and even of pusillanimity. Napoleon's efforts were directed, therefore, to fanning the war fever so that the King's hand might be forced and the Prussian Army set in motion unsupported by any allies.

The Napoleonic propaganda suggested from Paris that the army of Frederick the Great had fallen into decrepitude and could no longer act without Russian help, and the French Em-

peror reinforced these sneers by treating Prussia with open contempt and not even troubling to inform her about the arrangements he was making in Bavaria and elsewhere, closely as these arrangements concerned her. In Berlin, on the contrary, the French agents insinuated that the moment had come to show that the army of Frederick the Great was not imbued by the cowardly spirit of Frederick William. Their efforts found supporters so violent that the King began to despair.

Meanwhile strong efforts were being made by Prussia to stir up trouble in South Germany where the French army was still in billets. Appeals were addressed to the people to rise and throw off the foreign yoke, and these were broadcast by a network of booksellers. Napoleon ordered the arrest of these men, and ordered further that one of them, Palm of Nuremberg, should be charged with inciting the inhabitants to rise against the army in occupation, should be tried by court martial, and, if convicted, should be shot. The step was taken in no spirit of savagery, but deliberately as an act of war. It was the case of the duc d'Enghien over again. In ordinary circumstances both these men would have had their sentences quashed, because that, in ordinary circumstances, was Napoleon's habit. But the circumstances were not ordinary. France was fighting for her freedom against the whole of Europe and was being menaced anew by a great coalition. Salvation depended on separating Prussia from Russia, and no better means to this end existed than a policy of severity against those Germans who were exciting hostile feelings among their fellows. It was obvious that, no matter how clear the case against Palm might be, his death would inflame the war party in Berlin, who would inevitably proclaim him martyr and hero and demand satisfaction of his executioners. This was the object which most of all the French Emperor wished to attain. He ordered the arrest and trial, therefore, as he would have ordered his cavalry to charge, and refused to exercise clemency just as he would have refused to spare a trooper who had deserted from the ranks. "War," as he said, "is not made with rose water."

Palm died with an excellent courage, protesting his love of Germany. The effect exceeded expectations. A shiver of horror and rage ran through the body of Prussia, and Frederick

William found himself almost alone, despised and scorned even by his wife.

It was in this atmosphere that the peace negotiations dragged on in Paris. D'Oubril agreed to all Napoleon's terms, embodied them in a treaty, and left for St. Petersburg. Lord Lauderdale, who had succeeded Lord Yarmouth, for his part offered Sicily to France on condition that the King of Naples, who retained that island, was suitably compensated. Napoleon, not to be outdone as a player in this farce, suggested that the compensation might take the form of the Hanse towns—that is to say, the mouths of the great rivers, on which all his hopes were based. Then one day he offered Hanover to England ostensibly under seal of profound secrecy.

The news, as he had foreseen, reached Berlin as fast as galloping horses could carry it. The war party shouted its triumph. Napoleon, they declared, had been playing a double game. And was it to placate this swindler that the King had sacrificed the honour of his country and his house? Frederick William did not dare to reply. In his extremity he sent a messenger to Alexander with the cry:

"If he (Napoleon) is capable of perfidy so black, be convinced, Sire, that it is not merely a question of Hanover between him and me, but that he has decided to make war against me at all costs. . . . Tell me, Sire, I beg you, if I may hope that your troops will be within reach to succour me, and if I may count on them in case of aggression. . . ."

Alexander hastened his preparations, and at the same time ended the farce of the Paris negotiations by repudiating d'Oubril's treaty and disgracing the man himself. Lord Lauderdale asked for his passports. Meanwhile the war party in Berlin overwhelmed the King and forced him to yield to their demands. The streets were full of marching men, and Queen Louise herself put on a helmet of polished steel shaded by a plume, a gleaming golden cuirass, a tunic of cloth of silver, red buskins with golden spurs, and rode out among the troops.

"It appears then," wrote her despairing husband to Alexander on September 6, 1806, "that it is I who am to take the initiative. My troops are marching on all sides to hasten that moment."

JENA

CHAPTER XXV

ON September 25, 1806, Napoleon drove out of Paris with Josephine to join his army. He reached Mayence, where the Old Guard awaited him, on the 28th. Three days later he bade Josephine good-bye; the Empress wept bitterly at the parting because she believed that if he was victor in this new enterprise he would certainly divorce her. A fortnight later he sent her a letter in which he stated that his affairs went excellently.

"With the aid of God, they will, I believe, in a few days have taken a terrible course for the poor King of Prussia, whom I am sorry for personally, because he is a good man. The Queen is with the King. If she wants to see a battle she shall have that cruel pleasure."

The object of separating the Prussian from the Russian army had been completely attained and the major strategy of the campaign therefore accomplished. It remained to dispose of the war machine of Frederick the Great and to secure that Austria did not move while that operation was in progress. Napoleon's strategy consisted of making a pretence of attempting to surround the Prussians and then, instead, of attacking their left flank. He knew that the cases of Ulm and Marengo would be present to every mind in the Prussian staff, and that, at the first sign of an encircling movement, the enemy would fall back so as to avoid being trapped. It was his intention to strike at the very moment of this retrograde movement, and from the side.

His dispositions were made in accordance with this plan. The main road from Germany into France comes by Halle, Naumburg, Weimar, Erfurt, Frankfort, and Mayence. But there is another road to the eastward, running up the River Saale and going through the little town of Jena. Napoleon believed that Frederick William would take the main road; he

prepared, therefore, to travel by the road through Jena. He realized, however, that the Prussians would not remain forgetful of the Jena road, which offered a means of getting round behind them, and that every movement on this road would be watched. His early operations, in consequence, were designed to raise as many doubts as possible. By using tracks and defiles of various kinds, which everywhere traverse the forest lands of Thuringia, he got bodies of cavalry and, later, of troops down into the Saxon plain without arousing suspicion. Murat was told to ride towards Leipzig and then return up the Saale to Jena, while an army of some 50,000 men under Davout and Bernadotte was smuggled round to Naumburg, where the road which passes through Jena joins the main road from Weimar and where that main road crosses the Saale.

Frederick William was at Weimar, on the main road, with his Queen, his Court, and his staff. Napoleon, with the grand army, was at Saalfield, on the Saale above Jena, which had been taken by his advanced detachments. Thus news reached the Prussians that the French were descending the Saale in force towards Jena, that they had already so far completed their encircling movement that their advanced guard was on the main road behind the Prussian army at Naumburg, and that consequently the bridge by which the main road crosses the River Saale to join the Jena road was already lost.

Frederick William was no coward, but, as Napoleon had foreseen, the memory of Ulm was too fresh in his mind to allow him to weigh matters. If the French were at Naumburg, then his line of communications was cut. He must go back instantly, before larger bodies of his enemy made retreat across the Saale impossible. The Queen was sent away by a cross-country route, and the main army began to retreat from Weimar towards Naumburg and the Saale.

This retreat was covered by a force nearly 100,000 strong, under the Prince of Hohenlohe. Hohenlohe's army was sent towards Jena and told to stand on the hills above that town, which form the left bank of the River Saale at this place. Especially was the crossroad from Jena to Weimar to be watched, because, though no army was likely to climb the rocky slopes above the river up which that road mounts in a

series of hairpin bends, there was a chance that the French might cross the Saale nearer its source, where the left bank of the river was less steep, and so advance towards Weimar over the downs that stretch between that town and the Saale.

The Prussian army was now divided into two parts—namely, that part which was retreating towards Naumburg and that part which was covering the retreat on the top of the downs above Jena, and which, once it had been ascertained positively that the French were not going to strike across country towards Weimar, would descend and join up again with the royal army.

Napoleon did not cross the Saale above Jena, but held on down the River Saale to that town, which he reached on October 13, 1806. He rode on, with his staff, beyond the town to a place where the cliffs on the left bank of the river reached their highest points. There was a narrow defile here in the side of a hill called the Landgrafenberg. The Emperor ascended the defile and decided that it was just possible to get the horses and guns up during the night. He gave orders accordingly, and spent the night himself, lamp in hand, directing the sappers and gunners and superintending the ascent of his troops from the road in the river valley to the top of the downs.

Hohenlohe's army was still posted on the Jena-Weimar road where it crosses the downs. He was facing south. Napoleon's army, on the contrary, lay already to the north of him—that is to say, between him and the King's army retreating from Weimar to Naumburg.

The day of October 14, 1806, broke darkly through heavy mists, but Napoleon had already set his troops on the move after he had himself visited the front lines, accompanied by torchbearers, and explained to officers and men the nature of his design. He attacked Hohenlohe before that brave soldier was awake and made use of the confusion which followed to get the whole of his army on to the downs. By nine o'clock this operation was complete. The Prussians meanwhile had been compelled to turn from south to north and had been badly shaken in this difficult enterprise. But they fought with desperate courage during many hours. Towards evening the

Emperor administered the *coup de grâce*, and the whole Prussian army was flung back down the rolling slopes towards Weimar, leaving most of its guns and equipment on the field.

Meanwhile the royal Prussian army had pursued its retreat towards Naumburg throughout the previous day, October 13, 1806. In front of it, on the bridge over the Saale, were Davout and Bernadotte with orders to impede its passage as much as possible. As has been said, they commanded between them some 50,000 men; Bernadotte refused to co-operate with Davout and actually, just before the enemy appeared, marched his body of 20,000 off the battlefield. Davout with 30,000 was therefore face to face with from 70,000 to 100,000 Prussians under the King himself.

This intrepid little Marshal, whose chief joy in life was dancing waltzes, acted as his master would have acted. The road from Weimar to Naumburg resembles that from Weimar to Jena in that it comes, above the Saale, to a narrow defile down which it winds to the river. Above this defile of Kösen is a wide area of rolling land intersected by a small brook and dominated, near the opening of the defile, by a little hill on which stands the village of Hassenhausen. Davout climbed up the defile on the night of the 13th before the enemy had arrived and seized the hill and the village. To their dismay, on the morning of the 14th, the Prussians found their retreat cut off. Was this Napoleon himself whom they were meeting? The mist was as thick here as it was on the Landgrafenberg, and for a time the armies remained inactive. But as day advanced the Prussians resolved to attack and to cut their way out of Napoleon's trap. Couriers were sent meanwhile to Hohenlohe urging him to furnish reinforcements. Frederick William's object was to dislodge Davout from the village on the hill and so to gain access to the defile and the bridge. He proposed to achieve it by a turning movement on the French right, across the little brook and its meadows. It was here, therefore, that the main battle took place, and it was here that Davout and his solid squares withstood, during many hours, the charges of the Prussian cavalry under Blücher and other leaders. The old Duke of Brunswick, who was in nominal command of the King's army, was mortally wounded and carried off the field,

and the flower of Prussia's nobility laid down their lives with most heroic courage. But they could not defeat Davout, who, by his choice of position, had gone far to make good his lack of men.

Frederick William had behaved himself with conspicuous courage, but was reluctant to spill more blood in view of the fact that, as he supposed, Hohenlohe's great army of 100,000 was coming to reinforce him. He gave orders, therefore, as evening began to draw in, to break off the battle and fall back again towards Weimar. The Prussians retreated across the brook, choked with their dead; but scarcely had they marched off the field when the host which Napoleon had shattered on the downs came roaring down upon them. This avalanche of disaster and chaos broke the royal army in pieces and sent it fleeing into the forests in wild panic. Frederick William rode to Erfurt and tried there to rally his men, but Napoleon was resolved to deny even a moment's respite to his enemy. He rode across the downs to Weimar on the day after the battle and met there the Grand Duchess of Weimar, Alexander of Russia's sister, whom he treated with marked consideration. He hurried on to Naumburg to visit Davout's battlefield and congratulate his men. A bitter reproof was administered to Bernadotte, who was virtually accused of treachery without, however, being relieved of his command. This man, who, as has been said, had married Désirée Clary after Napoleon had jilted her, had already been given a principality in Italy and a Marshal's baton.

The Emperor launched his army on the road to Halle and to the Elbe at Dessau. At the same time he called together the Saxon officers who had been taken prisoner and offered them their liberty if they would go back to Dresden and invite their King to become France's ally—a move to cover the right wing of his advance towards Berlin from a possible Austrian attack by way of Prague. His treatment of the Duke of Hesse-Cassel was altogether different. This merchant of human flesh, who lived by selling his subjects as mercenaries to foreign princes, and especially to the Government of India, was the richest man in Europe. He was deep in the confidence of the London banking houses and actuallly nourished in his bosom the founder of the House of Rothschild, Meyer Amschel, who was

one of his men of business. Napoleon seized his principality and everything in it on which he could lay his hands, and the Duke fled to Schleswig—not, however, before Meyer Amschel had got most of the gold away to London.

Halle offered a slight resistance which was immediately overcome, but which served once more to show the disaffection of Bernadotte; the French, on October 20, reached and crossed the Elbe at Dessau at the moment when handfuls of the vanquished Prussians were crossing the same river at Magdeburg. The Prussian army had ceased to exist; but the Russian army was advancing through Poland. At Leipzig, the great European market for English goods, Napoleon issued orders that all such goods were to be seized immediately for the army. On October 25 he reached Potsdam and went to the palace of Sans Souci, where he possessed himself of the sword of Frederick the Great and his Black Eagle, trophies to which he attached high importance. That same day Davout, in obedience to his master's special command, received the submission of Berlin, entered the city, and posted a single regiment within its walls. Thus was the victor of Auerstadt, as the battle at Naumburg is called, signally honoured.

Napoleon had conquered Prussia in eleven days. But his thoughts were busy with England and her System and with the Russian army which was hurrying to their support. He resolved to declare new war upon the English System from the city of Berlin on the morrow of victory and in such language as all Europe must understand. A triumphal entry, the first of his career, was ordered for the morning of October 28. It took place with the brave ceremonial of which the Emperor was master. The streets were crowded and there were spectators at every window. But Berlin held her dignity in her disaster. The foot guard, in full dress uniform with bearskins, came first; then the horse guard, remounted upon splendid German horses; then a group of marshals including Davout, Berthier, Augereau, and Duroc. Napoleon rode alone in his grey coat and slouched hat, with its little tricolour, untriumphing, solemn, as befitted a soldier who had no quarrel with those whom he had defeated and whose chief wish it was to unite this brave Prussian people to him in common action against the enemy of them all—the

English people itself not excluded.[219] The keys of the city were presented. He rode on to the palace, where he promised protection to all except the nobles, who, he declared sternly, must now go and beg their bread in that London for which they had sacrificed their people. Afterwards he visited Prince Ferdinand, the aged brother of the great Frederick, who was still alive, and other members of the royal house. To all these he showed profound respect. Nor was there anything haphazard in this conduct, for he knew that it was part of the System of London to give subsidies to noblemen so that they might resist their sovereigns and thus bring the government of States into the power of moneylenders.

On that same day some of the last stragglers of the Prussian army surrendered on the road to Stettin, and a few days later Blücher, who had shut himself up with a small force in Lübeck on the Danish frontier, was forced to surrender. Magdeburg opened its doors next morning.

The stage was now set for the challenge to England. It was issued on November 21, after the British Government had declared a blockade of the whole Continent against any except English colonial produce and merchandise. Napoleon decreed:

That France, Holland, Spain, Italy, and all Germany declared the British Islands to be in a state of blockade. All commerce with England was prohibited; all English goods, wherever found, were to be seized; all letters coming from or going to England were to be seized and destroyed; all Englishmen on the Continent were prisoners of war; finally, all vessels which had touched at any English port were lawful prize.

This was the Continental System, designed to prevent London from paying with goods for her purchases from Europe, and so to force her to pay with gold. The Continental System was the reply to the Credit or Debt System, which must inevitably, as has been explained, have come to an end had Europe learned to conduct her internal trade without loans and so been able to satisfy her needs without recourse to the London bankers. Napoleon saw the difficulties which lay in his way, apart from the supreme difficulty of exclusion. Europe needed colonial produce; she needed buyers for her surplus products—for example, wheat, timber, linen, wine. London, owing to her

command of the sea, possessed the former; she was, in addition, the world's greatest market for foreign products. He began, therefore, at once to attempt to develop trade between France and the countries he had conquered and to find substitutes for the colonial goods. As has been said, beetroot sugar was one of these substitutes; chicory was another. The Leblanc process whereby carbonate of soda can be made from sea water offered still another.

"The Continental System," he stated at a later period,[220] "is a great conception which ought to become a voluntary system, the system of all peoples, since it exists in the interest of each individual as well as in that of the whole European Continent. To prohibit the prohibitor is justice. For the rest, whoever hopes to build up on the Continent an industry freed from the industry of England, and consequently its rival, has no choice of methods. . . . My system is a source of wealth, both to France and Germany, which already has replaced the foreign trade we have lost. . . . The Rhineland and Germany, even those countries which were the most exasperated against the prohibitions, will do justice to my foresight. To have taught Frenchmen and Germans that they can, by trading with one another, keep the money which English industry used to take from them is to have scored a big victory over the Court of St. James. That victory alone is enough to make my reign immortal on account of the effect which it will produce on our own internal prosperity and on that of Germany. . . . The colossal power of France is, therefore, at this moment a good thing for Europe because it constitutes the sole means of curbing the pretensions of England. . . . The Cabinets of Europe find it convenient to ask for subsidies in London whenever they need them; little they care that the sixpence which they receive was taken from the pockets of their own subjects, or rather gained to their subjects' detriment, seeing that industry cannot develop while the English monopoly (of money) lasts."

THE Emperor Alexander of Russia was the champion, on the Continent of Europe, of the English Credit System, from which he had been a substantial beneficiary. Like all the other kings, he had abandoned the interests of his people in order to secure himself as the head of an oligarchy of predatory nobles and moneylenders. King and people, therefore, were no longer joined in the sacramental relation which is leadership. The supports of the throne, apart from the nobles and bankers, were blood-magic and a priesthood which no longer taught, if indeed it understood, that great principle of Christianity that it is by the passion of love alone that anything can be born, and that therefore leadership, which creates nations, owes nothing to blood or the support of parties or even to popular choice, but is self-conditioned and self-supporting—a fact of experience and history made manifest in the happiness and strength and confidence of the created nation.

In this sense Alexander was usurper, Napoleon King by grace, seeing that his throne possessed no supports in faction or wealth or hereditary claim, but existed solely by virtue of its ability to exist—that is to say, by virtue of its effective leadership. Not that Alexander did not look upon himself as a leader. This young man, who could not forget that he had the blood of his father on his hands, called himself a man sent of God to enlighten and deliver his people. A liberal in the sense in which Mme. de Staël and Ouvrard and their friends in the city of London were liberals—that is to say, determined to do what he chose, no matter who might be the loser.

Napoleon by this time was full of understanding of the Russian and well persuaded that, if occasion offered, he could exert some influence upon him. But first of all it was necessary to defeat him in battle, and that before the spring, when the Baltic would be open to shipping. For this reason the French army was set in motion again in November, 1806. The Russian

army under Benningsen had crossed the Vistula at Warsaw; Napoleon meant to drive it out of Poland and destroy it as he had destroyed the army of Frederick William. He proposed, in addition, to turn Prussian Poland into an independent State under the King of Saxony, for that move was bound to occasion a lively anxiety both in Austrian and Russian hearts. As his troops approached Warsaw he informed the Austrians, who had 60,000 soldiers on their frontiers, that if any hostile move was made Austrian Poland would cease to exist.

The Poles themselves were far from understanding this policy, and persisted in supposing that the sole object of Napoleon's march was their deliverance. The Emperor was importuned to avenge this brave people of its adversaries by undoing the work of Frederick the Great, the Empress Catherine, and the Empress Maria Theresa. He refused to commit himself, for, had he complied, Austria would have hurled her 60,000 men against him and all possibility of an alliance with Russia would have disappeared. He was at war with England, and the Baltic trade was vital to London. His sole object was to attack that trade and so secure the emancipation of France and, with France, of the Continent. There was no other way. The Poles, consequently, by agitating, were playing the English game, no doubt at the secret instigation of his enemies. He tried to explain this to them, only to learn that politics, which can easily be understood, weigh heavily in the scales of men's minds against economics and finance, the workings of which are always obscure and difficult.

These conversations with the Poles, indeed, convinced him of the urgent need of a quick decision. If men understand politics better than finance, they understand war much better than either and resent it much more bitterly. There was the secret of the London System with its subsidies to any Power ready to take the field against him and with its perpetual support, in the name of liberty, of noblemen against their sovereigns. The nobles were always ready to proclaim wars of freedom against tyranny when the secret tyranny of debt was threatened, and who, in face of invading armies, was likely to penetrate that fraud? Very soon, if London was not forced to make peace, all Europe would call him tyrant and monster.

He reached Posen on November 25, three days after Murat had ridden into Warsaw. He remained there nineteen days, during which he organized his long line of communications, dealt again with the Austrian danger, and encouraged the Sultan of Turkey, Selim, to keep the Dardanelles closed against Russian and English ships and to attack Russia on the shores of the Black Sea. On the night of December 15-16, 1806, he went to Warsaw, being anxious to avoid any kind of public welcome or demonstration by which his freedom of action might be compromised. He did not remain long in the city, but rode on to launch his forces against Benningsen and his Russians. On December 23, 1806, he was at Okunin on the River Narew, planning how to execute an encircling movement which should have the effect of driving his enemies away from the Baltic coasts into the woods and marshes lying to his right and their left. This movement succeeded in the sense that the Russians yielded a great deal of material and some 20,000 prisoners, but it failed because the state of the ground, a sodden quagmire, brought both armies to a standstill. The Russians moved back slowly to the Pregel River and Konigsberg, where, in his last remaining possession, Frederick William and his Queen were holding their Court; Napoleon, on January 1, 1807, returned to Warsaw. On that day on the outskirts of the capital he met for the first time the young countess, Marie Walewska,[221] whose fervent patriotism had suggested to her the possibility, by means of a personal appeal, of inducing the French Emperor to restore Poland. Marie little knew her Napoleon.

Nevertheless, her golden head and blue eyes exerted a strong effect upon him, the more so as his sister Caroline had just informed him of the birth of a son to a young married woman, who was a member of her household.[222] Napoleon had been the lover of this woman, whose husband had deserted her some years before, and Caroline, because of her hatred of Josephine, had played a large part in the affair. Unfortunately, as Josephine had already told Napoleon, Murat, Caroline's own husband, was numbered among Eleanore's lovers. Was this infant son his, Napoleon's, or Murat's child? The question interested him for political as well as personal reasons because, if he was capable of fatherhood, he might, even yet, possess an

heir and so add a great stability to his throne and system. He told Duroc, therefore, to find the girl with the *tête d'ange*, who had come to him at the post-house at Bronie. The search proved long and difficult because Marie Walewska, although her husband was more than seventy years of age, was fond of him as the father of her infant son. She had had no thought of becoming the Emperor's mistress and refused, when at last Prince Poniatowski, the head of the Provisional Government, found her, to have anything to do with him. The Prince was a great lover of women; like Napoleon, he could not conceive of the possibility of such an escapade as that of the post-house apart from a desire to conquer the conqueror. He told Marie that she must sacrifice herself for Poland and sent his whole Cabinet to reason with her. Weeping and terrified, she was induced to visit the French Emperor, who, however, having convinced himself that, for once, he had met a virtuous woman, sent her away again. This act so touched the girl's heart that she fell in love and, after a while, returned of her own will, breaking, at the same time, with her husband. From that moment she became the Emperor's wife in the sense in which Emma Hamilton had been the wife of Nelson.

No sooner had the winter frosts hardened the ground than Napoleon resumed the campaign. He had formed a new plan —namely, to drive the Russians towards the sea at Königsberg and surround them upon the shore itself. He left Warsaw on January 30, 1807, and reached Willenberg next day. On February 2 he learned that the Russian army had taken up the position upon which his calculations were based. A great encircling movement, under Soult, was immediately set in motion. But during the night Benningsen, with the terrible example of Jena before his eyes, ordered a retreat and managed to escape just before the jaws of the trap closed on him. Napoleon had now to decide whether to follow, and so extend his lines, or await a more favourable opportunity. His army was much smaller than the Russian and he had the wind, with its snow showers, in his face; nevertheless he pushed on until, on February 7, 1807, he came up with his enemy at the little village of Eylau. Benningsen turned here to give battle in a position in which the element of possible surprise was almost

wholly eliminated, for the ground was open and without cover.

Napoleon held the village, with his left extending to a big windmill and his right in the local cemetery. He so far modified his usual tactics as to gather a huge mass of artillery in one place, and with this, on the morning of February 8, 1807, he began the battle. His plan was to hold the enemy in front and then, having weakened him, to roll up his left flank. Davout was entrusted with this latter operation. The fighting proved to be exceedingly bitter and bloody, and it was not until well on in the day that the flanking movement became possible. It was reinforced by a frontal attack in mass, which, however, encountered a snowstorm and was hurled back with great loss, Angereau, who led it, being wounded. The Russian infantry reached the cemetery where Napoleon had taken post and approached very close to him; but the Old Guard swept them back again.

That was the crisis of the battle, for immediately afterwards Davout's flank attack began to take effect. Napoleon launched his cavalry under Murat and broke the Russian centre so effectually that the French horsemen rode through the enemy ranks. At the same time Ney, who had been separated from the army, arrived on the French left with a body of fresh troops and immediately began to attack the Russian right. Benningsen was now in danger of being surrounded because Davout's attack on his left was making good progress. He therefore broke off the battle as night fell and retreated from the field.

But the retreat was by no means a rout, and though the Russians had lost nearly half of their effectives, the French losses were also very heavy. Napoleon was face to face with the fact that his second attempt to bring the campaign to a quick end had failed.

He retired to the Castle of Finckenstein and began at once to reorganize his army. Nor did he neglect to counteract as far as possible the bad effect which an indecisive battle was bound to produce in Paris and in all the capitals of his enemies. Josephine, who had been living at Mayence, was told to return home and give a series of balls and other entertainments, and

Fouché was ordered to keep a sharp look-out for English agents, notably Mme. de Stael and her coterie which was not to be suffered to return to the capital.[223]

Events meanwhile were proceeding in Constantinople in which the French Emperor felt the liveliest interest, seeing that the Bosphorus and Dardanelles are to the ports of the Black Sea what the Sound is to those of the Baltic. A Russian army of 50,000 men had crossed the Dniester and was advancing into the Danubian provinces; at the same time an English squadron had passed through the Dardanelles and lay at anchor off Constantinople. Napoleon sent a courier to Sultan Selim, to whom he had already dispatched his friend and fellow-Corsican, General Sebastiani, urging him to fight.

"I am near you," he wrote, "engaged in reconstituting Poland. One of my armies (that in Dalmatia) is ready to descend the Danube and take the Russians in flank while you attack them in front. One of my squadrons is about to sail from Toulon to guard your capital and the Black Sea."

He was, in fact, sending gunners and guns from his forces in Dalmatia. These arrived within a few days and helped to fortify not Constantinople only, but also the shores of the Dardanelles. The English squadron, learning of these preparations, returned to the Mediterranean and the Turks were left free to cope with the Russians.

This important success gave Napoleon much satisfaction. He followed it up by telling Austria plainly that, if she continued to mass men on the Polish frontiers, he would march again to Vienna and order his army in Northern Italy to do the same. Austria replied by offering to act as mediator between France and Russia, and though a polite and provisional acceptance was sent from Finckenstein, Napoleon promptly gathered a large army on the Elbe in case Francis decided to attack his lines of communication by an advance from Prague towards Dresden and the Saxon plain.[224] Another hint of trouble on the lines of communication had come from the King of Sweden, whose small Pomeranian force was bottled up in Stralsund. This little army, early in April, 1807, sallied from the city and tried to strike inland, but was promptly attacked and driven back again. In the following month Dantzig surrendered to

Marshal Lefebvre after desperate efforts had been made to hold it. A considerable danger was thus removed, and Napoleon went in person to the captured city in order to mark his appreciation and to direct the construction of new fortifications.

He returned to Finckenstein and made ready to crush the Russian army which was once more on the move against him to the northward of the battlefield of Eylau, near Königsberg. His plan, this time, was to do the retreating himself and so tempt his shy enemy to follow him until the moment should have arrived for a counter-stroke. He had had earthworks constructed and contrived to give the impression of an uneasy defence, crumbling gradually under Benningsen's blows. The Russians actually began to pursue, but suddenly became fearful once again and slipped away, down the right bank of the River Alle, towards the sea and Konigsberg, where Frederick William and his Queen were entertaining the Emperor Alexander. This possibility had not been left out of Napoleon's reckoning. He brought his army towards Königsberg and, leaving Davout and Soult to contain that city, swung northward towards the town of Friedland, on the Alle, thus placing himself between the Russians and their base. His first idea was to cross the Alle at Friedland, gain the right bank, and fight his battle there. But Lannes, who had been sent forward to the town, arrived too late to obtain possession of the bridges. Couriers were sent back to Napoleon, whose concern it was to know whether Benningsen would cross the river at Friedland and so take the direct route to Königsberg or follow the right bank the whole way to the city—a much longer journey owing to the windings of the river. Lanne's messages left no doubt that the crossing had been determined upon. The Emperor hurried to the front and took post in the village of Posthenen, which stands on the high ground above the left bank of the Alle and facing the town of Friedland.

Below him the battle was already joined, especially on the left where the road to Königsberg passes through the village of Heinrichsdorf. The enemy had been held here, and consequently could not deploy from the town, with the result that the streets and the bridges beyond them were choked. Napoleon saw at a glance what was likely to happen. Despair-

ing of forcing his way through the French ranks to Konigsberg, Benningsen would retreat once more back through the town of Friedland and across the bridges to the right bank of the Alle. He would, too, blow up the bridges behind him, in order to secure the protection of the broad and deep river. The Emperor ordered his left wing to fall back slightly through the village of Heinrichsdorf on the Königsberg road, thus affording the Russians an opportunity to debouch from the town. At the same time he instructed Ney to force a passage into the town from the opposite side—that is to say, along the road from Eylau—and then to blow up the bridges behind the Russians. Ney commanded a body of picked men. He moved off to the right and took position in a wood behind the village of Sortlack on the Eylau-Friedland road, some distance inland from the river-bank. He remained here until the main body of the enemy had crossed the river and passed through the town of Friedland towards Heinrichsdorf and the French left, now apparently retreating along the road to Königsberg; then, on a signal from Napoleon, he began to fight his way towards the town. This combat was bitter and bloody, and, on one occasion at least, the French line recoiled. But its intrepid commander, whom the Emperor had called "the bravest of the brave," rode from company to company cheering and rallying his men. Friedland was won and the bridges destroyed.

Napoleon, field-glass in hand, saw the success of his plan and ordered a general advance. Thunders of cannon rolled across the meadows; horse and foot sprang at the Russians, who, a moment before, had seemed to be triumphing. Benningsen's whole army reeled and broke and rushed back in panic to the town and the bridges which no longer stood.

It was Jena over again. The Russian army had ceased to exist as an effective force. Königsberg, its base, wherein were all its stores and equipment, belonged to the victor. Hearing the terrible news, Alexander and Frederick William and their courts fled up the coast to Memel, the last remaining village on Prussian territory; from there Alexander continued his way alone to the Niemen at Tilsit, where the remnants of his stricken host were being pieced together behind the barrier of the great river. Napoleon entered Königsberg and superintended the

unloading of supplies from the English ships which had been trapped in the harbour.

Friedland was fought on June 14, 1807, the anniversary of Marengo. The summer campaign of which it was the final stroke had lasted only ten days. On June 19 Murat, who had followed the Russians to Tilsit, received from Prince Bagration a proposal for peace. Six days later, on the 25th, Napoleon met Alexander on a barge moored in the middle of the River Niemen. Victor and vanquished embraced one another in the sight of both armies drawn up on the banks and then retired into a pavilion erected on the boat. There were no witnesses, but the burden of the discussion which followed is not in doubt. Napoleon had only one concern—namely, to close the Baltic, the Black Sea, and, if possible, the Mediterranean also to English merchandise. He desired, therefore, a return by Alexander to the policy of his, Alexander's, murdered father, Paul I—namely, the "League of armed neutrality," by which Sweden, Denmark, and Russia had closed the Sound against English ships, making use to this end of the Danish Navy.

Napoleon, as has been said, had studied the character of the Russian Emperor, and had plumbed the deeps of his vanity, his greed, and his superstition. Alexander was a missioner with a murder on his hands; an apostle of freedom with an appetite for freebooting; a Puritan, too, disordered emotionally, hungry for wealth and power. Above all, a snob, convinced that there is a divine right of blue blood, obscure, magical, potent, and a divine displeasure against blood that is red, unless, indeed, circumstances have witnessed to the contrary. It was necessary to heal this young man's wounds; to whet his appetite; to awaken his anxiety.

Napoleon achieved all these objects simultaneously. On the barge Alexander passed at a bound from the humiliation of defeat to the glory of victory; rich prizes in the shape of Finland and the lands about the mouths of the Danube were dangled before his eyes; but only half-concealed in Eden was the snake of the Restoration of Poland. The Russian knew very well that Napoleon had a Polish "wife" who had spent the winter with him at Finckenstein and had, all that time, worn black frocks in token of mourning for her fatherland. All Poland,

except the area belonging to Austria, lay in the conqueror's power.

And so a bargain was struck. The Sound was to be closed; the Russian and Polish harbours were to be shut against England; Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, and Austria were to be invited to declare war on that country if peace without a trade treaty was any longer refused by London. In the Levant the deposition of Sultan Selim by his janissaries had abolished French influence in Turkey a month before. Napoleon was ready to help Russia in the Balkans, but would not consent to the occupation of Constantinople—proof that trust was lacking when so great matters as the trade of the Black Sea and the overland way to the Levant, Egypt, and India were in question.

The Treaty of Tilsit, with its open and secret clauses, expressed these arrangements. Incidentally Alexander acknowledged all Napoleon's conquests, agreed to the French acquisition of Magdeburg and the line of the Elbe, to the creation of a kingdom of Westphalia for Jerome Bonaparte, and to the nomination of the King of Saxony as Grand Duke of Warsaw and head of the new Polish State—this last with a wry face. Frederick William was thrown overboard with his unhappy Queen, for he obtained only a modest slice of his great estate, and though Queen Louise humbled herself to plead with the conqueror for better terms Napoleon was adamant. This brave, beautiful, and noble woman had committed, in his eyes, the unpardonable sin; she had conspired with the nobles against her husband's authority and better judgment. To the woman, courtesy and honour; to the Queen an icy resistance. The lesson was not lost upon Alexander, who had conspired in far more deadly fashion with his father's nobles.

Alexander crossed the Niemen and lived in Tilsit, where Frederick William was also quartered. The Russian spent his time with Napoleon, complaining about England, her treacheries and her greed, and so by implication expunging the memory of his own actions. A holy light shone in his eyes; was he not, in restoring his father's policy, separating himself at last from the cause of his father's murderers and so joining himself to the side of the angels? The brand of Cain had been smoothed from his brow by the gentle fingers of the French

wizard; the brand appeared now glooming bloodily upon the brows of the merchant bankers of the city of London and their Government.

The Treaty of Tilsit was signed on July 7, 1807. Alexander accepted the Legion of Honour and Napoleon the Grand Cordon of St. Andrew. Next day the Emperor of the French and King of Italy escorted the Emperor of all the Russias to the riverside, embraced him for the last time, and watched him being rowed towards the frontiers of his vast dominion. The same day Napoleon left his army, which he had led from the cliffs of Boulogne to Vienna and Berlin and the borders of Russia, and turned back, by way of Königsberg and Dresden, to Paris. He reached Paris on July 27, 1807, at six o'clock in the morning.

BOOK III

THE QUENCHING

"*Mon bonheur n'est pas dans les grandeurs.*"—NAPOLEON (to Caulaincourt).

NAPOLEON'S achievement at Tilsit was the acquisition of a clear field for dealing with the System of London. Since the murder of Paul I of Russia no such clear field had existed; the price of restoration had been Marengo, Hohenlinden, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, and Friedland, the humiliation in turn of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, to say nothing of smaller States. These campaigns had furnished the means of inter-Continental trade, raw materials, and money. They had not yet secured any one of the three vital waterways —the Sound, the Straits, and the Dardanelles. For, included in the price paid by humanity, was Trafalgar, the most glorious day in the history of the British Navy. Though empires had been shaken, sea-power remained the secure possession of England. By means of that splendid heritage, bought with the blood of the bravest, the merchants of Lombard Street and Throgmorton Street had already acquired new fortunes in a gigantic Brazilian speculation.

But the moment had come for London to turn from the New World to the Old in order to succour those small nations whose freedom of action had been so gravely compromised at Tilsit. While, therefore, Napoleon was busy at Fontainebleau with the plans of reform which he meant to execute as soon as he had concluded his debtless peace with England, Canning, the new Foreign Secretary, was writing a "most secret" despatch to his agent in Denmark. It ran:

"Sir,—Intelligence reached me yesterday, directly from Tilsit, that at an interview which took place between the Emperor of Russia and Bonaparte on the 24th or 25th of last month, the latter brought forward a proposal for a maritime league against Great Britain to which the accession of Denmark was represented by Bonaparte to be as certain as it was essential. The Emperor of Russia is described as having neither accepted nor refused this proposal. . . .

"But the confidence with which Bonaparte spoke of the accession of Denmark to such a league, coupled with other circumstances and particulars of intelligence which have reached this country, makes it absolutely necessary that His Majesty should receive from the Court of Denmark some distinct and satisfactory assurances, either that no such proposition has been made to that Court by France or that, having been made, it has been rejected, and some sufficient security that, if made or repeated, it will meet with the same reception."

The "sufficient security" was the Danish Navy, consisting of twenty sail of the line, eighteen frigates, nine brigs, and a number of gunboats. The British agents offered to defend Denmark, to guarantee her colonies, and to pay the bill if this fleet was immediately surrendered to England, but the Prince Royal, who was already pledged to Napoleon, refused. He was now warned that the English squadron which had appeared in the Sound would take by force what it could not obtain by consent, but this warning did not prove effective. Accordingly, on September 2, 1807, and without any declaration of war, the bombardment of Copenhagen began after a landing-party had been sent against the city.

"For the last two days," runs the English official report, "the conflagration has been very considerable and at this moment rages with great violence."

The Danes surrendered after three days. They had said that their fleet was not ready for sea and this proved to be the truth. Their ships were sailed away to English waters. Thus was a rent torn already in the Treaty of Tilsit, and the whole Continent informed that peace without trade treaties would in no circumstances be granted by London.

Napoleon made no sign except to use the event as propaganda. But he turned towards Portugal and Spain and at the same time cast an anxious backward glance at Alexander. Could he trust the Russian now that it was certain that peace would not immediately be concluded? Paul I had been murdered because he was interfering with Anglo-Russian trade; fear of the same fate, perhaps, might change very soon the disposition of his son. Napoleon began to think about a Russian marriage, and would, perhaps, have taken some steps in the

matter had he possessed any assurance that he was capable of fatherhood; but Marie Walewska, who, as has been said, had borne a son to her husband, seemed unlikely to bear him any children. Nevertheless he ordered Fouché to mention the subject to Josephine, who, to his knowledge, was involved with the Metternichs and the Austrian party in an intrigue that extended from Paris to Vienna, and included Mme. de Stael and Fouché himself. This intrigue had come to full flower after Eylau, when there was question of an Austrian attack on the long lines of communication, and had caused him lively uneasiness. But it was no motive of revenge which now actuated him; Josephine would tell the Austrians and her news would counteract at Vienna the bad effect of Copenhagen by suggesting that he and Alexander were even more closely united than had been supposed. He was anxious above all things to avoid fresh trouble on the Danube at the moment when he was taking possession of the mouths of the Cattaro and so making of the Adriatic a French lake.

A similar anxiety informed his dealings with the Pope, through whose harbours large quantities of goods were entering Europe, and with his brothers, who already were finding the positions assigned to them as Royal Customs House Officers irksome and undignified. Joseph at Naples received sharp reprimands,[225] while Louis in Amsterdam was told that if he continued to yield to the importunities of the Dutch merchants, who wished to trade with England, he would be removed from his throne. Nor was Lucien forgotten. At the earnest request of his mother, the Emperor agreed to meet that stubborn man during his forthcoming visit to Italy.

Denmark had agreed to join the Continental System, but Portugal, with the spectacle of Copenhagen before her eyes, proved more refractory. War was therefore declared upon her, and General Junot, who had married the daughter of M. and Mme. Permon, was sent off to conquer that country, a task in which he succeeded so well that the House of Braganza sailed, *with every available ship*, from Lisbon for its possessions in South America—an event which caused Napoleon to remark that the day was not far distant when the countries of the New World would refuse to obey the order which

forbade them to trade except with their mother countries in Europe.

"Everything points," he declared,[225] "to the entry of these new lands into the System of the United States." And he added: "The English will end by agreeing to all that the United States demands."

Meanwhile he was concerned with the closing of the Portuguese and Spanish harbours. Portugal belonged to him, but Spain, governed by the Queen's favourite, Emmanuel Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, was an ally only in name—as the affair of Ouvrard had shown, and as had been shown again, just before the battle of Jena, by a proclamation issued by Godoy to the nations of Europe to unite against tyranny. Napoleon possessed proofs that Godoy was accepting bribes from London,[227] but the ascendancy of this man over both King and Queen was so great that it was necessary to deal through him. His negotiator, Isquierdo, was summoned to Fontainebleau and offered a principality in Portugal for Godoy—the rest of that country to remain in French hands until peace was secured with England. The King of Spain, it was further promised, would be known in future as "Emperor of the Americas and King of the two Spains." Godoy accepted and, on his part, promised to place the Spanish army at Napoleon's disposal for coastguard work.

"England could no longer delude herself," Napoleon recounted of this arrangement.[228] "She was about to see her merchandise everywhere rejected and the whole of Europe treating her as an enemy. Everything on this occasion contributed to the success of my plans and my great object seemed to be within my grasp. The secret of these negotiations was so well kept, and the military preparations were so ably conducted, even at Madrid, that I entertained no doubt of success. The ambitious Prince of the Peace, solely concerned to take possession of his principality in Portugal, got King Charles IV to agree to everything. In fact, Spain was the gainer. The old King, enchanted to conquer Portugal and to be called "Emperor," was convinced that this title would make a great man of him—as if the new title was likely to appeal more to his subjects than the old one, as if the name of Emperor confers

upon its bearer the genius and energy necessary to regenerate and defend his fine empire."

But these arrangements, so satisfactory to all concerned, were viewed in London with a baleful eye, since they constituted a threat to the financial and commercial system as great as a French descent on the Sound. Canning acted with his usual promptitude, and the stream of money which formerly had flowed into the pockets of Godoy was now diverted to those of the intimate associates of Ferdinand, the Prince of the Asturias, Charles IV's eldest son. Since Ferdinand, very naturally, detested Godoy, his mother's lover and father's best friend, intrigue was easy. Nor did the vicious and treacherous character of the young Prince himself make it less difficult.

Ferdinand began by posing as the friend of France, and to this end showed great favour to M. de Beauharnais, the French Ambassador, who was Josephine's brother-in-law. Beauharnais was in close touch with the Austrian intrigue in Paris, and set about arranging a marriage between Ferdinand—who was a widower—and Stéphanie Tascher la Pagerie, Josephine's niece. Napoleon was not told about this match-making, but Talleyrand and Metternich knew all about it and did everything in their power to further it. The Emperor, on the contrary, looked on the Spanish business as settled and had already turned his attention to affairs in Italy where, as he had informed himself, a busy smuggling of English merchandise was in progress, chiefly through the Papal States. He prepared, therefore, to cross the Alps once more.

Josephine was not invited to accompany her husband on this Italian journey, though one of the objects was to visit her son Eugène, the Viceroy—a fact which was duly interpreted in Vienna as proof that the Russian marriage was being discussed. Metternich wrote to his Government:

"The question of the marriage (between Napoleon and the Grand Duchess Catherine) seems, unfortunately, to gain more consistency every day. The reports of it are so general, the Empress herself speaks so openly about her divorce, that it is difficult to believe that it has not some foundation."

The moment Napoleon's back was turned the Austrian intrigue and its Spanish ramification awoke to new life, for

Josephine now had a policy of her own—namely, to secure herself with her husband's enemies so that, whether he divorced her or came to grief, she would be provided for. The Emperor heard to his exasperation that his wife's lamentations were acquiring an international importance, and were being exploited everywhere as witness of her devotion and his inhumanity, with the suggestion added that the Corsican had no love of French people except in so far as he could use them for the furtherance of his ambition. A feeling that Talleyrand was associated closely with these plotters had already, after his return from Tilsit, caused him to change his Foreign Minister, but Talleyrand still wielded a great deal of influence.

The visit to Italy, as has been said, was primarily an inspection of Customs Houses. It included in its scope all the ports of the peninsula and especially those belonging to the Pope. A bitter quarrel with the Vatican immediately began; but Napoleon would listen to no objections. The Adriatic, the Ægean, the Levant—all engaged an attention which at the same time ranged over the Sound, the Straits, the Baltic, the North Sea, the Channel, and the Bay of Biscay. In an inspired article in the *Moniteur* the Emperor wrote:

"England is an utterly weak and miserable nation; her Ministers must have recourse to piratical operations; they calculate the results of war at so much per cent. and only think about how much money they can make."

At Milan he promulgated his answer to the new English decree that every ship of every nation bound for a Continental port must first touch at some British port and pay tribute on her cargo. Any ship, he announced, which had paid a farthing of tribute would be seized as lawful prize. The meeting with Lucien was a failure, though there was some talk—in ignorance of Josephine's match-making—of a marriage between his eldest daughter Charlotte and Prince Ferdinand of Spain,[229] a project which for different reasons neither of the brothers favoured. They parted sadly because their mother had already told them that failure to come to an agreement would be for her "a mortal blow."[230]

Napoleon returned to Paris; soon afterwards Lucien's daughter came to the capital to stay with her grandmother.

Her bitter tongue and insolent manners so gravely offended the old lady that the idea of making a Spanish princess of her was abandoned.

Meanwhile Ferdinand was preparing, with Canning's help, to depose his father and mother and put Godoy to death. The projected Beauharnais, or rather Tascher la Pagerie, marriage was ardently desired because, when the act of usurpation had been carried out, it would form a bond between the Spanish and French thrones which Napoleon would find it difficult to break. The French Emperor would, so it was hoped, be compelled to acknowledge Ferdinand, the nominee of Canning, and thus with his own hands to destroy his own policy, for Ferdinand could be trusted to admit any quantity of English goods, and Josephine's niece, if she became Queen of Spain, could be trusted to oppose the interests of Napoleon as actively as her aunt was doing in the position of Empress of the French, or as her cousin Hortense, Josephine's daughter, was doing as Queen of Holland.

All these, with Talleyrand and Fouché and many others, were engaged, in truth, in saving themselves from what they believed to be the suicidal madness of Napoleon. Why did he not make peace with London, seeing that London was notoriously ready to make peace with him? The obstacle of the trade treaty meant nothing to these men and women who, if they understood it at all, looked upon it as trivial and absurd. Why not enjoy the miraculous gifts of a more than bountiful Providence while those gifts might still be enjoyed? English wisdom, seasoned in many cases with English guineas, was listened to and Napoleon's demand for a debtless peace relegated to a place among the obsessions of great minds. Clearly he required to be saved from himself; the truest friendship, as well as the truest patriotism, could only oppose a fixed idea which already had drenched Europe in blood and by which the whole commerce of the world was being disorganized. Was war, economic war, as well as the war of the sword, to last for ever? Civilization itself would be destroyed. Napoleon knew it all. In his view it was better to die in battle than be bled slowly to death by debt—the fate of the *ancien régime*.

NAPOLEON'S belief that the English System was at the breaking-point was not unfounded. Indeed, had the Portuguese fleet been handed over to France instead of being sailed away, Canning, on good showing, would have despaired of success. In Portugal the same idea had existed, for Lord Strangford, the British Minister in Lisbon, wrote to Canning:

"The Portuguese Ministers place all their hopes of being able to ward off this terrible blow in the certainty that they entertain of England being obliged to enter into negotiations for a general peace."

The closing of the Spanish harbours, therefore, engaged the Emperor's highest hopes and seemed to justify his faith that, in spite of the reverses at Copenhagen and Lisbon, the war was drawing quickly to its close. He was in this happy frame of mind when news reached him that public opinion in Madrid was in a state of ferment because of the trial of some friends of Ferdinand, the Prince of the Asturias, who were accused of having plotted against Godoy and the King. The circumstances of this ferment aroused the Emperor's liveliest anxiety because he saw in it much more than an ordinary popular demonstration. Nor did the news that the old King had pardoned his son go far to reassure him. Godoy, as he knew, was exceedingly unpopular and had involved in his unpopularity both the King and the Queen. In the middle of February, 1808, he became convinced that Ferdinand, on the suggestion and with the help of London, was about to depose his parents and seize the throne. He ordered Murat to proceed instantly with a large force to Spain by way of Bayonne and Vittoria. Murat and his army reached Vittoria on March 11 and hurried on to Burgos, which had been designated as his headquarters. Further orders from Napoleon were soon received. Both Marshal Moncey's corps and that of General Dupont were to

cross the Guadarrama, the first by the Somosierra Pass, the second by that of Segovia, and both were to reach Madrid on March 22 or 23, 1808, and to ask leave to rest there for a day or two before going on to Cadiz. Murat was urged, several times, to avoid any kind of disturbance, to abstain from talking politics, and to pay for everything he might need. Various fortresses were to be occupied by the French at the same time.

These precautions having been taken, with the full consent of the King of Spain, Napoleon married Stéphanie Tascher la Pagerie to the Duc d'Aremberg and so brought Josephine's plans to confusion. He showed his displeasure at the same time against M. de Beauharnais, his Ambassador in Madrid. Nor were his precautions taken too soon, for, on the night of March 17 the palace revolution, which he had foreseen, took place at Aranjuez, near Madrid. A great mob attacked Godoy's palace, without, however, finding him; early on the morning of the 18th, Charles IV was compelled to sign a decree dismissing the Queen's favourite from all his offices. Murat's troops were still some distance away in the Guadarrama, and the rebels therefore had a clear field. The search for Godoy went on, and he was found on the morning of the 19th. A body of horse guards conducted him to their barracks, but did not succeed in protecting him from a mob which severely wounded him and gouged out one of his eyes. The King and Queen were now dealt with by a process of threats and cajolery which frightened them both out of their wits, for they were old and feeble. They were forced to abdicate on pain of what they, at any rate, believed to be immediate massacre. Their son Ferdinand seized their crown. His supporters began at once to murder and pillage as many of those who had been associated with his father's Government as they could find. During the whole of March 20, a Sunday, no effort of any kind was made to restrain the mob, and the terrible and bloody confusion persisted until the 23rd, when Murat, who had kept Napoleon's time-table, but had, nevertheless, arrived too late, reached the stricken city. He entered it at midday with his staff and a detachment of the Imperial Guard, and one of his first acts was to forbid the trial of Godoy, which was being hurried forward. The unlucky Prince of the Peace had been loaded with chains and was near

to death. Murat sent him under strong escort to the village of Pinto, and declared in Napoleon's name that he forbade any further ill-use.

Ferdinand and his friends now understood that they had Napoleon to deal with and that the French Emperor was fully informed about all their projects. From massacre, therefore, they passed to whining, and begged Murat to acknowledge their act of usurpation, which he flatly refused to do. After that they plucked up enough courage to threaten violence, and Ferdinand declared that on the morrow, the 24th, he would make his solemn entry into Madrid as King Ferdinand VII.

Murat wrote to Napoleon telling him that his Ambassador Beauharnais was a secret accomplice of Ferdinand. He maintained a chill silence while the solemn entry was in progress, and refused to visit the new "King"—a course which Napoleon heartily approved. Ferdinand now wrote to Napoleon begging to be "recognized" and promising to do all that might be required of him, but the Emperor was in no mood for compromise—especially as he had just been made aware that the Pope, because of the closing of the Roman ports and the policing of Rome itself, had excommunicated him and so made of every priest in Spain his enemy and detractor. Ferdinand was told that his father and mother, the King and Queen, had placed themselves under his, Napoleon's, protection and that they were about to travel to Bayonne in order to consult with him.

This news completed the collapse of the usurper, who now saw his only chance of success in a personal appeal to the French Emperor, and at once made ready to go also to Bayonne. Murat demanded the person of Godoy and indicated that, if a hair of his head was injured, punishment would be exacted. When his demands were not immediately satisfied, he sent his troopers to rescue the unhappy man, whom he then supplied with clothes and money and sent off, strongly guarded, to Bayonne. Ferdinand now decided that he must have some promise in writing from his father, and so visited the old King and tried to get him to sign a new abdication; but the fear of massacre had been relieved. King and Queen sent their unnatural son about his business. The various cavalcades set out from Madrid to cross the Pyrenees.

On April 2, 1808, Napoleon drove out of Paris. He had Josephine in the carriage with him, so that Ferdinand might see that his Empress was not yet in a position to dispose of thrones for the benefit of his enemies. Josephine was gloomy because the death of Hortense's little son Napoleon Charles the year before had snatched an important card from her hand and still further, if things went on as they seemed to be going, undermined her position. Napoleon, on the contrary, was cheerful with the sense of an important decision taken. He had made up his mind about the Spanish business. He would have nothing to do with Ferdinand and his English backers; it was wholly out of the question to restore the rule of the King and Queen and Godoy, because they were incapable of ruling and would inevitably be murdered if he sent them back to Madrid. He proposed, therefore, to accept the offer which Charles IV had already made to him and himself nominate a new king. He had already approached his brother Louis, the King of Holland, who had refused. He had reason to believe that Joseph, the King of Naples, would accept.

He left Josephine at Bordeaux and went alone to Bayonne. Ferdinand was the first of the Spaniards to arrive. He was received as Prince of the Asturias and told plainly that his behaviour towards his parents and his intrigues had caused the Emperor to reject all his claims. Nor did Napoleon hide from him the considerations of policy which supported that decision. The war with England had come to a stage which admitted of no weakness towards allies who could not be trusted. A little later the same stern message was spoken to Godoy, who, for his part, was only too thankful to have escaped out of Spain and was ready to agree to anything so long as he was not asked to return. When the King and Queen arrived, Napoleon unbent and did them great reverence, both in the public manner of their reception and in his own behaviour. He had already sent to Bordeaux for Josephine, and now instructed her that she was to devote herself to Marie Louise; Charles IV became his own special care, and for days this crazy old man, descendant of Louis XIV and brother of that King Ferdinand of Naples whom Napoleon had deposed after Austerlitz, treated the son of the Revolution as if he had been his own son. Nor did Bonaparte

fail in kindness to Bourbon. Josephine confessed herself dumbfounded. For hours on end Marie Louise discoursed about Ferdinand's brutality, and even expressed a lively hope that Napoleon would put him to death. And the King, coming in, used to punctuate his wife's complaints with his gold-headed cane. Godoy was often present, but very seldom uttered a word. "The Bull" had ceased to bellow.

The tragi-comedy played itself out at a family council. King Charles, stick in hand, wandered about the room cursing his son and sometimes even threatening him and blessing Napoleon, while the Queen hissed her fury. Ferdinand, tall, resentful, debauched, spoke never a word, but suddenly burst into tears, at which exhibition of weakness the whole room exploded. Josephine heard with great relief the crisp voice of her husband directing these infuriated and hysterical people. Ferdinand was to restore the crown to his father and to go to live in France under the care of M. de Talleyrand. The King and Queen and Godoy would proceed to Rome. Great wealth was at the disposal of all of them. . . .

Napoleon handed them into their carriages and bade them good-bye. Then he gave the crown of Spain to Joseph, and, having embraced him and his wife, sent them out on the long road to Madrid. The gift of the vacant throne of Naples to Murat and Caroline completed the transaction.

Emperor and Empress began to tour the western coasts of France. They had not advanced very far upon this expedition when Napoleon received a message to the effect that the Spaniards had risen against their new King and his troops, while the French army under General Dupont had been surrounded and compelled to surrender. Joseph was in flight homewards across the Pyrenees.

"This means," said the Emperor grimly, "that I must conquer Spain or abandon it."

In a moment he was full of action, despatching couriers to every corner of Europe. They hurried back to Paris, picking up Talleyrand on the way at Nantes; Napoleon insisted that a meeting between the Emperor Alexander and himself must immediately be arranged.

WITH the cry of "Liberty" the old monarchical structure of France had been destroyed; a new slogan—namely, "Nationalism"—was now given to the world for the destruction of Napoleon and his system. Both were equally false, seeing that their coiners were concerned to fasten on men's shoulders more firmly that yoke of debt which is the negation of all freedom and the ruin of every people.

The method was the same in Spain as it had been elsewhere. Funds were put at the disposal of nobles and merchants whereby these might support themselves at their neighbours' expense by organizing bands of retainers and mobs who, as necessity required, could be called "the nation" or "the people," and so invested with semi-mystical sanctions. The chief business of these factions was to further the interests of their paymasters by denouncing as tyranny and oppression whatsoever ran counter to these interests.

This policy had already made of the Emperor Alexander his father's murderer, of the Queen of Prussia the ruin of Frederick William, and of the Prince of the Asturias the brutal usurper of his father's throne. It was now about to undermine the religious and monarchical foundations of Spain by using the priesthood to misrepresent Napoleon's policy and aims and to hold up to admiration the policy of the English financial oligarchy.

Napoleon understood all this clearly and realized, in addition, that his own actions were easily capable of presentation as the crimes of a bloodthirsty and predatory adventurer to oppose whom in any direction was to serve humanity. Had he not seized Holland and Italy and Naples and Rome and Germany and Portugal and Spain, and filled these and other lands with his brutal soldiery? Had he not stained his hands with the royal blood of d'Enghien and the patriot blood of Palm? And had his insatiable greed not led him, in these

last weeks, to filch from a helpless, half-witted old couple their ancient patrimony? Mother Church had cast him out; his own mother grieved for the humiliations of her dearest son; his brothers and sisters, wearing uneasily the crowns which he had thrust upon them, cursed him in their hearts, while even his wife had rebelled against him.

He set his teeth and turned, as ever, to the object of his policy. Could he keep the ports of the Peninsula closed in face of the defeat at Baylen and of the not less bitter defeat, by Wellesley and his Englishmen, of Junot in Portugal? And what influence would these disasters exert upon the mind of Alexander and so upon the closing of the Baltic and Black Sea ports? Again, if Alexander's support weakened, what would Austria do? The Continental System was certainly not the gross failure that his enemies were announcing. English trade had contracted to small dimensions and the exchanges were moving against London. The dreaded outflow of gold had already begun. If the pressure could be maintained for a few months longer, the peace he wished for would, he felt sure, be accorded. He was the more certainly assured of this because London and all the financial centres had been showing a renewed hostility. The month which had followed his return from Spain—August, 1808—had witnessed an attack on his finances of a kind so formidable as to leave no doubts about its origins. As has already been said, the five per cent. *rentes* which he had inherited from Barras when their value was nominal had risen steadily until, after Tilsit, they were worth 94. This spectacular rise had taken place in the teeth of opposition and had restored their life savings to great numbers of honest citizens. The effect can be imagined. When, therefore, the funds began to slip back and finally reached 70, a kind of panic seized upon the nation. Napoleon had no intention of borrowing and so was not concerned for himself; but he was determined on the one hand that the world should not be advised through the stock exchanges that his prospects were bad, and on the other hand that his people should not be robbed by speculators. He sent for Mollien, his Treasurer, and told him:

"I am going to wage war on the 'bears.'"[231]

He then gave orders that the Army Treasury (not to be confounded with the Army Fund) and the Bank of France should invest as much money as possible in *rentes* until the price had risen at least to 80. This was done. A great number of speculators in Paris were ruined and heavy losses were sustained by big operators in other countries.

"We have beaten the 'bears,'" the Emperor exulted. "They will not try the game again; and meanwhile we shall have preserved for the creditors of the State the capital to which they have a right; for 80 per cent. is the figure upon which I am determined that they shall be able to count—and besides, we shall have effected good investments for the money of the army."

It was with this considerable triumph to his credit that he went to Erfurt, which town had been agreed upon as the place of meeting, to welcome Alexander. A pageant on the most sumptuous scale had, by his orders, been prepared so that, whatever the actors might say or feel, the scenery should proclaim undying friendship. The two Emperors met and embraced on the outskirts of the town on September 27, 1808; they rode together, hunted together over the battlefield of Jena and visited together innummerable entertainments of all kinds. Goethe and Wieland were there to cast the lustre of genius upon the event.

But even Napoleon's stage-management could not completely obscure the facts of the situation, which were clearly set forth by Alexander himself in a letter to his mother:

"What other means," he wrote, "has Russia of maintaining the alliance (unavoidable and necessary for me) with the dreadful Colossus, than by falling in with his ideas for the time being and showing him that he can prosecute his plans without distrust? All our efforts must be directed towards obtaining a free breathing space and working, in the greatest secrecy, to increase our forces."

This policy had the active support of Talleyrand, who had accompanied his master and was conducting a busy and personally profitable intrigue with Alexander on the one hand, and Austria and the House of Rothschild on the other. Rothschild had grown rich and important, thanks to his

connection with the Prince of Hesse, and had actually managed to set up a bureau for opening and reading all the letters confided to the Austrian postal system.[232] The agent of this piece of business was the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, whose wife had constituted herself Alexander's chief hostess. The Russian Emperor came every night to her house after Napoleon had gone to bed, and Talleyrand was always present to receive him. Thus Meyer Amschel had the news in his counting-house before anybody else, and thus the secret powers of finance were brought with as little delay as possible into action against Napoleon. The Austrian "observer" of these events, Vincent, had the entrée to the midnight parties.

But the plotters deceived themselves in supposing that their enemy was unaware of their doings or that he rated very high their power to harm him. He had come to obtain answers to definite questions, not to plead for help. He had his answers. Alexander—whom he called "the Greek"—would continue to keep his ports closed because he feared so greatly the restoration of Poland and because he coveted so greedily the possession of Constantinople. For these reasons he would refuse to co-operate with Austria in any new attack upon France. Austria on her part was incapable of independent action until after the lapse of several months.

These definite conclusions had been reached by methods which included a hint that the Emperor of the French might, some day, contract a second marriage and would, in that event, derive satisfaction from a union with the House of Romanoff. But the matter was not pressed. Alexander was well aware that Napoleon had spent a great deal of time in Paris, during the past winter, with Marie Walewska; that he had visited her openly almost every day; and that this ardent Polish girl had recently been sent back to Warsaw to inflame the enthusiasm of her countrymen for the French, and to remind them daily that the Romanoffs, the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs, who had expended such great efforts to destroy Napoleon, were the same who had torn Poland asunder and continued to devour her. And further that the partition of Poland had not at any time awakened a flicker of interest in the city of London.

Goethe, it may be noted, formed at Erfurt that opinion of Napoleon in which he persisted ever afterwards—namely, that he was a supremely great man. They witnessed together Voltaire's tragedy, the *Mort de César,* and the Emperor said:

"You should write a play giving a loftier and more imposing picture of Cæsar's death than Voltaire has achieved. The world should be made to see that Cæsar would have made it prosperous, and that things would have been quite different had he only been given time to complete his noble plan. Such a tragedy would be a lesson alike to kings and nations."

Napoleon was now free to devote his attention to the Spanish ports. He left Erfurt on October 14, 1808, and arrived at St. Cloud on the morning of the 18th, and then, after the lapse of a few days, took the road to Vittoria where Joseph now held his Court. All his preparations were complete, and his army, transported from Poland and Prussia and the Rhine, was already in Spain. He reached headquarters on November 5, 1808, and immediately announced his plan of campaign. The Spaniards were commanded by a junta of nobles, and their armies, badly led and still worse united, stretched from Santander in the north, across Spain to Barcelona, along the line, more or less, of the Ebro. Napoleon meant to break the flanks of this line and then drive through the centre across the mountain range of the Guadarrama to Madrid. Soult was told to take Burgos and this place became the Imperial Headquarters. Then the attack on Santander, that is on the Spanish left, was launched. Victor, to whom the task had been given, met his enemies among the mountains at Espinosa on November 11, 1808, defeated and scattered them and descended to the sea at Santander. As soon as news of this operation reached Napoleon he ordered Lannes and Ney to attack the Spanish right. On November 23, 1808, Lannes fought the battle of Tudela and drove the opposing army under Palafox helter-skelter into Saragossa. A week later, on the 30th, Napoleon ascended the pass of Somosierra, and engaged the enemy near the village of that name. His Polish lancers swept the Spaniards away and captured their guns. On December 2, the anniversary of Austerlitz and of the coronation, the Emperor was before Madrid. He did

not wish to bombard the city, his brother's capital, and tried to obtain its surrender peacefully. But the populace was inflamed to the point of madness and refused to open the gates. The bombardment began, therefore, on December 3, and continued for some hours. At last the Spaniards sent Don Thomas de Morla to negotiate. Napoleon received this nobleman at the head of his Guard. De Morla told him that Madrid would be surrendered, but that he must withdraw his troops so that the Junta might pacify the people.

"Don't talk to me about the people," Napoleon exclaimed. "If you can't find the means to pacify them that is because you have yourselves excited and misled them by lies."

He demanded that the priests be summoned to speak to the inhabitants—showing that he realized how great a part his excommunication by the Pope had played. He refused to remove his troops. Madrid surrendered the next day, December 4, 1808.

Napoleon did not enter the city, but began at once to make arrangements for seizing and closing all the Spanish ports. Troops were despatched to the south and were soon within sight of the Sierra Morena. At the same time instructions were sent to take Barcelona and to reduce the stronghold of Saragossa. Joseph was housed outside the capital in the palace of Pardo and was told not to enter until the city was calm.

A few days later a courier from Paris brought a piece of news which occasioned the conqueror lively indignation and astonishment. This was to the effect that his Empress, in his absence, had made a speech to the *Corps Législatif,* come to congratulate her on his victories, in which she had said that His Majesty would be "sensible of the homage of an assembly which represents the nation." So there was another plot hatching in Paris. He recognized at a glance the author of this fatal admission that a parliamentary body, as the nation's representative, was in a position to bestow power or to take it away. Here was Talleyrand's work—Talleyrand who, as he had been informed, was strolling every night through Josephine's drawing-rooms, arm in arm with Fouché, or playing whist with the Metternichs, from whom Josephine seemed to be unable to separate herself. He sat down and sent

to the *Moniteur,* which had published his wife's speech, a correction in these terms:

"The Empress did not say that. Her Majesty the Empress knows too well the nature of the Constitution not to be aware that it is the Emperor who represents the nation; for all power proceeds from God and from the nation. In the order of our Constitution come, after the Emperor, the Senate; after the Senate, the Council of State; after the Council of State, the *Corps Législatif. . . .*"

He began now to study again the letters which he had received from his mother and other of his friends in Paris. They spoke of rumours to the effect that he would never come back from Spain. Had these rumours also proceeded from Talleyrand? And if so, what did they mean? Again, Alexander had married his sister Catherine to the Duke of Oldenburg. His thoughts were busy with these questions when he heard on December 19, 1808, that the English armies under Sir John Moore and Sir David Baird which, as he knew, had entered Spain in order to bring help to the Junta, were marching upon Valladolid with the evident intention of cutting his lines of communication and so separating him and his army from France. A new plan leaped to his mind. He would cut off these Englishmen. He waited for three days to give his new enemy time to reach his lines, and then made a dash across the Guadarrama by the Escurial. His army was held up, in the mountain passes, by a tremendous hurricane which was followed by a sharp frost and then a thaw and though he refused to rest for a moment he made very slow going. In consequence the English were warned and began at once to escape from the trap into which they had so nearly fallen. Moore fell back on Benevente, which he reached on December 26. On New Year's Day of the year 1809 he was at Astorga, with Napoleon only a day's march behind him.

Nevertheless, this gallant Englishman, as he very well understood, had already defeated the French Emperor in the sense that he had drawn him away from the work of seizing the ports of Southern Spain at the very moment when that work, under his personal direction, could easily and expeditiously have been carried out. Napoleon had been faced with

the choice of abandoning that enterprise or perhaps of being cut off from France.

But, bitterly as he regretted this fact, the Emperor's thoughts were now in Paris. What was happening in his capital? If there had been a plan to hold him in Spain, then there must be a counterpart to that plan—namely, the intention to depose him in France. The *Corps Législatif* was the obvious instrument of that policy. Alexander had refused his sister; Austria was arming; a fresh conscription was in progress in his own empire. What an opportunity to proclaim that Europe would never make peace with Bonaparte and to offer his crown to "Louis XVIII."

He came instantly to a decision. He handed over the pursuit of the English to Soult, and, mounting his horse, rode the whole way back to Valladolid. He remained here long enough to issue some orders about the closing of the ports and to write to his brother Joseph. On January 17, 1809, he took the road to Bayonne, riding more quickly even than was his habit. On the 18th he was at Burgos, on the 19th at Bayonne, on the 22nd at the Tuileries.

NAPOLEON'S return shattered the conspiracy. He found that the *Corps Législatif* had remained in continuous session since his departure for Spain, and that the votes habitually cast against his Government in that body of 250 men had increased from about 10 or 12 to more than one hundred. Further, a new raid against the *rentes* had taken place, and these had been driven down well below 80 per cent. But it was the close relations existing between the Austrian Ambassador Metternich and his wife on the one hand, and Josephine, Talleyrand, and Fouché on the other, which chiefly engaged his attention. Nor did he omit Mme. de Staël from his reckoning. While he was in Spain she had visited Vienna,[233] and had created there a great deal of excitement not only by her acting in public but also by her violent wooing of an Austrian officer of Irish extraction named Maurice O'Donnell. She had been received in all the great houses where war against France was the chief subject of conversation, and she had gone straight from Vienna to a meeting with Gentz,[234] who was a leader of the opposition to France that was being organized, with English money, in Germany. The newspapers published during his absence were carefully searched, and a series of articles in the *Gazette de France* praising the Royalists of La Vendée for their devotion to the Bourbons discovered. Then the storm broke. Talleyrand was summoned to the Emperor.

"You are," Napoleon told him, choking with rage as he spoke, "a thief and a blackguard to whom nothing is sacred. You would sell your own father. I have loaded you with gifts, and yet there is nothing you are not capable of attempting against me. For months past, since it seemed to you that my affairs in Spain were going badly, you have been telling everyone who would listen to you that you always disapproved of that enterprise, whereas it was you who first suggested it and

constantly urged me on. . . . Now I have it in my power to crush you like this glass" (Napoleon hurled to the floor a goblet he was holding), "but I despise you too utterly to take the trouble."

Talleyrand was dismissed from his post of Grand Chamberlain. Josephine and her daughter Hortense, who had now separated from her husband, were forbidden to play cards with the Metternichs and given to understand that everything was known. Fouché received a severe reprimand.

How mild were these punishments is shown by a letter written shortly before by Metternich to his master, Francis of Austria:

"We have at last," the Ambassador stated, "reached the time when allies seem to offer themselves from the very heart of the French Empire. And these allies are not low, contemptible intriguers. Men *worthy to represent this nation* request our support."

These were the words which Josephine had used in her address to the *Corps Législatif*. But Napoleon never forgot that his wife was a Frenchwoman. At a moment when Austria was arming once more against him, when Prussia and all Germany were trembling with hope, and when Alexander was sulking in his tent, he could not take the risk of offending his own people. One of his officers had been seized by the Austrians. He wrote to Fouché:

"All couriers belonging to M. Metternich and his Court, whether coming from Austria or going out from Paris to Vienna, are to be stopped. They are to be seized halfway between here and Strasbourg. The despatches will be brought to you and a report will be drawn up by the agent you send for the purpose. The report will run as follows:

"'*In consequence of the violation of the Law of Nations exercised on a French officer carrying dispatches for the Minister of France—which dispatches were taken from him at Braunau by main force, and in spite of his protests, and of the fact that the Arms of France appeared on the packet—all dispatches coming from the Austrian Government or its agents will be seized and held until the before-mentioned dispatches are restored.*'

"The persons employed on this duty will work quietly so that the arrests may be kept secret as long as possible and the greatest possible number of dispatches seized."

Austria, while preparing for war, was busy trying to break up a new alliance which Napoleon had formed with Turkey in order to exclude English goods from the Black Sea. That could only mean that Alexander was in close touch with Vienna. Napoleon remained, happily for himself, in close touch with Warsaw. He had given the place of honour to his Polish cavalry at the battle of Somosierra, and the news of Polish valour, on that remote plateau, under the French Emperor's eyes, had exercised a profound influence upon the whole Polish nation. Poland had risen from the dead. Europe should know soon that the race which had saved Vienna and Christendom from the Infidel was capable also of saving itself. The Countess Walewska played her part bravely in this movement; and all her countrymen thought of her as the Emperor's wife—for Josephine's intrigues were not hidden at that time from the world's eyes.

Napoleon still retained a slender hope that war might be avoided. He assembled the diplomatic corps and told them that he had no quarrel with Austria.

"All Europe is witness," he declared, "that all my efforts and my whole attention were directed towards the field of battle which England has selected—namely, Spain."

But the opportunity of attacking France while her armies were divided, and while her best Generals were far away beyond the Pyrenees, was too good to be lost, and, as London had provided the money, Austria determined upon war. Napoleon, being convinced on this point, made his preparations, saying that he had nothing left now to fight with except "my little conscripts, my name, and my long boots." His plan was to strike an immediate blow and march straight to Vienna. He was not long kept waiting. At eight o'clock on the night of April 12, 1809, a message, transmitted by the system of "signal telegraph" which he had inaugurated, was received at the Tuileries. The Emperor had gone to bed and was asleep. At ten o'clock he awoke and read that the Austrian army had entered Bavaria, one of the Rhineland States. Six hours later,

at four o'clock in the morning, the great travelling carriage stood in the courtyard of the palace. Emperor and Empress entered it—for Josephine was no longer to be trusted alone in the capital. Four days later the "little conscripts," many of them lads only eighteen years of age, saw for the first time the small figure on the white horse.

The Archduke Charles was in command of the Austrians. When the Emperor of the French reached Donauworth on April 17 without guard, *aides-de-camp*, or staff, he found his armies in evil condition, widely spread out. It was his immediate concern to concentrate these scattered forces, and his orders bore, in each case, the words "action and speed." Concentration was effected within the next day or two, and in such a fashion that, as the French forces drew closer, the Austrians, trying to envelop them, were more widely extended. Here was the opportunity for which Napoleon had been looking. Arriving at Ingolstadt on the night of April 19, and hearing what had occurred, he instantly mounted his horse and rode off to reconnoitre. Next morning, by a swift blow at the weakened Austrian centre, he severed the left wing of the Archduke's army from the body, and drove that wing against the Iser, while the body was being driven towards the Danube. He slept that night in a chair without undressing, and was in the saddle again at daybreak watching the severed Austrian wing trying to escape across the bridges of the Iser. He attacked and routed the enemy, and the town of Landshut, which was full of war material, fell into his hands. He now turned to the body of his enemy which the Archduke had gathered at Eckmühl and which, as he guessed, was about to attempt an encircling movement by the right. He himself determined to encircle also by the right—that is to say, by the Austrian left—a plan which entailed the taking of a high ridge already occupied by the enemy. But the plan was carried out so that on the night of April 22 the Archduke's forces were in full retreat from the battlefield of Eckmühl. Next day Napoleon entered Ratisbon, before which he had received a slight wound in the instep—to the consternation of his soldiers. He was astride the road to Vienna, and the Archduke Charles, with his second left wing shattered as had been the first, was in flight

towards the defiles of Bohemia. Some 60,000 Austrians had been put out of action. Vienna was at the mercy of the conqueror.

Fear that Alexander would ally himself to the Austrians could now be dismissed—a matter of great importance at a moment when an Austrian army nearly 40,000 strong was advancing down the Vistula upon Warsaw in order to quell the exuberance of the Poles. This army was commanded by the Archduke Ferdinand; opposed to it was Poniatowski with some 12,000 Poles. In the circumstances there was no option but to abandon Warsaw and fall back upon strong positions among the marshes of Pultusk. Napoleon had demanded of Alexander that in accordance with his promises he should go to the help of Poniatowski; but the Russian had not moved. The Emperor heard the news at Ratisbon; at the same time he was informed that the Austrian army, under the Archduke John, which had invaded Northern Italy, had won a victory over Eugène de Beauharnais, the Viceroy, and was advancing. Thus, if the Austrian plan of campaign be looked upon as a whole, success had been achieved by his enemies on the right flank in Poland and on the left flank in Italy. But the Austrian centre on the Danube was shattered. Napoleon wrote to Eugène:

"I am doing that which I have never done before, and that which, of all things, must be most repugnant to a prudent General: I am marching with my wings in the air, unconscious of what is passing on my flanks. Fortunately, I can brave all risks."

He added:

"War is a serious game in which are staked one's reputation, one's troops, and one's country. A man should reason and examine himself in order to learn whether or not he is fitted by nature for the art. I know that in Italy you affect to despise Massena. If I had sent him this would not have occurred. . . . In confiding to you my Army of Italy I have committed an error."

The march on Vienna now began, and though resistance was encountered at several places it continued without a break until, on May 13, 1809, the French entered the Imperial city. But the campaign was by no means over, for the Archduke Charles had

led the remains of his army to the capital where he had already obtained reinforcements, and to his aid were now hurrying the army of the Archduke Ferdinand, which on the receipt of the news of Ratisbon had begun to retreat from Warsaw, and the army of the Archduke John, returning by forced marches from Italy. Napoleon decided to cross the Danube and, under the walls of Vienna, make an end of the army which he had already handled so roughly.

The enterprise was hazardous, because the French had to cross the great river in face of an enemy already in position. Nevertheless by the evening of May 20 this operation was in course of being carried out by making use of the island of Lobau as a halting-place. Next morning the French began to debouch and deploy between the villages of Aspern, on their left, and Essling, on their right. Napoleon, on this occasion, meant to strike at the Austrian centre, while the plan of the Archduke Charles consisted in attacking the French flanks simultaneously—at Aspern and at Essling. Both plans failed; at the end of the day the two armies remained as they had been at the beginning. But darkness for Napoleon brought heavy anxiety, because the Danube had risen suddenly, by reason of melting snows in the hills, and was raging and foaming under the slender bridges which formed the lines of communication of the French army and also its line of retreat. Great logs of wood were being carried down on the tide and already the bridges had been broken and repaired several times. Reinforcements and ammunitions were hurried across, nevertheless, until midnight when the biggest of the bridges broke again, for the third time. The river had now risen fourteen feet; time was required to repair the damage. The battle was resumed at dawn and, after severe fighting, Napoleon launched his frontal attack and broke the Austrian centre so far that Lannes, who was leading the French, sent an officer to report that he was about to go forward across the plain. This officer, to his astonishment, found the Emperor gloomy and preoccupied. The big bridge had been swept away and ammunition was already running short. Very soon the French would be without artillery.

Napoleon hesitated only for a few minutes, and then ordered

Lannes to fall back slowly, using as little ammunition as possible. The French centre receded towards the river, hotly pursued by the astonished Austrians, who, a short time before, had believed themselves beaten. At this crisis of the battle Lannes himself had both his legs shattered by a ball and fell mortally wounded. But the enemy, nevertheless, was held until nightfall brought the bloodiest encounter of that age to a close. During the night the French were brought back to the island of Lobau—for the broken bridge lay on the opposite side of the island. There Napoleon determined they should remain.

The blow, nevertheless, was a severe one. The Emperor had persisted in his plan in face of the rising river because almost everywhere else in his Empire defeat was being inflicted upon him, and he had not dared to delay. Now delay had been forced upon him in the unwelcome form of a second Eylau. None knew better than he to what uses his enemies would put the event or how greatly Russians and Prussians and English and Spaniards would rejoice because of it. He spent a melancholy hour by the deathbed of his old friend and companion Lannes, and there were tears in his eyes as he left the poor man who was so desperately anxious to live that he had already threatened to have his surgeons put to death for incompetence. Napoleon said long afterwards that he had seen in this brave man's eyes a look which demanded why he, Napoleon, could not save a life so valuable to him, and added the reflection that all his soldiers, even the greatest of them, tended to look upon him as Providence.

Napoleon now set himself to get the bridges rebuilt and to arrange a new plan of attack. Messages were sent to Eugène to hold the army in front of him, and it was soon known that he was acquitting himself well. On June 14, on the Raab, the army of the Archduke John was put to rout, but the fortress of Raab remained. The Emperor demanded its reduction so that his own position might be the better secured. His fertile mind had devised many ways of undoing the damage which he had suffered. He had a great new bridge built upon piles, high above the river, and he collected large numbers of boats and rafts on the river banks and at the island. At the beginning of July his preparations were complete. The island of Lobau, which is

about three miles in diameter and nine miles in circumference, held 150,000 troops, 550 guns, and 40,000 horses. On the night of July 4 this host was brought across to the opposite bank of the river under a continual fire. A thunderstorm, accompanied by rain and hail, filled the darkness with light, but could not drown the sound of the 900 cannon which, from various positions, were covering the operation with their fire. Napoleon rode up and down the river bank all night directing his gunners and soldiers and boatmen. When the sun rose and his men saw him a great shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" warned the Archduke Charles that what he had conceived to be impossible had already been accomplished. The Austrian army fell back at once to a prepared position near the village of Wagram, where, during the night of July 5-6, the French attacked them without much success. On the morning of the 6th the battle began in earnest with a great duel of artillery—a new method which Napoleon had used for the first time at Eylau, and which he was now developing. Then the Austrians attacked the French left and tried to reach the village of Aspern and the Danube, so as to cut off retreat. They had some success in this enterprise until Napoleon turned the whole weight of his artillery against their centre and so heavily shook it that the flank attack had to be reduced in vigour. The French now advanced everywhere, and at three o'clock in the afternoon the Archduke Charles ordered a general retreat, which speedily degenerated in quality, so that it was continued during four days until, at Znaim, the enemy asked for an armistice. In three months Napoleon had conquered Spain and Austria, had once more overawed Russia, and had thus preserved intact that Continental System by which he hoped to win peace, with economic freedom, from England.

NAPOLEON returned from Znaim to the palace of Schoenbrunn to await the issue of the peace conference. One of his first steps was to mark his appreciation of the gallantry of Poniatowski and his Poles and his bitter disappointment with Russia by summoning to his side the Countess Marie Walewska. His feelings about Josephine, who had remained on the Rhine, were expressed in an order to her to return to Malmaison or, if she preferred it, to go to some spa. In a series of angry letters his Minister of Police, Fouché, was informed that his master's eye was upon him and that his many disloyal actions had been observed.

Now that his own campaign was at an end Napoleon was concerned with Spain. Soult had driven the English into the sea at Corunna, and Saragossa had been forced to capitulate; but the Spaniards were still active, and their activities had been quickened by a second excommunication pronounced by the Pope against the Emperor of the French and all his supporters.

"This," he wrote to Murat,[235] now the King of Naples, "is an excommunication which will fall on the Pope's own head. No more consideration must be shown. He is a dangerous madman and must be shut up. Have Cardinal Pacca and the Pope's other adherents arrested."

Instructions were sent to Fouché at the same time to see that the French newspapers avoided making any mention of the Pope, whose afflictions, if reported to the Spaniards, must inevitably stiffen their resistance. On the outbreak of war Metternich had been placed under some kind of arrest in Paris—on account of his plottings. Orders were given that he was to be closely watched and that his relations with England were to be observed.

This last order was made because an English expedition had just been sent to Holland and had already captured the town of

Flushing. Napoleon refused to take the news tragically or even seriously, but he experienced a great exasperation against his brother Louis, whom he suspected of being friendly to the invaders.

"You are no king," he wrote to him,[236] "and you do not know how to be a king. Trade with England goes on in Holland just as in times of peace, and the partisans of England triumph. I must inform you, however, that this cannot be allowed to continue."

He turned to finance, and wrote to Fouché:

"Maret will send you a collection[237] of all the different kinds of bank-notes. . . . I want you to manufacture these notes of every amount until you have reached 100,000,000. You must set up machinery which will turn out 10,000,000 a month. It was paper currency which enabled Austria to make war on me, and with paper currency she may be able to do it again.

"That being so, it is my policy, both in peace and war, to destroy that paper currency and to force Austria to come back to the metallic currency which, by its very nature, will force her to reduce her army and all that wild expenditure on her part which has threatened the safety of my dominions. It is my intention that this operation shall be carried out secretly and mysteriously, yet the object I set before me is far more a political one than any advantageous speculation or gain. The subject is exceedingly important. There is no hope of peace in Europe so long as the House of Austria can obtain advances of 300,000,000 or 400,000,000 francs on the strength of its paper. . . .

"I repeat that, whether in peace or war, I attach the greatest importance to having one or two hundred millions' worth of notes. This is a political operation. Once the House of Austria is shorn of its paper currency it will not be able to make war against me. . . . If I had destroyed that paper I should not have had this war."

As the Austrian paper was largely held in England, the blow was a shrewd one, especially at a moment when the negotiations for peace were being held up in the hope of a successful issue of the English "Walcheren" adventure in Holland or of an intervention by the Emperor Alexander. Napoleon was insisting

upon the surrender to him of a land route across the Balkans to Constantinople and of the surrender to the Poles of a large slice of that part of their fatherland which Austria claimed to possess —demands which Francis and his counsellors resisted with all their strength. But the English expedition failed with heavy loss, and Alexander accepted a piece of Austrian Poland for himself on the understanding that the word "Poland" would not be revived by the French Emperor—a decision which had the approval of the Countess Walewska, who realized that without Alexander's help the Continental System was doomed.

Austria was now forced to capitulate. Napoleon imposed an indemnity in gold and silver of 75,000,000 francs, thus removing all the treasure supplied by London; at the same time he took the city of Trieste (and with it the control of the Adriatic). Austria promised, further, to reduce her army to 150.000 men and to keep it at or below this figure until peace with England should have been concluded.

Thus the French Emperor retained the friendship of the Poles without breaking with Alexander, crippled Austria and ruined many of those who had lent her money, and obtained the means of reaching Constantinople and so, if necessary, himself closing the Dardanelles and the Black Sea. The Duchy of Warsaw was now a greater threat than ever before both to Russia and Austria. His enemies, who had calculated so certainly upon his downfall, were broken and separated. It was while he was engaged in these labours that Marie Walewska informed him that she was with child.

IT would be difficult to exaggerate the effect on Napoleon of this news of the Countess Walewska's pregnancy. At last he knew for certain that he was capable of fatherhood and might therefore contract a second marriage with hope of obtaining an heir. "My enemies," he had been wont to say, "make appointments at my tomb." The chance to disappoint them was the chance to give permanence to his system.

He had won his campaign and confounded his enemies—the severe terms which Austria had accepted was proof enough of that—but so long as his life alone stood between his enemies and the virtual dictatorship of the world, which their system of debt secured to them, nothing was permanent. Would any of his brothers continue the opposition to London? Louis was playing the game of the Hopes and the other Amsterdam moneylenders. Joseph was showing no alacrity in closing the Spanish ports—and he had numbered Mme. de Staël among his best friends. Nor was the case of Jerome any better. That young man, married to the King of Wurtemberg's daughter Catherine, and made King of Westphalia, had shown himself unfit for serious work of any kind, a libertine, and a fool. Was it for such as these that he, Napoleon, was spilling honest men's blood? And yet how to replace them? Few of his Ministers were trustworthy, and several of them, to his knowledge, had been bought. They wanted his system as little as his brothers wanted it; they understood his objection to the system of London as little as his brothers understood it. The vision of a debtless world which he saw was in their eyes a phantasy and a mirage. What was wrong with a world which had made them all kings? And what did it matter, anyhow, if a trade treaty with England threw a few workmen out of their jobs? Idle workmen and impoverished peasants belonged to the nature of things. No, if the Napoleon System was to live it must have

an heir, a child upon whose plastic mind he could imprint truth as he knew and understood it—above all, that it is the mission of kings to protect the sheep from the wolves, and that if they fail in that mission they are nothing.

His thoughts turned, therefore, to a second marriage. They were quickened by an attempt to assassinate him, which was made at Schoenbrunn by a lad named Staaps, the son of a Protestant parson of Naumburg. This lad was found near the Emperor with a knife hidden under his cloak. He was brought before Napoleon, who asked him about his motives. Staaps answered that he wished to strike down a tyrant. The Emperor then offered pardon if the lad would promise to go home and never again make such an attempt, but this offer met with a flat refusal.

"If I get the chance," Staaps said, "I will kill you."

His firmness touched the man's heart, and he made several further attempts to save him from the court-martial which, in view of the excitement in the army, was otherwise inevitable. But no change could be effected.

"I will kill you," Staaps repeated, "if I ever get the chance to kill you."

It was known that clubs were being formed throughout Germany having as their object the assassination of Napoleon. Staaps was therefore tried by court-martial, condemned, and shot; he displayed to the end a lofty courage. About the same time one of the Russian envoys mentioned the possibility of further wars. Napoleon's face expressed horror:

"Blood, blood, always more blood," he cried in tones of dismay.

He was weary of war, of blood, of shootings; weary, too, of the fear that a bullet or an assassin's knife might, at any instant, annul the sacrifices which he had demanded of his people and which they had so freely given. He must marry his system to a king's daughter. It was observed that he looked gloomy and preoccupied. He had become deeply attached to Marie Walewska; it would be necessary to send her away.

But he did not hesitate. His "Polish wife" should return to Warsaw for the birth of their child, which, thereafter, would be his link with Poland. He himself would seek a wife

in one of the royal palaces so that his son and heir might possess every conceivable advantage of birth and race.

He was finished with Josephine; but she was a Frenchwoman. He began to make plans for his divorce, which should show his people, not their Empress' treachery, but her devotion and his reluctance to part from her. Eugène's victory at Raab had been announced to the nation with as much enthusiasm as his own victory at Wagram. He continued to insist on the merits of that young man and on the affection which he bore him. The hints that a second marriage was in contemplation were accompanied by praises of Josephine, which endeared her anew to the whole French people and which lent a sad and even tragic complexion to the meeting of Emperor and Empress at Fontainebleau after the conclusion of peace. Napoleon, people said, was enjoying with his dear companion a kind of final honeymoon before these two made sacrifice of themselves for France.

Josephine's tear-stained face gave colour to this idea and so helped his plans. In fact, however, his thoughts were engaged with politics, for his keen intelligence had discerned a new move of the enemy. Alexander's failure to support him during the recent campaign was now linked up, in his mind, with the news that his brother Louis was constantly in the company of the Russian Ambassador. Louis' resistance to the Walcheren expedition had left nearly everything to be desired. Was the lad, to whom he had played a father's part, betraying him to England? He made searching inquiry about the smuggling of English goods into Holland, and found that everything which the King could do to help that smuggling was being done. Louis, in other words, had constituted himself a link between London and St. Petersburg, where Alexander, too, was acting as patron of smugglers in defiance of his promises. But that was not the full extent of the mischief. At Erfurt he had hinted to the Russian that an offer for the hand of his sister, the Grand Duchess Catherine, might soon be presented. She was married, and now they were talking about the Grand Duchess Anne. Did they mean to make him pay for his royal wife with the sacrifice of his system? The insistent demands for a formal promise never to restore Poland, and the recent unauthorized

publication by Alexander of his, Napoleon's, promise to forget the name of that country, began to assume a new significance. If he made such a promise and then married the Grand Duchess, Alexander, by reason of the fury and disgust of the Poles against France, would be delivered from all anxiety and would be free immediately to open his ports.

The great captain began to watch his enemies with close attention. He had not yet spoken to Josephine about a divorce; he deferred that ungracious task and returned with her to the Tuileries on November 15, 1809. On November 22 he instructed Champagny, his Foreign Minister, to write to Caulincourt, his Ambassador in St. Petersburg, as follows:[238]

"M. l'Ambassadeur, as you are aware, the most devoted among the friends of the Emperor and of his dynasty have, on many occasions, urged him to remarry. Their pleas have for long been without avail; but I have reason to believe that now, after mature consideration of the situation of France and of his family, the Emperor has made up his mind to divorce his wife. His Majesty has informed me personally of this decision so that I may communicate it to you.

"Suggestions about a divorce were made at Erfurt to the Emperor Alexander, who will no doubt recall them. The Emperor now desires that you will discuss the subject frankly and simply with the Emperor Alexander and that you will speak in these terms:

"'I have reason to believe that the Emperor, urged to this step by all France, is about to divorce his wife. Can I tell him that, in that event, he can count on your sister? Will your Majesty be so good as to consider the matter, and in two days give me a frank answer, not in my capacity as Ambassador but rather as a devoted friend of the two families? I am not making a formal request. What I ask for is an idea of your feelings.'

"Will you also inform us what the young Princess is like and especially when she will be old enough to become a mother, for, in the existing state of affairs, even six months is a matter of importance."

The object of this letter was not so much to test Alexander as to encourage his hopes of being able to outwit Napoleon,

for no doubt remained in the mind of the French Emperor that Anne would be granted to him only if he so far disarmed as to be unable any longer to resist the demands of London. Napoleon was feinting in the direction of Russia. He took care to add to his letter an assurance that there was no idea of restoring Poland and to give consent, at the same time, to the floating of a Russian loan on the Paris market. He began, moreover, to pay the most marked attention to the Russian Ambassador, Kourakine, an old man with an insatiable love of splendour and entertainment.

On November 30 the inevitable scene with Josephine took place. The Empress, who had known for weeks what was coming, fell shrieking to the floor, declaring that she would not survive the blow. An usher, M. de Bausset, was summoned to carry her back to her apartments. He lifted her in his arms, while Napoleon guided her feet. They had a narrow private staircase to negotiate. De Bausset was relieved to hear the Empress' voice saying:

"You are holding me too tightly."

Hortense was in the offing and Napoleon sent her to her mother. He had recalled Eugène from Milan so that the family might be united in its affliction, and he bore with patience the hostility which these stepchildren upon whom he had conferred royal crowns displayed.

"Every day," wrote Hortense,[239] "brought new conflicts. . . . We were won over by the Emperor's solicitude for his wife's reputation."

Josephine wept, screamed, and swooned by turns until the settlement was announced: she was to retain her Imperial title and enjoy a revenue from the Treasury of £80,000 a year with, in addition, a revenue from the Emperor's privy purse of £40,000 a year—£120,000 a year in all.

Meanwhile sharp eyes were watching Napoleon and trying to read his plans. Ouvrard, the financier, had recently been released from Vincennes and was once more in close touch with his old friend Fouché. Ouvrard had already introduced to the Minister of Police an Irishman named Fagan,[240] who it appeared was ready to act as go-between with London. Fagan was now instructed to cross the Channel and to find out from

the Marquis Wellesley, whom he knew, whether or not England was ready to make peace.

"If we could only get into touch," Fouché stated, "we could easily come to terms."

Napoleon knew nothing about this mission, the object of which was to force his hand by dangling the prospect of peace before the eyes of Frenchmen at the moment when the Russian marriage and the Polish treaty should have brought the Continental System into jeopardy. Fouché, in other words, had taken Napoleon's bait. He lived in close touch with Josephine, who, during many years, had supplied him with information in exchange for large bribes, and this connection linked him up with Hortense, the Queen of Holland, and so with Louis. Fagan was supplied with passports on the day on which Josephine heard that she was to be divorced, but he did not immediately set out on his journey.

Three days later, on December 3, the Emperor went in state to Notre Dame to celebrate his victory and the anniversary of his coronation. He had the King of Saxony, Grand Duke of Warsaw, and the King's wife and marriageable daughter with him. After the *Te Deum* he delivered his annual address to his Parliament before the *Corps Législatif* and went out of his way to praise Alexander and Russia and the heroic Russian army which, as he said, had conquered Finland and the Danubian States. In a reference to Poland, the intention to restore its ancient sovereignty was disclaimed. Fouché judged that the moment to send Fagan into England had arrived, and the Irishman left for Boulogne, where, however, he failed to find means of crossing the Channel. Nor was he more successful at Dieppe. To the exasperation of his employer he reappeared at the Ministry of Police after the lapse of about a week. Meanwhile the speech to the Parliament was being set out, with comments by Napoleon, for immediate transmission to Russia, from which country, on December 11, a fresh batch of complaints had been received. The King of Saxony and his family left on the 12th for a short stay at Grosbois preparatory to returning home. Napoleon accompanied them to the château and took the Russian Ambassador with him—to the delight of old Kourakine and the chagrin of Schwarzenberg, the Am-

bassador of Austria. Not a soul now but felt convinced that the Grand Duchess Anne was as good as Empress.

The formal divorce took place on December 15, 1809, in the presence of Mme. Bonaparte the senior, Louis, the King of Holland, Jerome, the King of Westphalia, Pauline, the Princess Borghese, and Caroline, the Queen of Naples, as well as Hortense, the Queen of Holland, and Julie, the Queen of Spain. Napoleon read a speech calculated to obscure so far as possible the fact that he was getting rid of his French wife in favour of some foreigner. A martyr's crown was offered to Josephine, who made haste to wear it by expressing herself unable to read her reply. She left the Tuileries for Malmaison with Hortense the next afternoon in a carriage known as *l'Opale*. It was raining. A few hours afterwards Napoleon himself left for the Trianon. Next morning he was at Malmaison administering comfort; and the good Parisians, having been told everything, dried their tears, blessed Emperor and Empress, and suffered no hurt to their pride.

It was not all showmanship, however, and the odds are that, if there had been no political necessity, Josephine would have retained her position. Napoleon did not approve of divorce; he detested change, especially under his own roof. And over and above all that, he retained some shreds of affection for the woman whom he had crowned. Josephine, with her faults, was his own creation; it distressed him, when the moment struck, to see her go.

Meanwhile, in St. Petersburg, Alexander was congratulating himself that Napoleon's strategy of the council chamber was sadly lacking. He purred his satisfaction when Caulaincourt conveyed to him the request for the Princess Anne and the French Emperor's assurance that he was willing to give all reasonable satisfaction about Poland. On the night of December 28, 1809, the French Ambassador was bidden to dine; Alexander opened his heart. His great difficulty, as he confessed, was the reluctance of his nobles to be committed too far to friendship with a country which, as things stood, had no heir. What was to happen to France—and to Russia with France—at Napoleon's death? That question seemed to be the answer for which Caulaincourt was waiting: Napoleon must

marry Anne. But there was more to follow. Alexander declared that unless he could show a definitive treaty promising that Poland would never be restored his position would remain difficult and might even become impossible. Caulaincourt then said that Napoleon had no objection to putting his ideas into a treaty—for such was the direction he had received from Paris. No further doubt now remained in the Russian's mind, and he refrained from so much as mentioning the Continental System and the ports. The plan which he had concocted with London was assured, as he believed, of success.

Napoleon, on his part, had digested the new complaints from Russia. He answered them with calculated asperity on New Year's Day of the year 1810.

"I really don't know what you want," he wrote. "I can't destroy figments or make war on clouds. I leave your Majesty to judge which of us is the better ally, the better friend. To mistrust me is to have forgotten Erfurt and Tilsit."

This letter was calculated to remove any suspicion by suggesting an extreme eagerness. In fact, Alexander had no suspicions. He had drawn up a treaty, strong as an iron cage, in which to hold his captive for ever.

"The kingdom of Poland," this document stated, "will never be re-established . . . the names Poland and Pole will be abolished for ever so far as any official or public statement is concerned."

It was further provided that the orders of knighthood of the old kingdom of Poland should be abolished, that no Pole, who was a subject of Alexander, should ever be employed by the King of Saxony in his capacity as Grand Duke of Warsaw and that the Grand Duchy of Warsaw should never at any time be enlarged. Napoleon was to obtain the signature of the King of Saxony to these terms.

In other words, as Napoleon had correctly guessed, the indispensable condition of a Russian marriage was the renunciation by France of any means of holding Alexander to the Continental System. Caulaincourt, wholly unsuspicious, signed this treaty on January 4, subject to his master's ratification, and it was immediately signed by Romiantsof, ratified by Alexander, and dispatched to Paris. The French Ambassador then pressed

for his answer about the Princess. Alexander said that he would consult his mother, because his sister, whose birthday fell on January 7, was only sixteen.

Napoleon had now engaged his enemy in a position where he could hope to hold him for some time. He turned instantly to his own strategic plan, which was to marry the Archduchess Marie Louise of Austria before it was discovered in Vienna that, at the price suggested, the Grand Duchess Anne was a luxury which he could not afford. The Austrians were so terrified at the prospect of a Russian marriage that while their fear lasted they would agree to anything. On January 18 he drove out to Malmaison and had a long talk with Josephine. He had allowed Metternich to return to Vienna for the peace negotiations, but Mme. Metternich was in Paris; his request was that Josephine should drop a hint to her old friend. The ex-Empress was not unwilling, though she urged that by way of reward she might be allowed to come back to Paris.

Napoleon continued to praise Russia and all things Russian—so much so that Fouché sent Fagan off again on his travels. This time a passage was secured at Ostend, on January 19. On the 21st the Emperor returned to Malmaison, where good news awaited him: Mme. Metternich was sure that the marriage could be arranged. Three days later Josephine was given permission to return to the capital. On January 27 Metternich wrote from Vienna to Schwarzenberg:

"The most distinct overtures having been made by the Empress Josephine and Queen of Holland (Hortense) to Mme. de Metternich, His Imperial Majesty (Francis I) thinks it better to pursue this unofficial but less compromising road."

Francis was hesitating. Napoleon was made aware of this and experienced a lively anxiety. He had just received the treaty about Poland from St. Petersburg and thus obtained confirmation of all suspicions. On Sunday evening, January 29, he called a council at the Tuileries to advise him about his second marriage. He allowed Europe to behold him torn between the choice of a Frenchwoman, a Saxon Princess, a Russian Grand Duchess, and an Austrian Archduchess. So cleverly was the stage managed that not a doubt remained that he had only to lift his finger in order to obtain his desire.

Artless compliments to Austria fell occasionally from his lips; for example, to the objector who said that she was no longer a great power he replied:

"It is well seen, sir, that you were not at the battle of Wagram."

He listened patiently to all the advice offered to him, and, of course, became quite fulsome about Russia. He expressed no opinion of his own. But he had decided already, as has been said, that an Austrian marriage was to be desired on almost every count. For one thing Marie Louise was woman grown; again, Austria threatened both the props of Alexander's policy—namely, the subjugation of the Poles and the acquisition of Constantinople. Marie Louise would put into his hands a weapon whereby Alexander might be forced to support the Continental System and so compelled to help in the work of obtaining a real peace.

As it happened, on that day of the matrimonial conference Fagan was received in London by the Marquis Wellesley, who greeted him with the remark:

"We have just heard that Napoleon has given orders for the invasion of Holland."

The news was true in the sense that the Dutch ports were about to be taken over by French soldiers. How, then, could England discuss peace seeing that the trade treaty was obviously as far off as ever. Fagan retired, but, on pretext of illness, remained in London.

England was clearly suspicious—another reason for haste on Napoleon's part, for London exercised great influence in St. Petersburg. The Emperor, while he awaited his moment to act, called his brother Louis to Paris and dealt with him faithfully—so much so that this friend of the Amsterdam moneylenders and patron of English smugglers was shaken. Nor was Hortense spared. She had quarrelled with her husband and was living in Paris. Napoleon demanded why such people should accept favours from those whom their conduct was calculated to injure in their most vital interests. He declared his intention of annexing Holland to his own crown, and then suddenly offered Louis a chance to rehabilitate himself by opening negotiations for peace with England. Let the Amsterdam

bankers send a man to London to inform Sir Francis Baring and his protégé Wellesley that the days of smuggling were over, and that, in consequence, unless peace was made, the outflow of gold from London now beginning would soon assume terrifying proportions. Louis consented and saw Fouché, who, on Ouvrard's prompting, suggested the name of the Dutch banker, Labouchere, Sir Francis Baring's son-in-law. Napoleon approved, and on February 1 Labouchere received his instructions. He sailed next day from Brielle for Yarmouth and reached London on February 6.

On that day, towards evening, Eugène de Beauharnais was sent by Napoleon to Schwarzenberg with the intimation that an Austrian marriage had been resolved upon and that a reply, yes or no, must be given by him at once in his capacity as Ambassador. It was added that if he found himself unable to give an immediate reply the offer would be withdrawn and would not be renewed. Schwarzenberg was plunged into the most lively uneasiness and distress, because he possessed no sort of authority to take so important a step. Eugène saw the sweat break out on his brow as he tried to come to a decision. Suppose he refused and Napoleon married the Russian girl? He begged for time—enough time to send a courier to Vienna. The plea was refused out of hand; the Emperor's mind, it was said, was irrevocably made up. At last, in despair, the Ambassador agreed to sign the contract. Eugène hurried back to the Tuileries where, to his surprise, he found Napoleon in an excited and anxious state of mind.

"When the word 'yes' fell from my mouth," Josephine's son stated, "I saw the great man deliver himself to a joy so impetuous and wild that I stood dumbfounded."

A Council was called there and then and informed about Napoleon's decison. The contract of marriage was drawn up during the following night and was ready for signature early in the morning of February 7, 1810. By midday it was on its way to Vienna for signature by the Emperor Francis. Napoleon showed the eagerness and resolution which characterized him on a battlefield. He declared that the contract should reach Vienna by the 13th and be back again, signed, in Paris on the 21st. Berthier would leave on the 22nd to represent him in

Vienna at the marriage by proxy, which should occur about March 2. The new Empress would leave on the 7th and reach Paris on the 26th. These calculations astounded everyone who heard them. Was the man possessed of so little self-respect that he could not contain himself at the thought of marrying a Hapsburg? Enlightenment might have been obtained had the courtiers seen their Emperor drafting the first of two messages which he proposed to send to Alexander. This stated that the offer for the Princess Anne must now be withdrawn. A redrafting of the Polish Treaty was suggested. The courier was sent off at once and the business of completing the Russian's defeat resumed. Before another night had passed Napoleon had planned most of the details of the marriage. His wish that these details should exactly conform to the precedent of the marriage of Louis XVI with Marie Antoinette amused his Court and has beguiled historians, but, in fact, he was not thinking about history. He must get Francis committed before his enemies had time to work on the man's mind; a marriage by proxy in Vienna would shorten the period of acute danger by more than a week. He examined his battlefield once more with unerring vision. England would act the moment she realized what was afoot, and that action would take place in St. Petersburg, where Alexander would be urged to inform Francis at once that he had no intention of offering his sister. Since the divorce from Josephine was based, so far as its religious aspect was concerned, solely on the contention—admitted by the Archbishop of Paris—that, owing to the absence of the parish priest from the nuptial benediction, there had, in fact, been no marriage, its validity was open to doubt. Francis, reassured on the subject of the Russian marriage, was certain to raise this point as an excuse for shuffling out of his bargain, nor was he likely, in such circumstances, to listen to the contention that the French ecclesiastical authorities were competent to deal with the matter. He would demand the intervention of the Pope—that brave old man who had refused to dissolve Jerome's first marriage, who had pronounced excommunication upon the French Emperor, and who was the French Emperor's prisoner at Savona.

The utmost speed, therefore, combined with a delaying

policy where Alexander was concerned. A second courier left for St. Petersburg on the night of February 7, with instructions to proceed slowly. He carried the announcement of the Austrian marriage as though no doubt whatever existed—a method of information calculated to paralyze Alexander's initiative and delay his communication with Vienna. The message declared:

"We feel that the marriage will tend to strengthen our alliance with Russia; it adds to our eagerness to clasp Russia to us."

But the powder was present under the jam.

"I cannot say," Napoleon instructed his Ambassador in St. Petersburg, "that the kingdom of Poland will never be re-established. . . . My object is to reassure Russia, and to do this all that should be necessary is a clause in these words—namely, 'The Emperor Napoleon promises never to give any help or support to any power or to any body of any kind that is trying to re-establish the kingdom of Poland."

As usual Napoleon was ahead of his enemies. Labouchere's visit to London, which coincided with the setting up of a "Bullion Committee" to discover why the sterling exchange was falling in value, occasioned so much excitement in Government and financial circles that, for a moment, Russia was forgotten. When it was seen that the emissary had, in fact, nothing to offer, valuable time had already been lost. Nor did further talks with Fagan do anything to alleviate English anxiety. Very much the same effect was produced in Vienna, where the fear of a Russian marriage had distorted judgment and so quickened action in the opposite direction. The Emperor Francis, smarting from the wounds of Wagram, and the loss of Galicia to Russia, congratulated himself that, this time, he had stolen a march on Alexander and put a spoke in the wheels that were rolling southward, across the mouths of the Danube, to Constantinople. He was scarcely less anxious than his prospective son-in-law to hurry the marriage forward. Berthier was sent to Vienna; the Archduke Charles stood proxy for his conqueror at the first marriage in that city. Then, loaded with jewels, the poor little Archduchess, who, from her cradle, had heard her husband's name only to shudder at it,

was hustled out upon that highway down which Napoleon's armies had marched only a few months before. Berthier had received only one instruction: *Make haste.* He had organized the coming of the new Empress into France as he might have organized a charge of cavalry. The journey was attended by every kind of splendour, by the homage of kings and princes and nobles, by the acclamations of peoples; but, above all, it was attended by speed.

The same speed, as Napoleon had foreseen, was now being shown on the highways between St. Petersburg and Paris and St. Petersburg and Vienna. The news of the marriage had come as a heavy blow to Alexander, and indeed, according to Joseph de Maistre:

". . . effected a universal panic. . . . There was Austria becoming a frontier of France. The familial alliance would soon be translated into a political and economic alliance of an offensive and defensive kind. Russia would be brought to nothing."

The Russian Emperor at once prepared a fresh draft of his treaty about Poland. He sent it off to Paris on the day on which Marie Louise crossed the French frontier. He had already dispatched a special representative to Vienna. It was this latter move upon which Napoleon's attention was fixed. Could he obtain possession of his Empress before the Russian envoy had opened her father's eyes? The plans included a second marriage in Paris; but that was not to take place for several days. He determined to leave nothing to chance.

While he awaited his bride, he heard of the failure of Labouchere's mission. The same day, February 24, he dictated a treaty with Holland by which he was to send 18,000 soldiers into that country to take possession of all the ports and of the apparatus of commerce. Louis' protests were brushed aside, and when a rumour reached Napoleon that Josephine's house, the Elysée, was becoming a focus of intrigue, the ex-Empress was ordered brusquely to leave Paris. Next day a second order reached her at Malmaison to the effect that, on March 25, the day when Marie Louise was expected to arrive, she must go to Navarre. Fouché was thus deprived of an important source of information. He saw Fagan, who had at last returned from England, on March 12, and realized that no hope of an arrange-

ment any longer existed. Ouvrard, however, because he had built up a big speculative position on the idea that peace would be made, was in no mood to accept defeat, and left on the 15th for Amsterdam so as to install himself in that city before the arrival of the French troops. On the 16th Louis signed the new treaty. On the 18th Napoleon told him to send Labouchere back to London, and then suddenly countermanded the order. Three days later Ouvrard saw Labouchere and informed him that he, Ouvrard, had been empowered to act for Napoleon, who was now ready to make the treaty which London so ardently desired. Ouvrard urged the unsuspecting banker to get into touch at once with his father-in-law, Sir Francis Baring, to which Labouchere readily agreed. Copies of the relevant documents were then sent secretly to Fouché.

Once again the plan was to force Napoleon's hand at the season of his marriage, when a refusal to make peace would undoubtedly create a very bad impression among the mass of people who had, of course, no understanding of the meaning of London's claims. Another object, present to Fouché's mind, was the alienation of Alexander from France, for the Russian was bound to experience lively resentment when he heard that his ally had been negotiating behind his back. Alexander would most probably react by opening his own ports, and that step, coming at such a moment, when the world longed ardently for peace and the right to trade, might turn the scales against Napoleon, who could scarcely spend his honeymoon on a battlefield. Ouvrard actually dared to write to Napoleon, urging that a fresh attempt to make peace should be made; but the Emperor's attention was engaged elsewhere.

It had been arranged that Napoleon should meet his bride on March 28, near the palace of Compiègne, and that she should then retire with her women to the palace. Early in the afternoon, however, the Emperor asked Cardinal Fesch, in the presence of witnesses, if a marriage by proxy was a binding ceremony.

"She is your wife," Fesch said.

He ordered his carriage and drove off, accompanied only by Murat. Floods of rain were falling, but he urged his postilions forward until the royal carriages came into view. He then

jumped out of his own carriage, and, to the astonishment of his sister Caroline, the Queen of Naples, who was travelling with the new Empress, took his seat beside her. It was immediately apparent that he looked upon himself already as a married man. By his orders the royal coach swept through several villages where the local worthies stood ready to address their sovereign. As soon as Compiègne was reached he conducted the Empress to their private apartments.

He took an early opportunity to write to his father-in-law:

"She fulfils all my hopes. I have not ceased, during the last two days, to give and receive proofs of the tender feelings which unite us."

He had won his race against London and Alexander, and once again, for a little time at any rate, the Continental System was safe—for there was Marie Walewska, not yet delivered of her child, to bind Poland to his system. If it had been necessary to divorce and marry a hundred times over in order to save his system, he would not have hesitated—as Marie Louise very quickly realized. This girl was neither fool nor fanatic, and the truth was not hidden from her. She had sacrificed herself for Austria; he was sacrificing himself—and her—for France. On that common ground, since there was no help for it, she prepared to meet him and even to like him. But she remained, nevertheless, a Princess of the House of Hapsburg, which he had defeated and humiliated, and from which he had snatched away rich provinces. In her heart she knew herself the spoil of war.

He did not resent that attitude; he made use of her from the moment of her coming to him.

"One of the chief means used by the English," he proclaimed, "to rekindle the war on the Continent has been the allegation of my intention to overthrow all dynasties. Circumstances having placed me in a position to choose a consort, I have desired to deprive them of that dangerous pretext for disturbing the nations and sowing discord which has steeped Europe in blood."

Alexander was informed that the amended draft of the Polish Treaty could not be signed, and hints were dropped that, if Marie Walewska bore a son, that son might one day

become King of Poland. The Russian, having failed both in Vienna and in Paris, retired sulking once more to his tent. Napoleon, amid the festivities of his marriage, studied the reports on the foreign exchanges which were laid before him every day. He observed with delight that the value of the pound sterling was falling, and that in consequence golden guineas were being shipped out of England in order to be melted down—since their gold-value had become greater than their face-value. The Continental System was exerting its influence at last. London, very soon, would have to choose between the loss of her gold and peace without debt.

PEACE WITH HONOUR

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE civil marriage of Napoleon and Marie Louise took place at St. Cloud on April 1, 1810. The following day Cardinal Fesch performed the religious ceremony in Notre Dame and Paris gave itself to feasting. But the Emperor had not ceased to work. He ratified the Dutch Treaty and sent Louis and Hortense back to Holland, and he continued to write soothing letters to Alexander.

Meanwhile the Ouvrard-Fouché plot to force him into an "English peace" was developing rapidly. Labouchere's letter to Baring had stated:

"It appears that he (Napoleon) is now, though only on the occasion of his marriage, ready to yield on the following points: Malta, Sicily, Naples, the Ionian provinces, the Hanseatic towns, Holland, Portugal, and the greater part of the Spanish colonies."

His letter to Wellesley said:

"From a conqueror he is becoming a preserver; the first result of his marriage with Marie Louise will be that he will make an offer of peace to England. . . . Why does not the English Cabinet make a proposal to France to destroy the United States of America, and by making them again dependent on England, persuade Napoleon to lend his aid to destroy the life-work of Louis XVI? . . . Finally, peace will allow England to pour her industrial products over the Continent."

The Trade Treaty! Sir Francis Baring, who was suffering severely in his personal fortune by reason of the Continental System, could scarcely contain himself. He sent an announcement to Wellesley, whom he had rescued from bankruptcy and over whom in consequence he exerted great influence, to

the effect that he had big news for him. Wellesley received the letters at midnight of the same day, and next morning took them to Canning, who, though no longer a member of the Ministry, was his close friend. They carried on discussions from April 8 to April 14, during which time further communications from Labouchere were received, among them a note from Fouché, saying:

"The note recently sent (to London) by M. Labouchere has received our most careful attention; it has met with approval and shows an excellent spirit, tact and an appreciation of the situation."

The use of the word "our" was intended to suggest that Napoleon himself was writing. A further suggestion to the same effect was the announcement that a certain Baron Kolly, whom Wellesley had sent to attempt the escape of Ferdinand of Spain from Valencay and who had been arrested, would be exchanged. Wellesley and Canning finally agreed that the proposed American Settlement (Ouvrard's letter to Napoleon had suggested that he, Napoleon, should seize the United States) and the untrammelled outlet for the great stores of colonial products now rotting on the wharves of the Thames would be very advantageous for London. It was decided, therefore, to submit the French plan to the Cabinet.

Meanwhile Louis had returned to Amsterdam charged with the duty of closing the ports or abdicating. He saw Labouchere, but told him nothing—a fact which confirms the view taken later by Napoleon that from the beginning he had been party to the plot and was working in collaboration with Ouvrard and Fouché. He had agreed, in Paris, to the entry of the French troops, but in Amsterdam changed his mind, tried to close his frontiers, and ordered a general mobilization of his army. The Dutch, terrified out of their wits, refused to act, and Napoleon's soldiers entered.

Easter had come and gone. As soon as it was over Wellesley laid Labouchere's letters before the English Cabinet, to whom he explained that they represented Napoleon's views. There was no difficulty about believing this because Labouchere had formerly been employed by Napoleon. After some deliberation about the proposed Franco-British expedition to seize the

United States, it was resolved that the basis offered by Napoleon was entirely satisfactory.

No sooner was this decision arrived at than Wellesley hurried off to tell Baring. The illustrious financier had gone out; the Minister called three times before finding him. After full discussion a reply to Labouchere was drafted in which Napoleon was thanked for his kindness in the matter of Baron Kolly—a matter of some amusement because a week before Napoleon had written a long letter to Fouché from Compiègne about this man. Napoleon's letter, which was dated April 14, 1810, ended:

"Keep the English agent in the closest confinement so that he can have no outside communication whatever and renew the strictest orders against his being given pens, ink or paper."

Thus was Napoleon's case against London proved to the hilt by London itself, for these negotiations showed that the British Cabinet was concerned only to obtain the Trade Treaty as the indispensable means of keeping the Continent and the whole world in debt to the London bankers. It was shown, moreover, that Sir Francis Baring was the real master of England, nor had the wily Fouché erred in believing that the London bankers would welcome the subjugation of the United States, which was threatening to contract out of their system. Napoleon, in other words, could have had his peace with England and the full recognition of his Imperial title at any moment, had he cared to make his peace with London. Nor would the slightest opposition by his own subjects have been experienced, for they knew nothing about finance and longed ardently for the end of the war. It follows that this man threw away ambition, in the sense in which that word is commonly understood, in order to serve a vision and rescue not his own people only but the whole world.

On April 24, 1810, Baring himself wrote to Labouchere, informing him of the decision of the English Cabinet. The letter reached Amsterdam on the 26th and on the 27th Ouvrard was on his way to Paris to consult with Fouché. But the banker was not sufficiently careful. His way lay through Antwerp, and Napoleon that day was visiting the city with Marie Louise. Napoleon saw again the face of the man who

had so nearly destroyed him on the eve of Austerlitz. What, Ouvrard in the Low Countries? The Emperor sent a courier to Louis demanding a searching inquiry.

Ouvrard meanwhile continued his journey to Paris without knowledge that he had been observed. He and Fouché concocted a new letter to Labouchere which began:

"Your letter has been shown to the Emperor, who praised it and found it perfect."

This letter was immediately dispatched; it reached Amsterdam in time to fall into Napoleon's hands. He was growing more and more suspicious, for he began to see the hand of Alexander more and more clearly. What an excuse the Russian now possessed for opening his ports. On May 20 he wrote a long letter to Louis from Ostend in which he stated:[241]

"I know all your most secret arrangements and nothing you tell me in a contradictory sense will be of any avail. You need not speak of your feelings nor of your childhood."

Three days later, on May 23, 1810, a second letter was sent from Lille:[242]

"*To Louis Napoleon, King of Holland.*

"At the very moment when you are making me the finest protestations I learn that my Ambassador's people have been ill used. . . . In consequence of this I will have no Dutch Ambassador here (in Paris): Admiral Verhuell, who is at Paris, has orders to be gone in twenty-four hours. I will have no more talking and vowing. It is high time for me to know whether you intend to bring Holland to misery and cause the ruin of your country by your follies. I will not have you send a Minister to Austria. I will not have you dismiss the Frenchmen in your service. I will not keep an Ambassador in Holland any longer. . . . As it was the Russian Ambassador's master (*i.e.*, Alexander) who placed you on your throne it is quite natural that you should follow his advice. Write me no more of your usual twaddle; three years now it has been going on and every instant proves its falsehood!"

Postscript in Napoleon's writing: "This is the last letter I shall ever write you in my life."

The scathing taunt, that Alexander had made Louis King of Holland, expressed the writer's bitterness. For Alexander was showing himself more hostile daily. Napoleon dismissed Fouché on the spot, hurried back to St. Cloud, and on June 6 wrote to General Savary, his new Minister of Police:[243]

"The Ouvrard business is growing serious; it must be sifted to the bottom. Have him taken to Vincennes. You will send for the Governor; you will employ a few trustworthy gendarmes, and you will take every measure, in fact, to prevent his holding communication with anybody. . . . I shall have the examinations conducted by Mounier, my Private Secretary, so as to make the matter more impressive and obtain full and clear knowledge of everything that happens.

"The great point is that he should be put into solitary confinement in Vincennes, and that henceforward he should see no one. A more important State criminal has never existed."

It was now discovered that Louis had been granting licences to trade with England and these were declared "null and void." Real was sent to Fouché's house to examine his papers upon which seals had been placed—but arrived too late to prevent a conflagration. Napoleon wrote to Fouché, under date July 1:[244]

"M. le duc d'Otrante (Fouché's title), your services can no longer be acceptable to me. You would do well to leave within twenty-four hours to take up your residence in the district for which you are senator."

Napoleon's mind was concerned chiefly with the use which Alexander would make of the affair as a means of escaping from his alliance with France. He sent an "express" to Caulaincourt with instructions:[245]

"You will point out the falsehood of the imputation that we carry on commerce with England; and you will say that its only foundation rests on the fact that we granted a passage to a few vessels laden with corn.

"You will inform him that we have not written to Lord Wellesley, who, therefore, cannot have said that we did write to him. If such a statement was made it is a lie.

"That neither has any overture been made by Holland; that

the Duke of Otranto (Fouché) alone, on his own responsibility and without the Emperor's approval, put Ouvrard, a financier, and a certain Fagan, a relation of Lord Wellesley's, into communication with the Minister, not so much for purposes of negotiation as to carry on a spying system; that when the Emperor heard of it he dismissed the Duke of Otranto from the Ministry of Police; that the English therefore boast falsely when they boast of having received overtures; . . . that the English are in a very bad way and that they are not so little inclined to listen to peace proposals as they pretend."

This last statement was true, for the Bank of England's notes were depreciating faster than the Continental issues of paper money.

"For the first quarter of 1810," says R. G. Hawtrey,[240] "the Hamburg exchange averaged barely 29. Then came the catastrophe. First embarrassments arose from the disappointing results of the South American trade. Credit began to contract and the exchange on Hamburg rose suddenly in April, 1810, to 31. In July Napoleon, seeking to complete his system of exclusion, annexed Holland; in August he imposed a prohibitive tariff on colonial products such as had been so liberally smuggled in; in December he annexed Hamburg and Oldenburg. Partly as the inevitable reaction after the feverish activity of 1808 and 1809, partly as the result of the increased severity of the Continental System, the second half of 1810 was marked by a violent financial crisis in England."

Never had Napoleon's hopes burned more brightly; his anger against Louis and Fouché and Ouvrard was therefore the expression of an acute anxiety. Louis, determined to resist his brother to the end, abdicated and fled by night out of Holland on July 1. Napoleon published a full account of the negotiations in the *Moniteur*.

ON May 4, 1810, Marie Walewska gave birth to a son in her husband's château of Walewice. Napoleon was well aware of the effect this event was likely to exert on Alexander's mind and rejoiced therefore on political as well as on personal grounds, for he no longer doubted that the Russian was his enemy. He set himself to stamp out smuggling in Holland and at Hamburg and immediately became involved in furious quarrels with the Dutch merchants. At the same time he gave active help to the Swedes in getting rid of their King, who was his inveterate enemy. The new King was a feeble man, and the Emperor had meant to suggest the name of a person whom he could trust as Regent and Prince Royal. He discovered that Bernadotte, who had for long been in command of the troops on the Danish frontier, had managed to persuade the Swedes to ask for him. Napoleon hesitated because Bernadotte, at the battle of Wagram, had shown once more the hostile spirit which he had manifested at Auerstadt and elsewhere. The man was England's friend. At last, however, owing to the insistence of the Swedes, consent was given. The Emperor's state of mind is shown by the fact that he struck out the following passage, previously dictated by himself, from the letter which he sent to the new Prince Royal on September 10, 1810:[247]

"These letters patent give you authority to become a Swede; one clause only has been added, to the effect that you, personally, cannot bear arms against France. This restriction is in conformity with the Constitution of the Empire; it agrees with your own inclination and is not, indeed, opposed to the duty of the throne you are about to ascend, which can never, except in utter madness, be at war with France."

Bernadotte was urged to form an alliance with Denmark and the Duchy of Warsaw (*i.e.*, Napoleon's Poland) in order to close the Sound—a prospect which caused lively uneasiness in St. Petersburg and inclined Alexander to peaceful courses.

Napoleon then turned his attention to Rome and to Savona. His brother Lucien, once the fiercest of Jacobins, had now espoused the Pope's cause with an equal enthusiasm and was become a leader of the revolting clergy. Pamphlets of all sorts were being printed and circulated, chiefly for Spanish consumption, about the horrible tyrannies of the French Emperor and about the brutal fashion in which he was persecuting the Church and its venerable Head. Napoleon deprived Lucien of his Senatorship (September 27, 1810), but not before that stubborn man had sailed with his family for America and been captured by the English. The Pope, meanwhile, was placed under a very strict surveillance and deprived of all means of communicating with the outside world[218]—measures which failed completely either to daunt his courage or to diminish his campaign.

"As nothing will teach the Pope sense," Napoleon wrote, "he shall see that I am strong enough to do as my predecessors did before me, and depose a Pope."

All the Pope's papers were seized; but care nevertheless was taken of his person: Napoleon wrote to Prince Borghese:

"I am glad to observe that you have taken the steps I prescribed to prevent the Pope distilling his poison into the Empire. The sum of 15,000 francs is perhaps too small; I give you liberty to arrange matters so that he shall not suffer, and to raise his expenditure to 100,000 or 150,000 francs. Do not allow him any external sign of consideration, but furnish him with an abundance of all necessaries so that no one may be able to suppose him to be in any discomfort."

The truth was that affairs in Spain, where Wellesley was now campaigning against Napoleon's Marshals, were going badly and that, in consequence, the hope of closing the Straits was being deferred. "Few people," said the Emperor, "saw in my Spanish policy the control of the Mediterranean." The Pope, as had been proved, was capable of playing a decisive part owing to the influence exerted on the Spaniards by their priests. Napoleon therefore classed his opposition with that of Louis and Lucien (and, to a lesser extent, Joseph and Jerome also), and resisted it with all the means in his power, just as he would have resisted a hostile army. Whatever they might

think, his family and the Pope were playing London's game and, now that he had got London definitely on the run, he would not permit that any of them should weaken him.

The year 1811 began in this anxious and violent atmosphere. French trade was languishing and was being supported by means of export licences which it was easy to represent as breaches in the Continental System, made by the Emperor for his own advantage but forbidden to his allies,[219] the Poles always excepted. Napoleon did not care. He had only one enemy and that enemy was beginning to yield ground; everything which strengthened France and weakened London was justified in his eyes. He behaved exactly as he was accustomed to behave on the field of battle, snatching sleep when he could get it, receiving reports and dispatching couriers. Ships, armies, kingdoms, his family, his wives, his children, the Holy See itself were the materials of this war which he at least called holy and which he was waging single-handed against an international power that, as he believed, had destroyed the authentic civilization of Europe, ruined the Church and broken the thrones. "Money," he exclaimed in despair, "is stronger than despotism." Why could not Pope and kings see that his enemy was their enemy also and that in opposing their blindness he did them great service?

He still refused to sign Alexander's treaty about Poland, and sent a sharp rebuke to Caulaincourt for having signed it.

"People," he wrote, "must imbue themselves with the conviction that nothing in the world would induce me to sign a document of a dishonourable nature: that consequently to sign the words 'Poland will not be re-established' would be more than to acknowledge the Partition; it would be blasting my own character."

In conversation with his Foreign Minister he asked:

"What is Russia after? Does she want war? . . . I will be at war with her on the day on which she makes peace with England. I do not propose to re-establish Poland. I have no desire to finish my course among her sandy deserts. . . . But neither will I disgrace myself by declaring that 'the kingdom of Poland will never be re-established.' Why should I make a fool of myself by using language which only God would be

entitled to use? Why should I stain my memory by putting my seal on an act of Macchiavellian policy? . . . No, I refuse to promise to take up arms against men who have done nothing against me, who have served me well, who have offered me a constant witness of their goodwill and shown me devotion."

This conversation was to be repeated to Alexander. Napoleon sent to Warsaw a request to Marie Walewska to come to Paris and bring her baby son with her. She travelled with her sister-in-law, Princess Jablonowska, and occupied a house specially prepared for her. The Emperor called upon her immediately after her arrival and there and then created the infant a Count of the French Empire. Dr. Corvisart, Napoleon's own doctor, was instructed to look after mother and child and a large sum was set aside for their entertainment. These semi-public acts were carefully reported in St. Petersburg. Alexander replied to them by publishing, anonymously, a statement to the effect that he had made a secret treaty with Napoleon whereby the restoration of Poland was rendered impossible.

Soon afterwards the Russian Emperor began to fortify his western frontier and to concentrate troops behind it.

"On the day," Napoleon told Metternich, who had returned as Ambassador to Paris, "on which I see myself forced to go to war with Russia, I will have a powerful and important ally in the *King of Poland*."

Alexander now began to woo the Poles on his own account, but made no headway. He had recently been admitting small quantities of English goods into his ports; suddenly he began to accept large quantities. The Emperor of the French at once wrote to him, through his Ambassador.

"At this moment, sir, when the object for which all our sacrifices have been made seems to lie within our reach, you ought to urge upon the Russian Government the importance for the common cause for Russia herself, who wants peace, of a joint action with France in striking the final blow which will make peace secure. Urge that the Emperor of Russia shall order the seizure of all the ships which make use of his ports. They all carry colonial produce; that alone ought to be reason enough for their condemnation. All colonial produce is neces-

sarily English merchandise no matter under what flag it may come to port. To seize it, therefore, is to act in accordance with the engagements entered into by the Continental powers. Threat of seizure will at this moment be of the greatest value to the Continent. Never before has England found herself in such a state of distress as she is now experiencing; this distress is due above all to the steps recently taken by the Emperor Napoleon.

"The condition of England grows worse every day. Her bank-notes have become a paper money the value of which has already declined. Bankruptcies are increasing in number; that of the House of Becker, which speculated in colonial produce, was occasioned by the failure of these speculations. The downfall of Mr. Goldsmith, *one of the pillars of the City*, as the English say, was due also, though indirectly, to the same cause. He had underwritten a large part of the latest Government loan and had received Government securities. The merchants speculating in colonial produce, who were dependent on the sale of their produce—which sale has not taken place—have been forced to sell their Government securities to meet their obligations. Government securities, including the last loan, have fallen in consequence, and by their fall have ruined Mr. Goldsmith, who has blown out his brains. The effect, as it happens, was produced by a contrary wind, which held back the cargoes going to the north of Germany or the Baltic; what would not be achieved if all the cargoes going to Russia were seized at the moment of their arrival? We have reliable information that English trade is almost at a standstill and that England is now inclining towards peace; a little more and all her appetite for war will have vanished. Sweden is about to be shut against English trade. . . ."

Just after this letter was sent off a huge convoy of 600 English ships laden with cargo entered the Baltic. Napoleon was informed and sent couriers at full gallop to Mecklenburg and Prussia to order that the ships were in no circumstances to be allowed to land their goods. The convoy was hunted from port to port. It entered Russian waters on the day on which a dispatch from Napoleon was thrust into Alexander's hands urging him that:

"To seize these 600 cargoes will be to win the most splendid of all victories over England. What glory and what profit for Russia!"

But Alexander allowed the cargoes to be landed. Napoleon now seized Oldenburg, of which State the Grand Duchess Catherine of Russia's husband was the reigning Prince. Alexander reacted by issuing a ukase placing import taxes on all French goods entering Russia, and so inaugurated a new Continental System aimed against Napoleon. At the same time he completed the secret mobilization on the Polish frontier of an army 240,000 strong, which he had been gathering during several months and with which he meant to advance upon Warsaw.[250] It was his purpose, thereafter, to proclaim a restoration of Poland under his own protection and to assume immediately the title of King of Poland. Nor did his plans end at Warsaw. He had resolved to march on into Prussia, to reform the Prussian army, and, having summoned Austria to help him, to begin a march across Germany into France. Not the Continental System alone, but Napoleon himself was to be destroyed.

This design failed because the Poles sprang to arms the moment they knew about it and at the same time sent messengers galloping to Paris. Alexander lost his nerve. Early in February, 1811, Napoleon, at a public audience, announced in a loud voice:

"I have been speaking about Poland to-day instead of about Russia."

And Tchernitchef, who heard this remark, commented:

"The women were playing a big part at this time, especially since the arrival in Paris of Madame Walewska. . . . Great favour was shown to this lady . . . who had an infant with her to whom also the utmost attention was paid."

The Continental System had fallen grievously wounded in the hour of its triumph.

THE SYSTEM HAS AN HEIR

CHAPTER XXXV

NAPOLEON prepared to defend his system which, by reason of Alexander's embargo on the entry of French goods into Russia, was already crippled. French merchants, unable to dispose of their goods, became unable to buy Russian and Prussian and Austrian goods, and that "internal trade within the body of Europe" by which the loss of external trade had been so successfully countered began to break down. From Paris bankruptcy spread all over Europe, and the Emperor found himself surrounded by angry and desperate traders.

"Complain," he urged his Ambassador in St. Petersburg, "about the behaviour of Russia, and especially about the unfriendly ukase of December 19-31. Can one imagine a state of peace, to say nothing of an alliance, during the course of which one of the two nations burns all the merchandise of the other which happens to fall into its hands? What effect must such an *auto-da-fé* produce? Do they take us, then, for a nation which has grown deaf to the voice of honour? Those who have advised the Emperor of Russia to adopt such measures are rascals who are taking advantage of his character. Well they know that to burn the silks of Lyons is to alienate the two nations from each other so that a breath of wind can plunge them into war. . . . Great powers and especially great nations are more easily swayed by motives of honour than by motives of gain. . . . The Emperor (Napoleon) may be forced to go to war with Russia to save his honour and to avoid the reproach of having endured, in the fulness of his glory, what Louis XV, asleep in the arms of Mme. Dubarry, would not have endured."

He wrote personally to Alexander at the same time on the subject of the annexation of Oldenburg.

"That country," he said, "has always been the centre of the smuggling business with England. . . . England and

Europe believe that our alliance no longer exists. . . . Cunning fellows in the pay of England keep on wearying your Majesty's ears with slanders. . . . If your Majesty has no real intention of being reconciled with England, you will feel the need, for yourself and for myself, of dissipating these clouds."

This very gentle tone, in view of the recent threat to invade the Duchy of Warsaw, was adopted because, for the first time, Napoleon stood in a position in which no success in the field could give him victory. Even the complete destruction of the Russian armies would not make it possible to prevent smuggling along the whole coastline of the Baltic—for there were not enough Frenchmen in the world to undertake that task. Again, the internal European trade could scarcely be helped by a new war, whereas war must inevitably and greatly increase the demand for English merchandise. This last consideration was the most important, for Napoleon was well aware that, if he had to meet Russia in the field, he himself would be forced to buy great quantities of English woollen and other goods and so, himself, to bring succour to his enemies and ruin to his system. It was a chief object of English policy to rekindle war on the Continent, and so to open markets which in peace and under the system of internal European trade were closed. Peace in Europe, indeed, if it lasted long enough, meant, with Napoleon in power, that universal debtless peace which was the object of French policy.

"Without Russia," Napoleon exclaimed bitterly, "the Continental System is an absurdity."

He struggled day and night to avoid the war England was forcing upon him without at the same time sacrificing the supreme aim of his life. And once more Providence came to his help. On March 20, 1811, in the Tuileries Marie Louise gave birth to a son.

The confinement of the Empress was a very severe one and shook her husband's nerves. He had insisted on being present and holding his wife in his arms, but when it became necessary to make use of forceps poor Marie Louise's cries drove him fainting from the room. Soon afterwards he was asked by the doctors to choose between his wife and his son—for the sex of the child had been determined owing to the character of the

presentation. Napoleon unhesitatingly bade them "save the mother," thus sacrificing his dearest hopes. Soon afterwards he was told that mother and son were well. He now fell into a condition of great nervous exhaustion and burst into tears. He haunted his wife's room, and from the window, hidden by the blind, watched the demonstrations of his people round the palace. This spectacle drew fresh tears from his eyes. He gave the child the title of King of Rome,[251] the same which Charlemagne had chosen, and surrounded him with every kind of pomp and circumstance. Napoleon Francis bore his grandfather's name; urgent requests were sent to the Emperor of Austria to come to Paris for the christening, and every available means were employed to emphasize the closeness of the alliance existing between Paris and Vienna. The French learned that what was good enough for their workaday sovereign was by no means good enough for his wife or his son. Napoleon Francis had his own household, his own carriages, his own attendants; plans to build a palace for him, high above the Seine, were passed by his father while still he lay in the great silver cradle which the citizens of the capital had given him.

Nor was Napoleon lacking in the office of fatherhood. Until now his brother Louis and Louis' eldest son had been the sole recipients of his paternal care; pent up nature asserted herself and he became nurse and mother to Napoleon Francis, astonishing Marie Louise and terrifying the Court. He planned the baby's days and kept vigil often over its nights. Marie Louise's wonder deepened. She had testified already that he was very kind to her, but the spectacle of the brigand chief conquered by his babe challenged all her ideas about him.

Nor was there insincerity in this marriage of paternity to politics. He had been ready to relinquish the child for its mother's sake, but having got it, he meant to use it as he was using himself for his system. Couriers galloped across the face of Europe with the news, and as he saw them go the Emperor, strangely softened these days, exclaimed: "These are good letters." Josephine was not forgotten; while the letter to Francis of Austria contained an expression of the deepest gratitude.

The position, from the political point of view, was that Napoleon now possessed three wives and three sons—for he had adopted Eugène de Beauharnais. Thus France, Austria, and Poland had shares in his system that were not, like his own life, wasting assets. He had won the future.

That fact was clearly understood in St. Petersburg where Alexander still smarted from his rebuff at the hands of the Poles. Alexander watched with growing uneasiness the visit of Poniatowski to Paris to congratulate Napoleon and receive Napoleon's congratulations; uneasiness increased still further when Caulaincourt, the French Ambassador, was recalled to Paris to explain why he had so readily signed the treaty with Russia.

The agents of the English Government in St. Petersburg now urged Alexander to get into touch with Bernadotte, the Prince Royal of Sweden, who, thanks to the weakness of King Charles XIII, was already master of the country, and offer him Norway, at that time a Danish possession. Bernadotte snatched eagerly at the bait and actually told the French Ambassador in Stockholm:

"Norway wants to give herself to us; I can get that country from other hands than those of Napoleon, though, believe me, I should prefer to receive it from his hands. If he is willing I will put fifty or sixty thousand men at his disposal provided he lets me lead them in person."

The object was to obtain leave to transport an army into Swedish Pomerania in order ultimately to threaten Napoleon's position in Germany—and the Emperor instantly recognized it. When Caulaincourt arrived in Paris in June Napoleon cross-examined him.

Napoleon: You've been duped. I'm an old fox. I know the Greek (Alexander).

Caulaincourt: Your Majesty must choose, I think, between Poland and Russia.

Napoleon: Which do you favour?

Caulaincourt: Alliance. Prudence. Peace.

Napoleon: Peace? Then let it be lasting and honourable.... If peace is to be lasting and honourable, England must be convinced that she can find no more allies on the Continent ...

and Russia and her hordes must no longer be in a position to break out into Central Europe.

Caulaincourt: So your Majesty favours Poland?

Napoleon: I don't want war. I'm not hankering to restore the kingdom of Poland. What I want is an alliance with Russia that will be of some value to me. Since the ships of (so-called) neutral nations were admitted to Russian ports the alliance has been of no value to me.

Caulaincourt: The question of war and peace rests with your Majesty.

Napoleon: You speak like a Russian.

Caulaincourt: No, Sire, like a good Frenchman. . . .

Napoleon: I don't want war. . . .

The fact remained that Alexander had tried to win the Poles. He would certainly succeed if Napoleon abandoned them, and in that event would unite with Prussia and march through Germany against France. The choice lay, therefore, not between Russia and Poland, as Caulaincourt had been persuaded by Alexander, but between the intimidation of the Russian Emperor and another great European conflagration which, whatever the issue, would give London a new and prolonged lease of life by breaking up the Continental System and, as has been said, making of Napoleon himself a good customer of the English factories.

Bernadotte knew this too, for, like Alexander, he had been enchanted by London and was in process of instruction. On August 26, 1811, at Drottningholm, he had a violent quarrel with the French Ambassador and told him:

"I'll do nothing for France till I know what the Emperor means to do for me. I comfort myself with the feelings which the Swedes entertain towards me. I have a people which takes my horses from my carriage and draws the carriage with its own hands. When they gave me that proof of their love, I felt ashamed of myself. I look upon troops, obviously invincible, who carry out orders with a precision and a speed far superior to those shown by French troops, and I know that I have only to say to these huge fellows: 'Forward, march!' and they will carry everything before them. . . ."

Napoleon had just received a report of this speech when he

happened to hear the Russian Ambassador in Paris using almost the same words about Alexander. Not a doubt remained in his mind that a Northern League—Russia, Sweden, England—had been formed against him. Bernadotte, as he realized, had been a close friend of Madame de Staël and her financiers, of Talleyrand, of Ouvrard, of Fouché, of his brothers Louis and Joseph and Jerome, of Pozzo di Borgo, too, that enemy of his first youth who was now fulfilling the instructions of London and carrying on his own vendetta in Alexander's private cabinet in St. Petersburg. He sent a courier to Geneva with orders that Madame de Stael, at Coppet, was to be watched more closely than ever and prevented from leaving the place on any pretext—for he knew what dominion she had always exercised over the vain and treacherous mind of Bernadotte and foresaw that, sooner or later, use would be made of her by London. At the same time the Pope's guardians were told to increase their vigilance. Madame de Stael heard about this latter order and exclaimed:

"What a power resides in religion; it gives strength to the weak when all that was strong has faded away."

If this pious thought was reported to Napoleon he must have reflected that it was Necker and his daughter who had seized the Church lands in France as backing for their loans, and that Mme. de Staël herself had not ceased to pour scorn and contempt upon the Catholic faith. The spectacle of Financial Liberalism weeping for the sorrows of its eternal enemy, the Christian religion, is condemnation enough of the political errors into which the Curia was fallen.

Napoleon opened his campaign for the intimidation of Alexander by instructing his new Ambassador in St. Petersburg:

"The Emperor did not arm when Russia was arming in secret. He has armed openly and only after Russia, according to the Emperor Alexander himself, was ready. . . . The Emperor asks no more than that things should be as they have been. It is the Emperor's wish therefore not that you deny the fact of the French armaments . . . but that you demand with persistence that the present violent attitude shall be abandoned, not as the result of complaints, but as the result of

sincere explanations and of a search for the means of coming to an understanding if such means can be found."

Meanwhile preparations for war were begun in France on a scale unknown formerly in the history of the world. The utmost publicity was given to these preparations, and no effort was spared to make it clear that Austria would fight, on this occasion, beside France and with Poland. But Napoleon did not want war and had no intention of fighting if any means could be found of avoiding a fight. So bad was the position in London that if he could only postpone war for a month or two, victory would belong to him. He would obtain his peace from England, and could then, at his leisure, make peace with Alexander, who had never, at any time, shown much eagerness to be found among the vanquished. It was for this reason that he had not gone back to Spain.[252] Nothing mattered now except the pressure on London, and that could not conceivably be increased by action in the Peninsula at the expense of action in Poland. On the contrary, the army of Russia must, by its overwhelming strength, awe the whole world so that Alexander and Bernadotte and all their supporters would begin to play for time while the war on the smugglers was being intensified by every conceivable device. Spain was therefore neglected, and as many troops as possible were brought back to France to swell the ranks of the Grand Army which, so its master hoped, would never fire a shot. But he had his moments of terrible doubt.

"War will occur," he had written on April 2, 1811, "in spite of me, in spite of the Emperor Alexander, in spite of the interests of France and the interests of Russia. I have already so often seen this that it is my experience of the past which unveils the future to me. . . . It is all a scene in an opera and the English control the machinery."

He ordered gaiety in Paris over Christmas, just as he might have ordered his cavalry to charge. But he himself wore a look of gloom, a threatening look, and told people:

"I have never made greater preparations."

The fact that he was trying to avoid war was not allowed to be whispered outside of his Cabinet, and the impression was general that he was eager for the campaign.

These measures, along with the mobilization of every French-

man under the age of sixty years and of huge armies from the dependencies of the Empire, had exerted a restraining influence both upon Alexander and upon Bernadotte. Time had thus been gained to the system and lost to London. The fabric of the great English money machine was visibly cracking in spite of Napoleon's orders of woollen great-coats for his troops—orders which convinced the people who received them that he meant business. London determined to act. Alexander had already entered into a secret treaty with the British Government. He was now urged to issue his challenge. On January 12, 1812, he sent an ultimatum to Napoleon demanding that the French troops should be sent back to their bases. He offered to do the same thing himself with his troops, but he did not mention the Continental System. The demand was worded in such a way that Napoleon had no option but to relinquish his system or to fight. No immediate reply was sent from Paris. Napoleon was watching Bernadotte, who had just sent an agent to St. Petersburg; a courier was sent to Davout, bidding him seize Swedish Pomerania and thus secure the French forces in North Germany. This blow fell on February 19, and informed Russia and Sweden that their secret alliance was no secret to the Emperor of the French.

Napoleon now made a treaty with Frederick William of Prussia, who had lost his beautiful Queen and was weary of life, whereby Prussia promised to furnish 20,000 men for active service and 42,000 for garrison duty. Next day the French army was set in motion for the Vistula. On March 12 Francis of Austria promised to supply 30,000 men. Warsaw had already offered 36,000 Poles, and contingents were in process of being received from Saxony (17,000), Bavaria (25,000), Würtemberg (18,000), Italy (45,000), and Naples. No fewer than 1,350 field pieces were on the roads, drawn by some 18,000 horses, while stores and supplies for 400,000 men for fifty days were in the German and Polish stronghold which Napoleon had built.

The army being now on the march, the French Emperor offered Bernadotte Finland if he cared to go and retake that country from Alexander; he would not consent to the seizure of Norway, which belonged to his friend the King of Denmark. Napoleon further opened negotiations with one of

Alexander's *aides-de-camp*, who was in Paris, and offered to accept the Russian terms, provided that a new treaty about the closing of the ports was executed. While this offer was on its way to St. Petersburg, a letter was received from Bernadotte in which he offered to act as mediator between Napoleon and Alexander—a piece of treacherous insolence in view of the secret treaty with Russia.

The French army reached the Vistula on May 1. On the 3rd of that month London recognized the Russo-Swedish Treaty, and the "League of the North" came into being, as Napoleon had foreseen. He was still in Paris. On the evening of May 5 he made a settlement in favour of his Polish son—partly as a gesture to Poland—and then went with Marie Louise to the Opera. Four days later Emperor and Empress left for Dresden.

The royal cavalcade on this occasion consisted of a great number of carriages and an immense quantity of baggage. Napoleon had summoned Francis of Austria and Frederick William to meet him at the Court of the King of Saxony, to which Court, in addition, a number of lesser royal personages had been invited. A meeting equal in splendour to that held at Erfurt took place. The French Emperor received the German princelings in his apartments at nine o'clock every morning and then hurried away to help at his wife's toilette in the presence of more Germans, including Marie Louise's stepmother, the Empress of Austria, who improved the occasion by possessing herself of large numbers of her stepdaughter's jewels and frocks, which Marie Louise easily surrendered. The afternoons were spent in visits to the Emperor Francis and other kings, and in the evenings the King of Saxony gathered his guests about his bountiful table and, by implication, as Grand Duke of Warsaw, made them partners with Napoleon and himself in the rebirth of Poland. But Napoleon refused, nevertheless, to speak of restoration. He sent the abbé de Pradt on before him to Warsaw to stimulate Polish enthusiasm; at the same time he sent Louis de Narbonne, Mme. de Staël's former lover, to Alexander with renewed offers of peace and an urgent invitation to come, himself, to Dresden. There was no Machiavellianism in this policy, for the restoration of Poland was impossible without the Continental System.

On one evening Napoleon himself was the host. His guests were announced with the utmost ceremony: "Excellencies, Royal and Serene Highnesses, Majesties—their Majesties the King and Queen of Saxony; their Imperial, Royal and Apostolic Majesties, her Majesty the Empress of the French and Queen of Italy." And then simply, "The Emperor."

Frederick William and his son arrived towards the end of the gathering and received so gracious a reception from Napoleon that the King of Prussia was almost embarrassed. But Alexander did not come. Just before he left Dresden Napoleon rode through the city on a white horse and knelt in prayer in a chapel on the outskirts. He looked stern and gloomy because his great pageant had failed utterly of its purpose. Below him on the Saxon plain the world was marching at his orders to fulfil his destiny. If only he know how to turn back the tide and give the world peace. He conceived a new plan and arranged suddenly with the King of Saxony that the title of Grand Duke of Warsaw should be abandoned, and that Poland should be returned to the government of the Poles themselves. Precise orders were issued to de Pradt:

"Let there be numerous manifestations of devotion to France. Keep up a stream of proclamations, of reports to the Diet, of proposals by the deputies; and secure, if possible, in addition to speeches, declarations and manifestos of a public character and adhesion of individuals to the Confederation. Lastly, publish every day articles of all kinds and styles tending to the same purpose but appealing to different feelings and different minds. In that way it ought to be possible to rouse up the whole nation to a kind of frenzy."

This was the last card in Napoleon's hand—the stirring of Russian Poland to action against Alexander. He played it reluctantly. As he travelled alone across Prussia he knew that his hopes of bloodless victory would not be realized. The English advisers at St. Petersburg had seen through his plans and known how to read his pageantry. Austria and Prussia were the allies of victory, not of the Continental System, and awaited their hour to return to London. And even France was without enthusiasm. He crossed the Polish frontier at Posen and drove by Dantzig and Königsberg to the Niemen.

NAPOLEON'S plan of campaign was already made—for he had neglected nothing. He meant to secure a quick decision and then, once more, offer Alexander peace. Thus the policy of intimidation might yet be substituted for the policy of conquest.

Alexander was not with his army, which had been divided into two parts, the one on the north under Barclay de Tolly, the southern under Bagration. Napoleon crossed the Niemen not far from Tilsit and struck at the right wing of the Northern Army. He smashed it and rolled it up. Had he now been able to surround it, the campaign would have been over because the Southern Army was much smaller. But Barclay slipped out of the circle before it closed on him and fell back, while Bagration carried the Southern Army in a great semicircle towards the city of Smolensk, where he was able to join Barclay.

Napoleon's plan was thus defeated. While he drove on after his elusive foe he sent his couriers to Alexander, urging that friendship ought to be sealed once more between them. The Russian was in St. Petersburg, sunk in gloom and convinced that once again he was beaten. But he would not make peace. The mood of Tilsit was gone for ever. Then defeat and Napoleon had, during a few weeks, convinced him that he could best rehabilitate himself in the world's eyes and atone for his father's murder by attacking the system which had profited by that murder. But Napoleon's plans had miscarried, and Napoleon's enemies had been clever enough to suggest that this was due chiefly to the fact that a Corsican was necessarily a savage and a brigand. At Erfurt, for example, Talleyrand had said that the case of Russia was exactly opposite to that of France, because in Russia an enlightened and civilized monarch ruled over a nation of savages. All Napoleon's enemies repeated this statement, and since nothing was more abhorrent to the

son of Paul I than the idea of savagery in any form, he had turned away quickly from his ally—especially as that ally would not give him all that he wanted, and was inflicting on his nobles and himself, by reason of the Continental System, heavy and continuous loss. Bernadotte knew the recipe for flattering Alexander's vanity and hailed him as the saviour.

"In this universal sorrow," he wrote after the campaign had begun, "humanity is turning towards Your Majesty; already it rises from the dust and gazes upon you with the joy of hope."

And again:

"Your Majesty may truly congratulate yourself that in fighting for humanity you have set the capital of Europe in your camp."

The Russian saviour was mute. Napoleon, having entered Smolensk after a sharp fight, had to decide whether to continue the pursuit or remain on this junction of the roads to Moscow and St. Petersburg and establish himself for the winter. It was only August and the weather was excellent; the prospect of obtaining a decisive battle and with it peace and goodwill was great temptation. On the other hand, Bernadotte had joined Alexander and so released 40,000 fresh troops from the frontier between Sweden and Finland, and these very soon would appear on the Russian right flank. Again, peace had been made between the Russians and the Turks; the army formerly in the Balkans would come back to fight on the enemy's left. If he advanced to Moscow and did not there obtain immediately what he sought, these new armies would threaten him with encirclement and force him to retreat.

But to winter in Poland was to repeat the experience of 1807. His enemies in France would not fail to use so excellent an opportunity, and the smugglers everywhere, but especially in Spain and Italy, would have a free hand. London would be saved. During long hours he debated the matter with himself, but his decision was not in doubt. A decisive battle, the fall of Moscow—these were arguments against which Alexander's vanity and sense of guilt would not be proof; whereas if the smugglers were able to resume their freedom . . .

The Grand Army, severely reduced already by typhoid fever and dysentery and heat, marched out from Smolensk.

"It is possible," wrote Bernadotte to Alexander under date August 11, 1812, "that he will win the first, the second, even the third battle; the fourth will be indecisive, and if your Majesty perseveres it is certain that you will win the fifth."

But Bernadotte, in his heart, was uneasy and was already wondering whether it might not be as well to draw closer to his old master. The Swedes were anxious to use the opportunity offered to them to reconquer Finland from the Russians. It was he who had opposed this course; he had only to speak the word and it would be followed. And then Alexander must send back to the north the 40,000 Russians who constituted so severe a menace to Napoleon. Alexander was aware of this threat to his safety. He had taken the precaution of sending an invitation to Mme. de Stael, whose influence over the new Crown Prince of Sweden was notoriously great, to come to Russia, and, though she had just given birth to a son by her second husband, M. Rocca (the marriage had been kept secret), she had set out at once, eluding in various ways all Napoleon's precautions against such an escape. Already her great *berline*, which had been compelled to make a détour in order to avoid the Grande Armée, had passed by way of Moscow to St. Petersburg (August 10, 1812), and she was closeted with Alexander, receiving instructions about the work in Stockholm which had been entrusted to her.

Throughout the whole month of August Napoleon pursued his enemy, always in hope of a decisive encounter, and always disappointed. As he drew near to the holy city his spirits rose once more. Here, at any rate, Kutusov, who had succeeded Barclay, would stand and fight. He was not mistaken; as the French army approached the Borodino they saw the Russian host drawn up to receive them. On September 6, 1812, the great battle began. Napoleon had planned a double attack on the left and centre simultaneously, and this was carried out in a manner which won his approval; but the strength of the Russian centre was such that strategy played a smaller part than had been intended, and the fighting assumed the hand-to-hand character which inflicts such terrible losses. Towards night the Russian line broke; Kutusov was swept away on a human tide that carried him to the city gates and through the city to the

plains beyond. Napoleon rode on to the high ground from which Moscow might be viewed and the sight of her golden cupolas laved by the autumn sun made him gasp. On September 14 he rode into the city at the head of his Guards. It was deserted.

He entered the Kremlin, which had served his enemy as base and arsenal. Almost immediately he was told that Moscow was on fire. The news followed that the water pumps had been dismantled. Darkness fell over the city, and in the darkness winds began to stir, softly at first and then strongly. The conqueror emerged upon the balcony of the palace to see the red glare of a great conflagration. The winds had leaped from their abysses and girded themselves with light. The winds were striding across the wooden roofs of Moscow, over her churches and her palaces.

The Emperor's brow darkened as he watched. His enemy had come to Moscow before him and plucked from his hand the means of peace. Moscow was beacon, lighted by implacable hate to burn implacable hate into the hearts of millions, that resistance might not falter. The direction of the wind changed; the flames reared themselves up and were bent anew, like horsemen at the gallop. The fiery Cossacks rode down upon him, across all the roofs to the Kremlin.

He would not turn away. Fascinated, he watched the ruin of his hope as he had watched the living horsemen of Russia in the cemetery at Eylau. Only when the heat could be borne no longer did he descend. He rode by the way of the river out of the city, and the winds and the flames held Moscow against him three days and three nights.

On September 19 he returned. Three-quarters of the city had been destroyed, while his troops had pillaged the remaining quarter. He sent a messenger to Alexander expressing his regret and suggesting peace, and so great was the consternation in St. Petersburg that a favourable answer was considered. It was believed in the capital that Bernadotte was about to attack; if he did, Alexander was determined to yield. In this emergency hope was set upon Mme. de Staël, who had crossed the Baltic to Stockholm and was already the Prince Royal's adviser, flatterer, tempter. She did not fail.

Reassured, Alexander held silence. Napoleon watched the coming of the new armies from north and south, from Finland and the Balkans. His line was stretched out to meet them so that a few more days of hope might be won.

On October 18 the attenuated line broke under a sudden attack and Murat was hurled back upon the capital. Next morning the French army evacuated the city, leaving behind it a detachment charged with the duty of blowing up the enemy arsenal in the Kremlin.[253] The weather was fine, and the soldiers sang as they marched—the old songs of victory. Had they not conquered Russia?

On the 20th Napoleon rode out. The army from the Balkans was on his left flank. He turned against it and rolled it back far enough to secure his way. Then he cast his diminished host into a new formation with the baggage in the centre and the guard, under Ney, behind. In ten days they were upon the battlefield of the Borodino, from which a cloud of kites rose up, to make a pall for the 50,000 unburied dead. The birds uttered loud cries, and the flapping of their wings was a dismal sound. At night, when the camp-fires were lighted, green eyes of wolves looked out upon the living.

On November 6 a snowstorm snatched autumn away, and with autumn the lines of communication, the means of lighting fires, forage, food. The horses began to founder and die, and the booty of Moscow was abandoned. Men fought like wolves for bread, and the camp followers perished. By the second week in November 100,000 troops and 40,000 horses had been left behind. Napoleon marched with his men, staff in hand, sharing all the horror; and every night some soldier came to him and offered shyly firewood, which was the price of a man's life. .On November 15 the army of nearly 500,000 men numbered 25,000, and even the Old Guard wavered. Their master walked among them and addressed them:

"You see the disorganization of my army. By some madness most of the soldiers have thrown away their arms. If you follow that example there is no hope. The salvation of the army depends on you."

The men responded; and that was well, because the army from the Balkans had outflanked the French, had encircled

them, and was holding the bridges of the River Beresina against them. Napoleon's genius flamed anew. He found a place to cross, and built his bridges while he was drawing the enemy away. On November 27 he watched his ragged and broken soldiers pass out of the trap, and he himself crossed. Next day the bigger of the two bridges broke while refugees and camp followers were crowding over it, and a scene of horror was enacted which found its counterpart in the slaughter of those who remained on the distant bank. Masses of dead men were heaped upon the bank, and many thousands of corpses were held frozen on the ice—some of them corpses of children. The hero of this fearful retreat was Ney, who guarded the rear and showed himself, as Napoleon had called him, "the bravest of the brave."

THE HIGHEST BIDDER

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE army, reduced to about 7,000 men, reached Vilna and its base on the Russian frontier on December 5, 1812. Napoleon determined to return at once to Paris in order to prepare against the now inevitable Russian invasion of Germany, which might so easily, in the absence of preparation, become the invasion of France. As Fournier has written:

"He was better able to succour his shattered army by hurrying on before it in Paris than by remaining behind.

He had to traverse Poland and Germany in a sleigh, attended only by a handful of cavalry. On December 6, with the temperature standing at 24 degrees below zero, he entered this vehicle, after having handed over his command to Murat and embraced all his companions. With him was Caulaincourt, once his Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and his *aides-de-camp*. Peril lay upon every side. Within a few hours of starting the sleigh passed the camp-fires of a body of Cossacks; two days later half of the escort had fallen behind. But the master would brook no idea of turning back, and his iron will overcame every obstacle. On December 10 he reached Warsaw. Immediately the journey was resumed to Dresden, where the King of Saxony provided a wheeled carriage. This broke down near Paris, and the Emperor and his attendants entered the capital at midnight on December 18 in a high-wheeled cart. Marie Louise, who had been warned, awaited her husband.

There had been a conspiracy during Napoleon's absence to overthrow him—an affair important only because it showed how feebly his rule was seconded and how little any of those who represented him now believed in his system. His own belief was as lively as ever. All through the long nights in the sleigh he had talked to Caulaincourt about London and her

people was its courage, its discipline, and its readiness to sacrifice itself for the Fatherland, qualities which had certainly not been inculcated overnight by Mme. de Staël and her friends. The tragedy, in his view, lay, as has been said, in his knowledge that Germany and France had a common enemy and yet were about to engage in bloody conflict.

He had stated, when he appointed Marie Louise his Regent before leaving Paris, that he would conduct the campaign as "General Bonaparte." He was as good as his word; but the more he examined his new army from this purely professional point of view, the less was he comforted. The army lacked artillery, and what it possessed was old-fashioned because it had been impossible to make enough new guns. The cavalry also was inferior owing to bad mounting. Above all, as has been said, training was lacking.

He met the enemy on May 1 at Lutzen, and after a stubborn battle in which he exposed himself continuously to heavy fire in order to encourage his young recruits, flung him across the Elbe and took Leipzig and Dresden. But, owing to the feebleness of the cavalry arm and the loss of his great cavalry leader, Bessières, at the beginning of the action, swift pursuit and rout were impossible. The uncovering of Dresden brought the King of Saxony, who had made a secret treaty with Austria, back into the war as Napoleon's ally, and it also restored Hamburg and its garrison of Swedes to the French. On the other hand, victory had not been decisive, and in consequence Austria, upon whom all the Emperor's thoughts were bent, had not been intimidated. So anxious was he about Austria that he sent Eugène back to Italy with orders to mobilize the army there in anticipation of invasion.

Meanwhile, on May 17, he left Dresden and marched upon Bautzen, where the Russian and Prussian armies were drawn up behind the River Spree. In a two-day battle, which began on the 20th, the allies were put to flight and so severely mauled that had Napoleon been able to pursue rapidly the campaign would have ended. But Duroc, most dearly beloved of all his Generals, had fallen; the Emperor was not to be consoled.

The allies were in despair and had begun to quarrel. As a last resort they decided to ask for an armistice in order to in-

duce Austria to join them. Napoleon saw all the danger, for he was fully informed that Metternich, now closely associated with the House of Rothschild, was his implacable enemy.. But the young recruits were exhausted, and there was a chance that Alexander's hatred of Metternich might even yet outweigh his hatred of France. Napoleon accepted the armistice after his army had reached Breslau.

It seemed to his enemies too good to be true. Instantly Sir Charles Stewart and Lord Cathcart, agents of Castlereagh, hurried to Alexander's headquarters with bulging purses. They met Metternich there and spread out their millions before his dazzled eyes. Metternich offered Austria's army of more than 100,000 men and a bargain was struck. Napoleon grew more and more uneasy and himself saw Metternich in Dresden. The interview lasted all day. That statesman, who knew that London had promised, in addition, to pay Prussia £666,000 and Russia £1,333,000 for military service (with an extra £500,000 for keeping the Russian ports open), behaved high-handedly. Napoleon replied in anger, whereupon the most accomplished illusionist in Europe invented and put into the Emperor's mouth statements calculated to injure his reputation. But there was no escaping from the facts. Austria, as Metternich had said, was coming into the war on Russia's side. Scarcely had this blow fallen when Napoleon heard about Wellington's march to Vittoria and realized that Spain was lost and the soil of France about to be invaded across the Pyrenees. While his enemies were consulting together at Prague, he returned to Mayence to meet his wife, Francis' daughter, and to dispatch Soult once more into Spain. At the same time he tried to bid for Austrian support by offering everything which could be offered short of destroying the Continental System. This action was dictated by one paramount consideration: the great Debt System which held England and the world in its merciless claws was so sorely wounded that, if peace could be obtained in Europe on any terms which did not include surrender to London, the defeat of debt could scarcely be averted. This was the reason of the English subsidies. No price now was judged too high to pay for a new European war.

THE WAY OF A KING

CHAPTER XXXVIII

BLÜCHER broke the armistice, and the 430,000 men of the allied Russian, Prussian, Austrian, and Swedish army attacked Napoleon's youthful force which numbered about 350,000. The great Captain had revived his idea of a turning movement from Hamburg towards Berlin, to be executed while he held the main body of the enemy on the Saxon plain about Dresden. This plan succeeded in so far that a great victory was won at Dresden by Napoleon himself; it failed in so far that the encirclement was prevented. The battle of Dresden resulted in a complete rout of the allied forces, and a cavalry charge by Murat cut the broken army to pieces so that the Austrians fled helter-skelter through the hills into Bohemia; but the defeat on the French left, and another defeat which attended the pursuit of the Austrians, robbed victory of all its fruits and convinced the Emperor that he was operating on too wide a front—one of the chief causes of the Russian disaster. Moreau, the victor of Hohenlinden, who, like Bernadotte, had taken London's money to fight against his fatherland, was killed at Dresden. Napoleon, sorely hurt on his flanks, realized that nothing but a concentration of force to the rear could save him, abandoned Dresden and drew back his army towards Leipzig. He was now standing on the defensive; the fear of his name began to lose its magic; Saxony and Bavaria made secret arrangements with his enemies, while his own Generals, foreseeing defeat, tried to secure themselves in the possessions and positions which they held. Many of them cursed the master who had not known how to make peace with London. Was this ambition?

Only two fixed points remained in this shifting and venal world—namely, the determination of London to have Europe for economic prey and the equal determination of Napoleon

never to consent to such an issue. Napoleon's behaviour in the campaign of 1813 cannot be understood without reference to this fact. Essentially he was fighting a delaying action, for he knew that he was no longer strong enough, against all Europe, to obtain a decision such as Austerlitz or Jena or even Wagram. What mattered was to avoid defeat while London was bleeding to death by reason of lost trade and enormous subsidies. As he told Caulaincourt:[251]

"England was so embarrassed (in the summer of 1813) that a moment had arrived when no more subsidies could be paid." And he added: '*Point de subsides, point de coalition, point de grandes guerres continentales.*"

There was the reason of his consent to the armistice which, had the subsidies failed, would quickly have become definitive peace. He had underestimated the resources of the Credit System and also the fierce and fanatical zeal of the company of moneylenders who, by means of their system, are enabled to mobilize the blood and treasure of the world in its defence.

"This is a battle between two giants," Napoleon had already, the year before, told Caulaincourt in the sleigh.[255] "The merchants of the seaports find themselves between the champions. Can one preserve them from being hurt? But this battle to the death is in the interest even of those who complain against it. They will be the first to pluck the fruit. It is England which has forced me, driven me to all that I have done. If she had not broken the Treaty of Amiens, if she had made peace after Austerlitz, after Tilsit, I would have stayed quietly at home. The fear of losing the capital goods on which my commerce was based would have restrained me. I would have attempted nothing outside (of France), for that was not in my interest. I would have concerned myself only with domestic trade. I would have grown fat and fond of rest. Nothing is more pleasant. I am no more the enemy of the joy of life than any other man. I am not a Don Quixote in search of adventures; I am a reasoning being who has done what he believes to be useful."

Napoleon's choice of Leipzig as a battlefield was vitiated to some extent by a march of the Prussians along the right bank of the Elbe towards Halle which, for a considerable time, escaped

his observation. Nevertheless, when he heard of it, he still persisted in his plan, which was to crush the main Austrian and Russian armies debouching from Dresden before the Prussians had arrived on the field. The first day of battle, October 16, 1813, went well for him. By one of his superb concentrations of men and guns he was enabled, at the decisive spot, to meet his enemy on equal terms, though his total force numbered only 200,000 as against 300,000. Victory, when night fell, seemed to belong to him, for the enemy was everywhere repulsed and had been forced back in front of Leipzig in order to avoid disaster. But it was not enough to win a battle, unless victory could be turned into rout. The Prussians were approaching, and the disparity of numbers which must result from their arrival could scarcely be overcome. Napoleon had no option but to break off the engagement and reform his line so as to meet the new army—an operation which presented great difficulty. There was behind him only one reliable bridge over the River Elster on the road to Weimar and Erfurt and Frankfort —the road to France; his back was to the wall. The allies, happily for him, were in no condition to resume their attacks until Blücher and Gneisenau reached them, and even these Generals felt uneasy, as is proved by the fact that Gneisenau sent a sharp note to the timid Bernadotte telling him that London was not accustomed to pay for inaction. The day of October 17 passed quietly, and Napoleon sent a messenger to his father-in-law to ask for an armistice—an attempt to sow dissension among his enemies—but Francis did not answer him, because all the Kings had pledged themselves anew to keep their promise to their paymaster "not to cease fighting till the last French soldier was over the Rhine." London alone, it seemed, could hold these jealous and greedy men in unity.

On October 18 fighting began once more under the walls of Leipzig. Napoleon was not without hope. He took post on a hillock near Thornberg with the Old Guard in reserve. The Russians and Prussians with Alexander and Frederick William were before him; Blücher and Bernadotte with his Swedes were on his left, and Francis and Schwarzenberg and their Austrians on his right. Both French flanks remained unshaken, and though the Russians and Prussians charged the centre on ten

occasions they were each time hurled back again. A slaughter, greater than that witnessed at the Borodino, took place, so that the final charges were made over human bodies and not over ground. Napoleon, although the whole of the Saxons had deserted to the enemy early in the day, had not yielded an inch, but his guns were worn to ribbons and his ammunition had run out.

"If I had had 30,000 rounds," he said later, "I should to-day be master of the world."

Lacking them he was forced to retreat as soon as night fell, and after snatching half an hour's sleep on a wooden stool he took command of the operation. The bridge over the Elster was of stone, and the crossing proceeded smoothly enough until two o'clock on the following afternoon when a French subaltern officer fired the mine by which, after the army had crossed, the bridge was to have been destroyed. Almost at the same moment the enemy resumed his attack on the other side of the city where the French line was now so much reduced in strength as to be incapable of resistance. In ordinary circumstances this would not have mattered except in so far as it had accelerated retreat, but with the means of escape cut off disaster was certain. The French rearguard had no resource except to plunge into the stream, and in that gallant effort Poniatowski, the Polish hero who had not ceased to follow Napoleon, was drowned. Some 20,000 men, including the King of Saxony, who had not deserted with his army, were taken on the river bank.

Napoleon had crossed, on foot and unattended, about an hour before the firing of the mine. He was unshaved and had had practically no sleep, and those who saw him told afterwards stories about the agony which they read in his eyes and features. In fact, however, he was as alert and optimistic as ever, and was heard whistling his favourite marching song, "*Marlborough s'en va t'en guerre.*"

Napoleon's anxieties were not those of the ruined gambler, which it has so well suited his enemies to call him. On the contrary, he knew who were the real gamblers.

"If England had wished it," he had said the year before,[256] "I should have lived in peace. It is in her own interest only that she carries on the struggle and refuses to make peace, for

if she had been considering the interest of Europe she would have made it. Holding Malta in the Mediterranean, and being in a position to guard other points which are necessary to the safety of her commerce and the revictualling of her ships, what more does she want? What more can she need for her safety? But the truth is that what she is really concerned about is the monopoly (of credit or debt money). A colossal commerce is necessary to her in order that her Customs Houses may be enabled to pay the interest on her public debt. . . .

"People say that I abuse power. I admit it, but I am acting in the general interest of the Continent, while England's abuse of power—of that force which she holds isolated among her storms—is solely in her own interest. The merchants of London, who seem so benevolent, care not a straw for the interest of Europe. They would sacrifice every country on earth, the whole world, in the interest of one of their speculations. If England's debt was smaller than it is she might perhaps be more reasonable. It is the need of meeting payments and sustaining her credit which drives her on. Later she may have to do something about this debt; at present she is sacrificing the world to it. People will come to realize this sooner or later; eyes will be opened, but it will then be too late. If I win, Europe will bless me. If I fall, the mask which now covers (the English System) will soon disappear and men will see that England has considered herself alone and that she has sacrificed the peace of the Continent to her own immediate interest. . . . The Continent cannot and ought not to complain of the measures which have as their object the closing of its markets against English merchandise. So far as I was concerned the uniting of other countries (to France) were only temporary expedients to hamper England, to interfere with her commerce, and to break and upset her foreign relations."

The French army was now brought back to Mayence, and had scarcely arrived there before a terrible outbreak of typhus began to thin its ranks. Napoleon helped to fight the disease and commanded all his resources for the benefit of the sufferers. The three Kings, his enemies, Alexander and Francis and Frederick William, were meanwhile established in Frankfort trying to secure further payments if they crossed the Rhine

and invaded France. Again and again their hatred of one another broke out in jealous complaints, but in the end they agreed upon a policy which, according to Metternich himself, had for its object the tempting of France away from Napoleon. The French Emperor was not to be caught in such a trap, nor was he impressed by the assurances of Alexander, Francis, and Frederick William, their pockets bulging with London's gold, that they represented the downtrodden peoples of Europe. Alexander's subjects were slaves; Frederick William's army had been recruited from serfs; while that of Francis enjoyed rights similar to those possessed by a herd of cattle. Napoleon replied to them, on November 16, 1813, that his object had always been the independence of all nations "from the Continental as well as from the maritime point of view."

The Emperor now returned to St. Cloud to recruit a new army. He had about 100,000 men left; he had lost as prisoners some 300,000 men, and not less than 175,000 were dead or missing. He asked for every man capable of bearing arms, and the request was greeted, not in Paris only, but throughout France, as just and reasonable. Indeed, an attempt by the legislature to make the requisition dependent on the grant of a liberal constitution evoked so angry an outburst by the public that it had to be abandoned. Napoleon, as he had stated, was King of the people.

Napoleon now emptied into the nation's coffers the treasure which his skill and honesty had gathered. He began to arm his new force with such weapons as he could obtain, but many of the soldiers had no uniforms and some carried shot-guns and even knives. Barely half the necessary number of horses could be obtained for the wholly inadequate cavalry and artillery. And this force, so like in some respects the force which the young Bonaparte had led across the Alps long years before, possessed neither discipline nor training. But what it did possess was love of its leader. There was a secret propaganda going on against the Emperor—all of it paid for either in London, Amsterdam or Geneva; he countered it by walking the streets of Paris unattended, or driving out with Marie Louise and the King of Rome. He reversed at the same time every policy which was not essential to France's safety. Spain

was lost; he released Ferdinand VII and made terms with him. On January 22, 1814, the Pope was freed from restraint. Next day the Emperor received the officers of the National Guard, Lafayette's and Necker's old force, among whom were most of his critics and enemies. They came fully armed. He met them accompanied only by his wife and child, and told them that he was about to take command of his army. Then giving one hand to Marie Louise and the other to Napoleon Francis he walked towards them down the great room and added:

"I entrust the Empress and the King of Rome to the courage of the National Guard, my wife and my son."

And the National Guard shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" He played with the child after that, the new game he had invented called "Beating Papa Francis." At four in the morning of January 24, 1814, he went to the nursery and looked long on the golden curls and white, tranquil lids which veiled the blue eyes that Louise had bestowed. Then he went quickly down to his travelling carriage.

His case, as he knew, was nearly desperate; for the enemy, fully and perfectly equipped, had two grown men to each of his lads. Moreover, all his allies had deserted him—even Murat his own brother-in-law, who, at the instigation of his (Murat's) wife, had joined the Austrians. The defection of the King of Bavaria had made Eugène impotent to help and Italy was lost. But there was a chance. And so long as hope remained he conceived it to be his duty to fight.

As he had expected, the three kings had once more had their hands crossed with gold. They relinquished troops from all the Rhine States and then violated the neutrality of Switzerland, thus repeating, with much less excuse, the "crimes" which had so deeply wounded them all when committed by Napoleon.

That brave man reached Châlons on January 26, 1814, having already at a distance so withdrawn his forces from the Rhine and handled them that his enemies were divided the one from the other. On the 29th battle was offered to Blücher at Brienne, near the old school. The fighting began late in the day, lasted till midnight and resulted in the defeat of the Prussians, who decamped into the darkness. Blücher rallied his army, how-

ever, enough to set it marching westward and so managed to effect a union with the Austrians near Bar-sur-Aube. The passage of this united force was disputed by Napoleon on February 1 at Lesmont, and as some Russians had been joined to it, the numerical odds against the French were more than two to one. Nevertheless, in a two-day battle Austrians and Prussians and Russians were so far held as to allow Napoleon to retreat safely over the Aube to Troyes. He possessed now about 60,000 men; Blucher had 45,000 and the Austrians and Russians about 150,000. The odds were, therefore, increased to about 4 to 1. On February 10 a Russian force nearly 50,000 strong was attacked and annihilated at Champaubert. On the 11th another battle took place at Montmirail and by nightfall Prussians and Russians were in full retreat towards Château-Thierry. Two days later Napoleon followed them and after manœuvring for some days encircled Blücher near Vauchamps. The old Field-Marshal hacked his way out with heavy loss and fled to Bergères. Napoleon was pursuing when he received news that the Russians and Austrians were marching upon Paris. Leaving Marmont to hold Blücher, he executed one of his greatest marches and on February 16 was upon the Seine. On the 18th the French took Montereau and the Austrians fearing to be encircled fell back to Troyes. Napoleon would have followed immediately had not Blücher, with allied forces, appeared suddenly on his left flank. He sent a force to hold the Prussians and then resumed his pursuit. The Austrians fled back behind the River Aube.

This flight gave Napoleon a breathing space and he at once wrote to his father-in-law hinting that it was absurd to fight Russia's battles for her, seeing that Russia was Austria's natural enemy. This letter caused a great deal of disputation among the kings but effected nothing for the reason that, as the Emperor had said, the war was a life and death struggle and the so-called offers of peace were moves in the game.

The three kings now stood in need of a refresher. This was secured on March 9 at Chaumont when London, represented by Lord Castlereagh, promised £5,000,000 annually so long as each of them kept 150,000 men in the field "if necessary for twenty years."

Blucher meanwhile was marching on Paris by way of Meaux and the Ourcq. He was thrown back here by Marmont, and Napoleon having come up from his pursuit of the Austrians followed him to Soissons and then entered Rheims in order to prevent a junction of Prussians and Austrians. Blücher now moved towards Laon. Napoleon followed and attacked him at Craonne on March 6, 1814, dislodging him but himself suffering heavy loss. On the 9th battle was joined again under the massif of Laon, the "key to Northern France." There was a morning mist and the Cossacks succeeded in driving a wedge into the French line and separating Marmont, who commanded the right flank from Napoleon. Marmont's force was routed. The Emperor, nevertheless, determined to stand and was found on the morning of March 10 in his old position. This boldness stopped the rout and Marmont was able to reform. Then Napoleon drew off his forces and was not pursued when he did so. Violent altercations now began at the allied headquarters, but the taking of Rheims, which had been left almost undefended, healed them because it gave the Austrians a chance to reach the Prussians once more. Napoleon rushed to prevent that catastrophe and in a very bloody encounter retook the city and marched into it. Both Austrian and Prussian armies again fell back and the three kings began to quarrel once more.

Napoleon now decided to execute a movement which, for sheer daring, stands by itself in the history of war. He ordered Marmont, whom he had bitterly criticized for the failure before Laon, to hold Rheims at all costs while he himself marched towards Arcis-sur-Aube with the object of encircling the entire allied army and thus ending the campaign. Unhappily he encountered the enemy at Arcis and had to stop his own light cavalry, which was in flight, by standing with drawn sword in their way. He beat off his opponents and continued his march, being persuaded that if he reached the Vosges his plan would succeed by reason of the rising *en masse* of the peasantry. In his eastern fortresses he might hope to accomplish the greatest stroke of his career.

Paris was safe so long as Marmont maintained the wedge between Blücher and the Austrians. But in case of accidents he ordered the removal of the Empress and the King of Rome.

"Do not abandon my son," he wrote to Joseph, "and remember that I would rather see him in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France. The fate of Astyanax, prisoner of the Greeks, has always seemed to me the most unhappy in history."

Being advised that Blucher was attacking Marmont at Rheims, the Emperor ordered his Marshal to fall back upon Châlons. Marmont disobeyed and both he and Mortier, whom he joined, fell back instead upon Fismes, thus allowing Blücher to join the Austrians. Napoleon by this time (March 23, 1814) was in St. Dizier. On the 28th he heard that the entire allied army was marching to Paris. What he did not know was that his letter to Marie Louise in which he mentioned that he was going to St. Dizier had, owing to Marmont's disobedience, fallen into enemy hands, and thus warned the kings to guard their lines of communication. The kings opened new lines of communication and then drove Marmont and Mortier before them to the walls of the capital.

Napoleon watched. Everything had happened as he had planned. Eastern France, harried by the Cossacks, had risen as one man in his support. Reinforcements were coming to him from Metz, from Strasbourg, from Verdun and from other fortresses, so that in a fortnight he might be able to command 100,000 men or even more—enough for the work of turning France into a trap for the kings.

News of Marmont's disobedience reached him. Horrified, he rushed back to Troyes, entering that town at dusk on March 29, 1814, and leaving again at dawn next morning. By nightfall he was at Villeneuve. He ordered carriages the moment he reached the town, obtained three and set out in procession to Sens and Fontainebleau. At this last place he heard of the flight of the Empress which, as has been said, he had himself ordered. He drove on to Paris, but at the posting-house of La Cour de France was told that the city had already surrendered.

It was the night of March 30, 1814; the kings were to enter next day. Napoleon's temper broke in a stream of denunciation of those who had yielded up his capital. He ordered another carriage. When none came he went out

alone and walked in the darkness along the empty highway towards the fallen city. Soldiers were approaching. He hailed them and found that he was with Mortier's army which was returning from the place of surrender. He continued to walk up and down the road with Caulaincourt and Berthier, exclaiming from time to time:

"Four hours too late. What a fatality!"

He began at once to recast his plans. If Paris was lost he was free to move without further reference to the city.

"If I had my army here," he told Caulaincourt, "not one of these foreigners would escape. The enemy occupation of Paris and the wish to show themselves to the ladies, to parade their great Prussia, these will be our salvation and their fate."

Orders were dictated to Berthier in a room of the little hostelry and then, after some soup had been swallowed, they went to bed. At four o'clock in the morning Napoleon entered a carriage and drove back to Fontainebleau; he arrived there at six in the morning of March 31. While the three kings were riding into his capital he was busy with his generals planning a great battle under the walls, a plan which, when they heard about it, drove the blood from the royal cheeks. Next day, April 1, Napoleon rode to Marmont's headquarters at Essones. While he was there news arrived from Paris about the allied entry into the capital and the movement to restore the Bourbons, the chief supporters of whom were the Rothschilds, Castlereagh and Talleyrand. Napoleon offered no comment. Next day he reviewed some regiments in the court of the *cheval blanc*. Caulaincourt, who had been sent to Paris, came back in the evening and told him that the kings demanded his abdication and that most of his Ministers had already forsaken him.

"As he was," wrote this faithful servant, "in the days of his glory and prosperity, so he appeared to me in this distressful hour."

"I don't care about the throne," the Emperor said. "I was born a soldier; I can become a citizen without distressing myself."

Next morning four divisions of the Guard were reviewed by Napoleon, who appeared surrounded by his staff. Afterwards

he told the officers that he was going to attack Paris and they clapped hands to their swords. The band played the Marseillaise. The troops he had summoned were at hand and he had 60,000 of them. He worked all night (April 3-4) on his plan of action and in the morning at noon reviewed his troops. Then he sent Caulaincourt, Ney and Macdonald to Paris to see Alexander and to inform him that he, Napoleon, would abdicate in favour of his son, Marie Louise to be Regent, if the frontiers and possessions of France were left inviolate. He did not, however, cease to prepare his attack because he knew that his terms would be refused. The three kings had had enough of the Bonapartes, old or young.

The messengers went first to the camp at Essones to recruit Marmont. They found him embarrassed and uneasy and learned that he was in touch with the Austrians. Caulaincourt urged him to consider his honour as a soldier, and after a while he promised to break off the shameful negotiations and gave orders to his officers which confirmed his purpose. Then he entered Caulaincourt's carriage with Macdonald and drove to Paris. They saw Alexander. Soon afterwards a messenger called Marmont out of the room where they were sitting. When the Marshal returned his expression had changed. He told them in accents of horror that his corps had gone over to the enemy. In fact, he had betrayed Napoleon and made the attack on Paris impossible.

Caulaincourt and Macdonald returned to Fontainebleau, which they reached at one o'clock in the morning. Napoleon received them at two o'clock, and they told him what had happened, adding that the three kings demanded the removal of his family from the throne. He received the news calmly, remarking:

"*Ah, Caulaincourt, l'intérêt, l'intérêt, la conservation des places, l'argent, l'ambition, voilà ce qui mène la plupart des hommes.*"

Marmont's wife, from whom he separated that same year, was the daughter of the financier Perregaux, who had seduced Danton and played so great a part in Barras' administration. Napoleon spoke sadly about the man and then turned back to his military plans. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"It is in the high ranks of society that traitors are found."

He walked about for a moment and then declared:[257]

"I don't want this beautiful land to be ravaged (by civil war) for me. They want me to abdicate. Very well, I'll abdicate."

"Never," wrote Caulaincourt, "had he seemed to me more worthy of the throne from which he was about to descend." As Caulaincourt left the room he heard the Emperor say:

"*Il ne faut pas une place bien étendue à un soldat pour mourir.*"

GENERAL BONAPARTE'S DUTY

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE three kings offered Napoleon the sovereignty of Elba and promised that his wife and son should join him in the island. They had only one object—namely, to get rid of him quickly before his soldiers gathered about him once more. If Marmont's treason had saved them, they were far from feeling secure. Napoleon, for his part, was determined that, since his system had an heir, the child should not become a hostage in the hands of his enemies.

That, as he well understood, was now being arranged, nor was there any means of prevention so long as he, Napoleon, remained alive. But Napoleon dead? Might not that spectacle, in France's dark hour, serve as the rallying-point of patriots?

The idea took possession of his mind. He saw his body laid in state with his guardsmen gazing upon the still features[258] which during all the years of glory had been their beacon and their strength. Such men, looking upon such a spectacle, would have need of action, and all France would act with them. Action would find its centre in his son, "*fils de l'homme*," as the peasants called him. What of the kings in that hour? And the traitors? France would not suffer them to tear her son from her bosom nor to seat England's hireling upon his throne. In his child his system would live, because Napoleon's heart had broken.

A curious detachment held him. He seemed to be living in another world. When the treaty was brought to him he demanded of Caulaincourt:

"What good, since neither France nor my son reap any advantage from my sacrifice?"

Once he asked if it was likely that, being useless now to France, he could survive her glory. On another occasion he

expressed his horror at a treaty which dealt with nothing but himself and his family and which promised nothing for the nation or the army.

All his Marshals came to bid him farewell, for they had all forsaken him and his son. As Berthier, Chief of his Staff, walked from the room saying that he would come back the next day, Napoleon's gaze followed him.

"He will not come back," he said.

But he held a serene dignity that shook these, his old companions-in-arms. He spoke of writing the history of his soldiers, then of his conviction that his wife and son would be snatched away to Vienna, then of the probability that he himself would be insulted or assassinated, so that his death, at French hands, might ruin for ever his son and his system. He returned again and again to this question of assassination, which would, he thought, be the surest way of destroying everything for which he had worked, since, if Frenchmen killed him, his leadership and that of his son would be shattered.

On the night of April 12, when Caulaincourt was about to leave him to go to bed, he declared, suddenly and sharply, that, so far as campaigns were concerend, France had no debt. The Minister bowed and retired. Only General Bonaparte remained to the Emperor, the last of his captains, all his reserve. He had work for General Bonaparte—namely, the rescue of France and of the system for which 100,000 Frenchmen had laid down their lives.

* * * * *

General Bonaparte went to his bedroom and undressed. There was a glass on the table with a jug of water. He took the casket which he had worn round his neck in Russia and opened it. It contained a packet of the poison which his doctor had supplied so that he might never become a hostage in the enemy's hands. General Bonaparte poured the contents of the package into the tumbler and added a little water. This was as the Emperor Napoleon had ordered.

CONCLUSION

FLAME UNQUENCHABLE

"*Adversity was lacking to my career. To-day men can judge me naked as I am.*"—NAPOLEON (at St. Helena).

AT three o'clock in the morning of April 13, 1814, Napoleon wrote a letter to Marie Louise. Then he sent his valet for Caulaincourt. When the Minister entered his bedroom he gave him the letter, shook his hand, embraced him, and told him that in a short time he would be dead.

While tears were running down Caulaincourt's cheeks he heard the calm voice asking him to keep in touch with the Empress and his son and to protect them both from bad counsels which would certainly be given them. Above all, to see that they never acted against the interest of France. Napoleon said that he believed his son would be worthy to govern France, and then added:[259]

"Speak about me to my son when he is of an age to understand what I have done for the glory of this dear France, and be as frank with him as you have been with his father."

The voice became feeble. Caulaincourt moved to the door to call the doctor, but his master forbade him peremptorily.

"You ought to realize," he rebuked, "that my death will perhaps secure the safety of France and of my family."

He became very pale as he spoke, a cold sweat broke out on his brow, and his hands grew icy.

"Tell Josephine that I have thought a great deal about her."

Suddenly he sickened. Fear that he was going to vomit seized him, and the horrified Caulaincourt heard him beseeching death, in passionate tones, not to forsake him. Violent sickness followed, and he fell back exhausted on the pillows, saying that he had chosen this method so as to leave no evidence of suicide, because he expected to lie in state. He seemed to be on the point of death, and the Minister could bear no more. He ran out into the gallery of François I to seek Dr. Ivan, who was in the palace. When the doctor came, Napoleon demanded a second dose accompanied by some drug

to prevent vomiting. Ivan refused, and left the room and the palace, never to return. A period of great pain followed. Caulaincourt helped the shaken man to rise and opened the window, but Napoleon was unable to stand. Some hours later he said that he had decided to go on living, since death had not obeyed his will.

"God does not will it."

A letter from Marie Louise, in which she promised to join him, cheered him next day. "You are so good and so unhappy and you deserve so little to be unhappy," wrote the wife, whom her father and Metternich were about to debauch deliberately so that she would not dare to rejoin him. Josephine did not write; she was too busy receiving the Emperor Alexander and Bernadotte. But Marie Walewska came to Fontainebleau and left a letter which, as he said, "touched me to the heart."

Next day the Emperor was discussing politics as if nothing had happened. But his mind still dwelt on the subject of assassination.

"If they kill me on the way to Elba," he said to Caulaincourt, "or if they make me submit to indignities, you will have cause to reproach yourself."

He still felt that he owed his life to France and ought to lay it down, and he insisted that such action must be clearly distinguished from suicide, of which he disapproved, since it meant that a man could not face trouble. But, as he repeated, God had not willed it. All his thoughts were for his son, and he wished ardently that Tuscany might be given to Marie Louise so that he might be in close touch with the lad and able to direct his thoughts. His system must not lose its heir.

These were the thoughts of all his enemies, and notably of the Bourbons and Talleyrand and the whole body of international finance which, triumphant, had sent its agents into Paris to stamp out in blood the last vestiges of the glory of Napoleon, to vilify him by every means, and to destroy the memory of his system, so that it might never again live in the minds of men except as an object of horror and despair. The assassination of the Emperor by French hands was the obvious first and most important step, since it would convince Europe that France herself loathed "the tyrant" and would set an un-

bridgable gulf between Napoleon Francis and the French people, and thus remove for ever the danger of a rebirth of the system which had so nearly compassed the ruin of London and the Bourses. A band of hired assassins under a certain Maubreuil were sent into the country through which the Emperor must pass, with instructions to rouse the population, surround his carriage, and murder him; and massacres on a large scale were planned for other districts, and duly took place.

When he had taken the poison it had been Napoleon's sole concern to defeat this new campaign; now that he believed that Heaven willed his life, he devoted close and continuous attention to circumventing the plans of his and France's enemies. His guard remained faithful and France was faithful; he could have engaged easily in civil war had he so willed. But that also would have destroyed his system and his son. Instead he kept changing the route by which he was to travel and making all manner of small and apparently senseless objections to details which had been arranged. He displayed great anxiety, moreover, about the delay in sending from Paris the Commissioners of the Allies who were to accompany him, for such delay, as he knew, meant added danger of assassination.

On April 20 everything was in readiness, but he threw the arrangements out of gear by a further delay of two hours. Then he descended into the *cheval blanc*, where the Old Guard, under General Petit, awaited him. The Allied Commissioners, Shuvalov, his old enemy, for Russia, Koller for Austria, Truchsess-Waldburg for Prussia, and Neil Campbell for England, were with him at his request. He addressed the soldiers in a short speech:

"Officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers of the Old Guard, I bid you farewell. For twenty years I have found you brave and faithful, marching in the path of glory. The Allied Powers have armed all Europe against us. The enemy, by stealing three marches upon me, entered Paris. I was marching to drive them out. They would not have remained three days. I thank you for the noble spirit you showed in these circumstances. But a part of the army abandoned me and went over to the enemy. From that moment a prompt deliverance of the capital had become impossible. I might, with three-fourths of

the army still faithful to me, and with the consent and support of the great majority of the population, have directed myself upon the Loire or upon the fortresses and kept up the war for several years. But foreign and civil war would have devastated our beautiful country, and at the cost of such sacrifices and ravages could we hope to conquer united Europe, supported by the influence of the city of Paris which a faction has succeeded in dominating?

"In these circumstances I have only considered the welfare of France. I have made the sacrifice of all my rights and am ready to make that of my person, for all my life has been devoted to the happiness and the glory of France.

"Soldiers, serve France faithfully. The sweetest occupation of my life will henceforth be to make known to posterity all the great deeds you have done, and my only consolation will be to learn what France is doing for the glory of her name.

"You are all my children. I cannot embrace you all, but I shall be embracing all in the person of your General. Come, General."

He embraced General Petit and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Bring me the eagles which have served us as guides through so many perils and such days of glory."

He embraced the flag for fully half a minute. Then he raised his hand.

"Farewell! My thoughts will always be with you. Keep me in your memory."

The soldiers crowded round him, weeping and kissing his hands and his clothes, and even Neil Campbell shed tears.

And now for the encounter. He entered his carriage with Bertrand, and they drove off surrounded by horse guards. Brière was reached that night, and next morning Napoleon invited Campbell to breakfast. He made it plain that he had formed the highest opinion of the English people and their services and that his quarrel was not with England, but with the System of London. On the 22nd at Villeneuve the horse guards left him, a most ominous order which awakened all his anxieties. Cossacks were offered, but he replied:

"I do not need the protection of foreigners."

It was bravely spoken, but at Moulins Talleyrand's agents

shouted "*Vive le Roi!*" Napoleon asked Campbell to ride ahead and arrange for an English ship to take him to Elba because, as he had good reason to fear, assassins were being gathered on the French ship to throw him overboard if he escaped the mobs. At Valence he met Augereau, who insulted him, and Jerome's wife, Catherine of Wurtemberg, who had defied her father in order to stay with her husband, and whose name is linked, in consequence, to imperishable glory. At Montelimar the sub-prefect warned the Emperor of great danger to come, and a messenger was sent forward to Avignon to secure help against Talleyrand's mobs. It was obvious that large sums of money had been spent in the work of inflaming the populace and, incidentally, in persuading them that Napoleon was Marbœuf's bastard, named "Nicholas,"[8] that he was a coward who had not dared to die himself, and that, as a Corsican Italian, his sole object had been the destruction of France—the same kind of propaganda which Talleyrand and Mme. de Stael and Necker had used against Louis XVI.

At every stopping-place the houses were illuminated, and their inhabitants in the street. All kept shouting:

"*A bas le Tyran! A bas Nicholas! Vive le Roi!*"

At 3 a.m. on April 25 Napoleon drove through Orange, where again the streets were crowded. At 6 a.m. Avignon was reached. A huge mob waited at the posthouse, and sticks and stones were thrown, while one demonstrator lunged at the coachman with a sword. The carriages pushed through the mob and at noon reached Orgon. Here a gallows had been erected, on which an effigy of the Emperor bespattered with dust and red paint warned him of what was to come. He was alone in the carriage with Bertrand and was completely unguarded. The crowd, armed with swords and pikes and scythes, came roaring round the doors, upon which showers of stones were beating. He lay back out of sight while the Russian Commissioner shouted that only contempt ought to be shown to a man who had tried to rule the world, and that it was unworthy of the French to show any other feeling. The postilions lashed the horses, and the carriage bounded forward.

When they were clear of the town and consequently of all danger—for the country people had not been reached by

Talleyrand's agents—Napoleon insisted on mounting a horse. He put on an old blue overcoat and a round hat with a Bourbon cockade and rode ahead with one of the outriders. Thus disguised, he passed through the mob which awaited his carriage in the neighbouring town. His carriage this time was broken open.

The Commissioners found him in an inn at Calade, where the landlady had just expressed her views about "Bonaparte" and stated that she believed the sailors meant to fling him into the sea. He would eat nothing at dinner except some bread and wine taken from his carriage, and he showed great anxiety lest the house should be rushed. Nevertheless, he made some cold punch for the Commissioners and "rolled up his mantle in the form of a cushion on the sofa and pressingly begged General Koller to repose himself on it, since he must be tired from the heat of the day."[260]

The danger was now at its greatest and Napoleon's anxiety could not be hidden. His companions, who were simple soldiers, could not understand him, and thought that his nerve had broken and that he was in fear of his life. But his calculations astonished them. He refused to leave the inn until midnight and drew up an order of procession to the carriages as carefully as he would have arranged an order of attack. Druout was to lead; the Russian adjutant came second; then Koller; then Napoleon; then Shouvalov; then Truchsess-Waldburg. Napoleon wore a mixed uniform composed of Koller's uniform, the Prussian's forage cap, and the Russian's cloak—a disguise as completely foreign-looking as he could make it. The mob, raging at the door, concluded that their prey had escaped them and allowed Napoleon to seat himself in Koller's carriage, the coachman of which had been instructed to smoke on his box so as to convey the impression that nobody of importance was travelling. The Russian, in Napoleon's own carriage, remained unmolested.

In this fashion Aix, Saint Maximin, and many other towns were passed. All were lighted, all were thronged with frenzied mobs, and all the mobs repeated Talleyrand's slogan:

"*A bas le Tyran! A bas Nicholas! Vive le Roi!*"

At Luc, where the Emperor spent a few moments with his

sister Pauline, who was staying in the chatêau, some Austrian cavalry was encountered. Koller took upon himself to order the soldiers to serve as escort. Talleyrand and Louis XVIII and and their moneylenders had been defeated, and though they laboured diligently to redress their discomfiture by publishing to the world the news that Napoleon was a coward, careful only of his own safety, they knew that his system and his son had been saved for France and the world.

THE voyage to Elba on the English ship *Undaunted* was soon ended, and on May 4, 1814, Napoleon stepped ashore at Porto Ferrajo. On the way he had imparted to Campbell and Ussher[261] the interesting information that he had offered to make a treaty with England, whereby goods should be bartered for goods in equal amounts. This had been refused, as it would have put an end to London's system of goods for debt. The Emperor set himself to apply his system to Elba, and made such good progress that the island derived a permanent advantage from his stay in the form of better roads, better trade, and more effective mining. He worked as hard as he had always worked, and he maintained his Imperial state, in difficult circumstances, with a determination which showed how much virtue he attached to it. He was the Emperor of the French, their beloved and natural leader who had been driven from his throne by a combination of all the powers of the world, assisted by those who, having made a corner in money, possessed all the wealth of the world. None but he could have resisted that combination for a single year. Those who now ruled France were, therefore, in Napoleon's view, traitors, usurpers, and assassins. Moreover, he looked upon all the kings of Europe as traitors to their peoples, seeing that these kings had allied themselves to the money markets and were offering no effective resistance to the policy of deflation, which was already depriving brave soldiers of their pensions and sending the children of the people to work in conditions worse often than the galleys. His views on this matter were clear and unequivocal:

"In the great cause of which I saw myself the chief and arbiter," he said,[262] "one of two systems had to be followed; either to make kings listen to reason from the people or to conduct the people to happiness through the agency of their

kings. As it is well known that, once the people are in full cry, it's no easy matter to restrain them, I thought it wiser to count on the wisdom and intelligence of rulers. I supposed I was entitled to believe that these rulers were possessed of enough intellect to see where their own true interest lay. I was wrong. . . .

"I have inspired France and Europe with new ideas which will never be forgotten. . . . France's finances are the best in the world. . . . If I had not been overthrown I would have made a complete change in the appearance of commerce as well as of industry. The efforts of the French people were extraordinary. Prosperity and progress were growing immeasurably. Enlightenment was making giant strides. New ideas were everywhere heard and published, for I took pains to introduce science among the people. . . . If I had been given time there would soon have been no more artisans in France; they would all have become artists."

That was the conception of the guild state of the Christian era. Napoleon added, in definition of his own idea of kingship:

"One must serve a nation worthily, but must not flatter the people. To win them you must do them good. The people scarcely ever want what they say they want. Their will and needs should be less expressed by them than felt by the ruler."

The King created the people in love, and was therefore the moneylenders' everlasting enemy. The Rothschilds had paid Louis XVIII's expenses from London to Paris and again on the day of his "triumphal entry" into the capital full of France's conquerors. This was not a king, but a footman of finance, and the shabby "palace" on the small island was the real King's house. The Emperor heard with horror about Talleyrand's massacre of Frenchmen ("the White Terror") whose only fault had been allegiance to their country, about the slights being heaped upon his heroes, about their bitter privations, and —most horrible of all—about the placing in his own wife's establishment, by her father and Metternich, of one of the most successful seducers of women in Europe, the Count de Niepperg. Like Hector, he saw his son being brought up in the homes of his enemies so that his father's name might be blotted from his mind.

The Congress of Vienna had met, and his conquerors, quarrelling like dogs, were gathered together. Alexander and Talleyrand, Francis and Metternich—that Holy Alliance which had saved the world for the Credit System. He began to make ready to return to France.

On Sunday, February 26, 1815, he held his levée as usual and was afterwards present at Mass. At four o'clock in the afternoon the small body of guardsmen who had accompanied him to the island were ordered to go to the wharf. They embarked on the brig *Inconstant* and the schooner *Caroline*, and these, accompanied by five other small vessels, weighed anchor immediately. Napoleon was aboard the *Inconstant*; his mother and Paulette, who had joined him, watched from the windows of the palace. Next morning the sea was dead calm, but a wind, which sprang up later, bore them towards Leghorn. A man-o'-war hove in sight—a Frenchman flying the *fleur de lys*. Napoleon sent his grenadiers below decks. The ship, the *Zephir*, approached.

"Where are you bound?" the Captain of the *Inconstant* asked.

"Leghorn. And you?"

"Genoa."

"How is the Emperor?"

"Well."

"Good."

In the night the wind freshened, and next day was blowing strongly. Napoleon told his soldiers whither they were bound. Then he dictated a proclamation:

"Frenchmen, in my exile I heard your lamentations and your prayers; I have crossed the seas through dangers of all kinds; I return among you to resume my rights which are yours also."

To the army he wrote:

"Soldiers, we have not been vanquished. Two men from our ranks betrayed our laurels, their country, their prince, their benefactor. . . . Come and stand again beneath the banners of your chief. His life is yours; his rights yours and the people's. His interest, his honour, his glory, what are these but your interest, your honour, your glory? Victory will march with us.

The eagle, bearing the nations' colours, will fly from steeple to steeple till it reaches the towers of Notre Dame. Then you can show your scars and be held in honour because of them; then you will be free to speak about your service. You will be known once more as the liberators of the fatherland."

Five hundred copies had been made before the ship came to land. On Wednesday, March 1, the coast of France rose above the bows, and at three in the afternoon anchor was cast in the bay of Saint Juan. They bivouacked in an olive plantation and then, at eleven o'clock at night, in moonlight, began to march. At midnight they were in Cannes, at daybreak on the plateau above Grasse. Napoleon marched in the centre with the Old Guard around him. The mountains were covered with snow and the wretched road was nearly impassable. But he pressed on by Sernon and Barême and Dijon, through fields where gaping peasants stared at them, and little villages where the inhabitants offered good wishes. On Sunday, the 5th, he was at Sisteron. The mayor came to breakfast, and when the meal was over a crowd in the street met him with cheers, the loudest he had heard so far.

At Saint Bonnet they begged him to sound the tocsin and summon all the able-bodied men. He refused, saying that the nation would, of itself, rally to him. He did not doubt that, although the question was asked very often, "If their officers order the troops to fire on you, will they obey?" The King's army was being gathered to take him, "alive or dead," and Ney had promised Louis XVIII to bring him to Paris "in an iron cage."

On the morning of the 7th he left Ponthaut. He was mounted and wore his old grey coat with the broad ribbon of the Legion. They approached Laffrey in the mountains. They saw a battalion of the 5th regiment of the line drawn up across the road, barring it. Napoleon dismounted.

"Tell the soldiers," he ordered Colonel Mallet, "to put their muskets under their left arms, muzzles down."

"Sire?"

"Tell them to put their muskets under their left arms."

His face was calm and serene, and in that respect made lively contrast with his soldiers' faces and the faces of the peasants

who lined the road. In silence he walked alone towards King Louis' men. As he approached the order was given:

"Present arms."

It was obeyed smartly. He looked down the barrels of a thousand muskets. He brought his hand to the salute.

"Soldiers of the 5th," he cried, "do you know me?"

His voice rang out, clear, challenging. Someone answered him. He advanced a step.

"Here is your Emperor. Who will may shoot him."

Acting on a common impulse, the soldiers fell on their knees —each man spoke the same word, "Father."

"In ten days," said Napoleon, "we shall be at the Tuileries."

He stood watching while the soldiers tore off their white cockades and found his old cockades in their knapsacks. Then he spoke to them:

"Soldiers, I have come with a handful of brave men because I count on the people and on you. The throne of the Bourbons is illegitimate because it was not erected by the nation. It is opposed to the national will, since it is opposed to the interests of our country. It exists only for the profit of a few families. Ask your fathers; question all these people who have gathered here from the surrounding countryside; they will tell you the truth about what is going on. They are threatened with the re-imposition of the taxes, the privileges and the rights of the old time—of all the abuses from which your victories delivered them. . . ."

He was interrupted by a peasant, who ran towards him and fell on his knees before him.

"Sire," the man cried, "you are right. They wish to tie us once more to the soil. You come, like God's angel, to deliver us."

Napoleon entered a carriage, and a great company of peasants made a bodyguard for him to Grenoble. He wrote here a letter to Marie Louise, bidding her join him with his son. On March 10 he was at Lyons, with the Comte d'Artois fleeing before him from the town. A second letter to Louise informed her that he would enter Paris on the 20th, Napoleon Francis' birthday. Labédoyère was with him, and his army was growing from hour to hour. The streets of the city were choked

with men and women, whose joy and love demanded expression. He answered them before he left.

"My people of Lyons, I love you."

On March 14 he was at Chalon-sur-Saône. On that day Ney declared for him, and on the 18th they met once more at Auxerre.

"Embrace me, my dear Marshal," said Napoleon. "Let us speak no more about the past."

He reached Fontainebleau at four o'clock in the morning of the 20th, which was Monday in Holy Week. Before noon the flight of Louis XVIII was announced to him. He declared that he would sleep in the Tuileries, as he had promised Marie Louise and his son. He set out in the early afternoon through crowds of country folk and townsfolk, who struggled with one another to kiss his hands, even to touch him. His children gathered him in their arms and carried him all the way. Nightfell. His carriage, with a detachment of cavalry, passed the Invalides, crossed the Pont de la Concorde, and rolled swiftly along the Quai to the first gate of the Tuileries. It stopped; men flung themselves upon it. They seized their King and covered him with kisses. They kissed his cheeks, his old coat, his boots, the ground on which he had set his feet. They raised him in their arms and carried him into the palace, laughing and shouting and weeping. They fought a way for him up the great staircase, crying:

"Is it you? Is it you at last?"

He was weeping.

* * * * *

There had been a small birthday party at Schoenbrunn. Louise, seduced and infatuated by Niepperg, heard the news after Napoleon had gone to bed. A message came from the kings: Napoleon Francis was to be taken instantly in a closed carriage to Vienna to the old palace of the Hofburg, and his French governess and only friend, Mme. de Montesquiou ("Mme. Quiou"), was to be dismissed. Thus Napoleon Francis drove into Vienna at the same moment as Napoleon drove into Paris. A morning of tears and desolation for the son; of immortal glory for the father.

MME. DE MONTESQUIOU and Meneval, who had been Louise's secretary, reached Paris. They told Napoleon all the truth. He must fight for his son.

There was a new blood-bath in store. He offered, at once, to abdicate in favour of his son and to make Louise Regent. When his message reached Vienna Alexander called on the Empress.

"I will support your son," he said.

The woman gazed at him with blank, terrified eyes.

"Nothing," she cried, "will induce me to return to France."

This was as Metternich and the Rothschilds had arranged. Niepperg drew up the necessary documents and she signed them. The exile in the Hofburg, refusing to eat and fallen into the silence of children who find themselves among strangers, was delivered to his enemies. Napoleon was informed by Talleyrand that all the kings of the earth, and all the bankers, had declared him outlaw and pariah, vermin to be hunted to his lair and destroyed. They broadcast Louise's declaration to Europe. In such circumstances a king has his duty laid upon him.

The Treasury was empty. He borrowed £4,000,000 in the City of London[263] in order to buy guns with which to shoot and kill Englishmen—for he offered a higher rate of interest than other people, which, if he was beaten, the Bourbons would not refuse to pay.

While he was reorganizing his army he visited Josephine's grave; she had died the year before on a day on which Alexander was to have dined with her. He forgave Hortense her flirtation with King Louis and made her his hostess. He welcomed his brother Lucien, who came to help him. His mother and Joseph and Jerome were with him and so, too, was Marie Walewska. But he was sad in the knowledge that, once again, his name

must be linked with war and bloodshed. While he had still hoped that the Regency would be accepted, he had planned a great ceremony at which it had been his intention to abdicate before all France and with his own hands set his son on his throne. Now he had to go to the "Field of May," as it was called, alone. His brow was grave, but when he spoke to his soldiers his voice rose strong and clear. The Old Guard came last of all the regiments.

"Soldiers of the Old Guard," he cried, "swear to surpass yourselves in the coming campaign. Swear, all of you, to perish rather than suffer the foreigner to dictate laws to our country."

Hoarse voices answered him: "We swear."

On June 4, 1815, he offered the Parisians a fête, and at nine o'clock at night appeared on the balcony of the Tuileries. A display of fireworks followed. Three days later he told the Chamber to which he had now accorded constitutional power:

"The army and I will do our duty."

England and Prussia had already put armies into the field. Russia and Austria were arming once more. A new and greater coalition was in being. On Monday, June 12, 1815, at half-past three in the morning he took leave of his Ministers and of Hortense and entered his travelling carriage. Three days later, on the anniversary of Marengo and Friedland, he came in touch with the Prussians under Blucher just beyond the Belgian frontier. The English under Wellington were on his left.

It was his strategy to prevent a union of these two armies by defeating the Prussians immediately and then turning against the English. Leaving Ney to hold Wellington at Quatre Bras, he attacked Blücher at Ligny on Friday, June 16, 1815. He commanded about 120,000 men; his enemies numbered 230,000. Nevertheless, before night the Prussians were in retreat, their centre having been heavily broken. Blucher's horse was shot under him and, as he could not find another, he was swept away in the tide. In his absence Gneisenau directed the retreat northward instead of to the east and thus held the broken army on a line parallel to that of the English communications. Napoleon believed, on the contrary, that the Prussians were retiring at an angle and thus going ever farther away from their allies.

At Quatre Bras, Ney had held his own. When Wellington heard the news of Ligny he remarked:

"Old Blucher has had a damned good licking and gone back to Wavre, eighteen miles. As he has gone back we must too."

The English Army retired during Saturday, the 17th, and on that day Blücher, whose losses were nearly 22,000 men, reformed his army and marched it across country towards Wellington—a very remarkable performance. Napoleon's strategy had now failed; worse still, he did not know that it had failed, and therefore when he sent Grouchy with 30,000 men to follow the Prussians he gave that Marshal a more or less free hand to find and engage the enemy.

He himself followed the English retreat on horseback and came under artillery fire. Ligny had been fought in a thunderstorm; heavy rain once again began to fall and the roads and lanes were churned into soft mud. Wellington reached Mount St. Jean at night and halted there. Napoleon followed, and bivouacked opposite to him. During the night he heard from Grouchy about the movements of the Prussians, and supposed naturally that his Marshal would exert himself to prevent Blücher from reaching Wellington—a task well within his power. The night was spent in reconnoitring, and so anxious was the French Emperor lest his English enemy might slip away from him that he toiled out through the mud to his advanced posts in order to assure himself that Wellington was still there. At breakfast he remained under the impression that Blücher could not reach the battlefield for three days, and delayed therefore to attack because of the state of the ground. He slept for an hour and then rode along the highway to Brussels to the farm of Belle Alliance. Soon afterwards he took post on the height of Rossomme.

Wellington was in a strong position, because his centre stood on the ridge of Mount St. Jean, while his right was supported by the farmhouse of Hougemont and his left by some smaller farms. Napoleon aimed at breaking the English left and then piercing the centre—thus sweeping his enemy to the right, away from Blücher. His plan included a preliminary feint against Hougemont and then a sudden, swift rush at the far side of the enemy line.

The battle began, therefore, with a heavy bombardment of Hougemont followed by an attack on that farm, which would have succeeded had not five Englishmen by main force and with dauntless courage shut the stout gate of the courtyard. A French grenadier climbed over but was killed. Repeated attacks which changed the feint into a serious engagement, contrary to the orders given, met with no success.

Meanwhile the main attack on the English left was developing. It was delivered with all the force of which Napoleon was capable, but thanks to the steadiness of the British regiments, Scots Greys, First Royal Dragoons, Inniskillings, Black Watch, and many others, and to the heroic sacrifices of individual British soldiers, it failed of its object. Wellington began to reform his flank and to pray for Blucher's arrival. Napoleon, knowing now that Blucher would arrive, launched the attack on the enemy centre which ought, according to plan, to have followed the breaking of his left flank. Twelve thousand horsemen were gathered in front of their Emperor and then launched upon Mount St. Jean. The British gunners mowed them down and then retired at their approach behind the squares, four ranks deep, which their Captain had formed on the crest of the ridge. The French fell back and charged again; again they failed to make impression. Reinforcements were hurried up and the charge was repeated on two fresh occasions until the squares reeled. But the attackers, nevertheless, were forced to go back as they had come.

Meanwhile Baring had held the centrally placed farmhouse of La Haye Sainte all day with truly heroic courage and by so doing had greatly hampered the French. Ney now gathered a body of artillery and infantry and took the farm, thus piercing the British line. He called for reinforcements, but his messenger found Napoleon busy with plans to protect his right against the oncoming Prussians, and Ney was driven back.

The Prussians were held. Napoleon, changing his plan, resolved suddenly to throw in the Guard, smash the English right, and throw the whole of Wellington's army eastward among Blücher's ranks. It was half-past seven in the evening. The Emperor reviewed his matchless brigade and then gave the command to Ney. A moment later that great warrior had his

fifth horse shot under him. He pressed up the ridge where the British staff was assembled. Wellington ordered his Guards, hidden until now:

"Up and at them!"

The French fought with desperation but were driven slowly back. They rallied and attacked once more; the enemy stood his ground and suddenly a withering fire from the flank was opened. Cambronne gathered his men about him and when challenged to surrender replied:

"The Guard dies; it does not surrender."[261]

Only 150 men survived. The rout began. Napoleon and Ney rode backwards and forwards among the fleeing columns, but everywhere the terrible cry, *Sauve qui peut*, challenged and forbade them. The Emperor was swept away in the ruin of his army.

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE ROCK

CHAPTER XLIII

NAPOLEON reached Genappe at eleven o'clock. He was so weary that he could scarcely stand. A horse was found for him and he continued his melancholy journey, with the Prussians one hour behind him, until at daybreak he reach Charleroi. Here a carriage was available, and he was driven to Philippeville. He obtained a little rest, and then began at once to attempt some kind of restoration. He wrote to Joseph:[265]

"All is not lost. I suppose that by collecting all my forces I shall still have 150,000 men. The federated troops and the best men of the National Guard will furnish me 100,000 and the depôt battalions 50,000 more. Thus I shall have 300,000 with whom I can at once oppose the enemy.

"I will horse my artillery with carriage horses. I will raise 100,000 conscripts. I will arm them with muskets taken from the Royalists and from ill-disposed members of the National Guard.

"I will raise the whole of Dauphiné, the Lyonnais, and Burgundy. I will overwhelm the enemy.

"But the people must help and not bewilder me. I am going to Laon. I shall doubtless find troops there. I have no news of Grouchy. If he has not been taken, as I fear, I may have 50,000 within three days. With them I can keep the enemy engaged and give France and Paris time to do their duty. The Austrians march slowly, the Prussians are afraid of the peasants and dare not advance too fast; everything may yet be retrieved.

"Write me what effect this horrible piece of bad luck has produced in the Chamber. I believe the deputies will feel convinced that their duty in this crowning moment is to rally

round me and save France. Pave the way so that they may support me worthily. Above all let them show courage and decision."

He rode to Laon, but found only a handful of men there. He resolved to go to Paris lest once again the city should be delivered to the invader. He reached the capital very early in the morning of Wednesday, June 21, 1815, and went to the Elysée where he had been living. Joseph and Lucien, with Carnot, who had returned to public life, were waiting for him and urged him to declare himself dictator. A huge crowd had gathered under the windows and was shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

He hesitated during some hours and then refused. The Chamber, he said, must support him; for otherwise he would be giving the signal for civil war. None knew better than he that a Chamber which included Lafayette and Benjamin Constant, and was dominated from outside by Fouché, would refuse support. In effect, he had abdicated in order that the unity of the nation might not be broken; but he urged that the making of peace might be entrusted to him, since, as he pointed out, Grouchy's army was intact and the defence of the capital, therefore, possible.

"Against Napoleon alone," cried a member of the Chamber, "Europe has declared war. I see only one man standing between us and peace. Let him go and peace is assured."

On Thursday, June 22, 1815, the Emperor was asked formally for his abdication. He weighed his duty once more, while the shouts in the streets rose in a swelling crescendo.

"The expression in his eyes," said a witness, "showed the sadness that filled his soul."

He signed his abdication in the afternoon, and on the Sunday following left Paris for Malmaison. Scarcely had he arrived here when news reached him that the allies were marching upon the capital in such a way as to open a great gap in their ranks and thus afford opportunity for their destruction. He sent a message to the Provisional Government offering to serve once more as a General in its employment. When that offer was refused he took off his uniform and put on civilian clothes. Then he left Malmaison to drive to the coast, being resolved

o take ship if possible for the United States, wherein, as he ıow believed, rested the only hope of effective resistance to the ›ystem of London. He reached Rochefort on July 3, and the ;arrison welcomed him as ıf he came in the fulness of his ›ower. Again he was urged to put himself at the head of the roops in the neighbourhood. He hesitated and sent another ›ffer to the Government ın Paris; that also was refused. He ›repared to sail, but soon realized that the harbour was effecively blockaded by the English ship *Bellerophon*. He went on ›oard the French frigate *Saale* on July 8—the day on which ouis XVIII returned to Paris "ın the baggage of the British Army." On the 10th Bertrand and Las Cases were received ›y Maitland of the *Bellerophon* and asked that Napoleon might ›e allowed to sail to America—a proposal which obviously had ›o be rejected.

"Why not," said Maitland, "ask an asylum ın England?"

"He has been accustomed," Las Cases said, "to consider the English as his most ınveterate enemies, and they have been ınduced to look upon him as a monster without one of the virtues ›f a human being."

Three days later, on July 30, 1815, Napoleon wrote to the Prince Regent:

"YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

"A victım to the factions which distract my country ınd to the enmity of the greatest Powers of Europe, I have ›nded my political career, and I come, like Themistocles, to hrow myself upon the hospitality of the British people. I put nyself under the protection of their laws, which protection I :laim from your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the nost constant, and the most generous of my enemies.

"NAPOLEON."

Napoleon, as has been said, maintained in his thoughts a harp distinction between the English people and the City of ondon, which at that period was largely dominated by oreigners. His experiences of English soldiers and sailors had onvinced him not only of their exceptional courage and galantry, but also of the chivalrous bent of their minds. It was or this reason that he had asked to be taken to Elba in an

English ship. Even if the English chose to treat him as a prisoner, that would secure his removal from the danger of assassination at the hands of Frenchmen and so preserve the future for his son. In yielding himself, therefore, to the British people, Napoleon was still waging war for his system.

At 6 a.m. on July 15, Maitland sent off a boat to bring the Emperor aboard. Napoleon embraced Joseph, who was with him, and then took his seat in the stern. He was dressed in the uniform of the *Chasseurs à Cheval* of the Imperial Guard and wore the Star of the Legion. Maitland said that when he reached the quarter-deck he "pulled off his hat and addressing me in firm tones said: 'I come to throw myself on the protection of your Prince and laws.'"

Maitland showed an excellent courtesy.

"I therefore, once for all," he wrote, "beg to state most distinctly that from the time of his coming on board my ship to the period of his quitting her his conduct was invariably that of a gentleman; and in no one instance do I recollect him to have made use of a rude expression or to have been guilty of any kind of ill-breeding."

Torbay was reached at daybreak on July 24. A letter from Lord Keith, the First Lord of the Admiralty, awaited Maitland. It stated:

"You may say to Napoleon that I am under the greatest obligation to him for his attention to my nephew, who was taken and brought before him at Belle Alliance, and who must have died if he had not ordered a surgeon to dress him immediately and sent him to a hut."

So far Napoleon had been dealing with English sailors. It was now the turn of the politicians. The City of London had one concern only—namely, to destroy the system. They had the heir to the system securely under lock and key in Vienna and subject to influences which, at his tender years, he could scarcely resist. But here was the system itself at their doors, glorious even in its ruin and showing already a stubborn power of resurrection. What could they do with Napoleon? Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister, who was about to sell the whole agricultural and industrial population of England into slavery to the foreign moneylenders whom he served, said to

Castlereagh, his Foreign Secretary, and the former paymaster of the three kings:

"We wish that the King of France would hang or shoot Bonaparte as the best termination of the business."

That would, of course, have been the ideal solution—the solution aimed at by Talleyrand during the journey to Elba. But it was out of the question; Napoleon, as ever, had outmanœuvred his enemy by joining with the English folk against their and his deadly foes of the city. They could not surrender him to France without making a martyr from whose blood, sooner or later, would spring their own destruction. Above all things the martyrdom of Napoleon must be avoided. And there was another and not less imminent danger—namely, that he who was in fact the leader and king of the French people might become once more a rallying-point against the hideous deflation and ruin of Europe, including England, which they were about to effect.

"You know enough of the feelings of people in this country," wrote Lord Liverpool to Lord Castlereagh, "not to doubt that he (Napoleon) would become an object of curiosity and possibly of compassion in the course of a few months."

The decision was taken, therefore, to bury the system alive with such gentleness of execution as would alienate from it the sympathy of the world.

Hearing that it had been resolved to send him to St. Helena, the Emperor now began to play his last part: that of the king torn from his people and set amid the wastes of ocean to endure, in his mother's phrase, "the punishment of the Rock." That it was no false rôle, the return from Elba had shown.

Napoleon need not be pitied. He was still fighting his battle and winning it. Pity, on the contrary, is due to the English people, to the heroes of Trafalgar and Waterloo and their wives and children. For this is what the Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh did to them according to the eye-witness of Robert Owen, the millionaire cotton-spinner who in 1815 with his son made a tour of industrial England. His son afterwards wrote:[266]

"As a preliminary measure we visited all the chief factories in Great Britain. The facts we collected seemed to me terrible almost beyond belief. Not in exceptional cases but as a rule we found children of ten years old worked regularly fourteen hours a day with but half an hour's interval for midday meal which was eaten in the factory. In the fine-yarn cotton mills they were subjected to this labour in a temperature usually exceeding seventy-five degrees, and in all the cotton factories they breathed an atmosphere more or less injurious to the lungs, because of the dust and minute cotton fibres that pervaded it. In some cases we found that greed of gain had impelled the mill-owners to still greater extremes of inhumanity, utterly disgraceful indeed to a civilized nation. Their mills were run fifteen, and in exceptional cases, *sixteen* hours a day with a single set of hands and they did not scruple to employ children of both sexes from the age of eight. We actually found a considerable number under that age. It need not be said that such a system could not be maintained without corporal punishment. Most of the overseers openly carried stout leather thongs, and we frequently saw even the youngest children severely beaten. We sought out the surgeons who were in the habit of attending these children, noting their names and the facts to which they testified. Their stories haunted my dreams. In some large factories from one-fourth to one-fifth of the children were either cripples or otherwise deformed or permanently injured by excessive toil, sometimes by brutal abuse. The younger children seldom held out more than three or four years without serious illness often ending in death. When we expressed surprise that parents should voluntarily condemn their sons and daughters to slavery so intolerable, the explanation seemed to be that many of the fathers were out of work themselves and so were, in a measure, driven to the sacrifice for want of bread."

This was the inevitable result of the foreign invasion of England, which from its headquarters in Lombard Street, on the morrow of Waterloo, was announcing victory over the tyranny of Bonaparte. Napoleon, as has been said, thought death on the battlefield a better fate for any people. His system was also Owen's system, for that enlightened man wrote:

"No evil ought to be more dreaded by a master manufacturer than the low wages of labour. . . . There, in consequence of their numbers, are the greatest consumers of all articles; and it will always be found that when wages are high the country prospers; when they are low all classes suffer from the highest to the lowest, but more particularly the manufacturing interest. . . . The real prosperity of any nation may be at all times accurately ascertained by the amount of wages or the extent of the comforts which the productive classes can obtain in return for their labour."

In despair at the ruin which everywhere throughout Europe was now being effected, Owen wrote to Lord Liverpool:

"They (the manufacturers) consider it to be the essence of wisdom to expend millions of capital and years of extraordinary scientific application, as well as to sacrifice the health, morals and comforts of the great mass of the subjects of a mighty empire that they may uselessly improve the manufacture of, and increase the demand for pins, needles and threads; that they may have the singular satisfaction, after immense care, labour and anxiety on their parts, to destroy the real wealth and strength of their own country by generally undermining the morals and physical vigour of its inhabitants for the sole end of relieving other nations of their due share of this enviable process of pin, needle and thread making."

He might as well have addressed himself to the moon, for the monopoly of money is exercised by compelling ten dogs to fight for one bone and cannot otherwise be exercised. Lord Liverpool was not interested; nor were the mill-owners, growing fat on the blood of heroes, inclined to attach importance to such arguments as this:

"We complain," wrote Owen, "that all markets are overstocked with our manufactures and yet we compel our little children and millions of adults to labour almost day and night to urge forward perpetually increasing mechanical powers that these markets may be still more overstocked."

Against this background stands Napoleon enduring through nearly six years the punishment of the Rock. He had foreseen it all and may be forgiven if he had not foreseen that Europe would bear it. Even he underestimated the power, the re-

source, the treachery and the cruelty of finance with its infinite capacity to corrupt, to play off one institution against another, to befog men's minds with false politics, false economics, false science, and false religion, above all to prevent, by a ceaseless vigilance, the blessing of true leadership.

And so he waited, in melancholy days, at Longwood while the rats squeaked about his bed, for that uprising of the nations which he believed must inevitably take place. Down below him, at Jamestown, were the representatives of the foreign Powers, and, a little nearer, Sir Hudson Lowe, "the agent of the English oligarchy," shadows among a million others around this shadowy throne which none was suffered to look upon and about which only whispers—distorted and incoherent—penetrated to the ears of men. It is known to history how Napoleon came to St. Helena in the *Northumberland* and how he spent the first year of his captivity in a ceaseless effort to magnify his heroes and secure the return of his son and his system. The rest is silence; for, as Lord Rosebery pointed out, there is no authentic witness to the last years. Napoleon hid himself with his increasing physical pains and his memories.

But he had not ceased to fight. This mystery of the rock in mid-ocean, round which, day and night, ships of war sailed and upon which regiments of soldiers armed with heavy guns were gathered, began to exert influence on the mind of Europe. Could any human being be so dangerous? Napoleon was rising from the dead; and it was necessary, therefore, to change the policy concerning him. His enemies began to make of him a figure of great but sinister romance so that this, their pretender, might reach the throne before the King himself could reach it. Rules at St. Helena were relaxed and Lowe even requested the Emperor to receive a visitor. He got the reply:

"Those who have gone down to the tomb receive no visits."

Sir Thomas Reade, Lowe's adjutant, who had been specially selected in London, broke into fury.

"If I were Governor," he cried, "I would bring that dog of a Frenchman to his senses; I would isolate him from all his friends, who are no better than himself; then I would deprive

him of his books. He is, in fact, nothing but a miserable outlaw, and I would treat him as such. By God, it would be a great mercy to the King of France to rid him of such a fellow altogether. It was a piece of real cowardice not to have sent him at once to a court-martial instead of sending him here."

Reade visited Longwood, entered the house and came to the door of the room in which Napoleon lived. It was locked. He shouted bravely through the closed door, "Come out, Napoleon Bonaparte," and then went home again.

Most of the Emperor's friends had either been sent away from the island or had gone themselves to spread the tidings of his estate. In its own dire distress, as Liverpool had foreseen might happen, the English people spared sympathy for the captive and began to protest. A Corsican doctor and two priests were allowed to go to St. Helena and leave was granted also to Paulette. But it was too late. Napoleon had contracted a pyloric ulcer which was killing him. Nor did the assertions in the London newspapers that he was perfectly well influence the course of his disease. Lowe, poor man, was so busy hunting plots that when he was asked to send a report about the patient to Lord Bathurst he enclosed a covering note, saying:

"It may be regarded as a bulletin of General Bonaparte's health meant for circulation in Paris."

But no, the Governor was mistaken. On April 16, 1821, the fact of approaching death became apparent to Dr. Arnott, a regimental surgeon whose services had been asked for. Napoleon, the day before, had made his will, after instructing Father Vignali to administer the Viaticum and set the Cross on his body. He wrote:

"I die in the Apostolical Roman Religion in the bosom of which I was born more than fifty years ago.

"It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the French people whom I have so greatly loved.

"I urge my son never to forget that he was born a French prince and never to allow himself to become an instrument in the hands of the triumvirate who oppress the natives of Europe. He ought never to fight against France nor injure her in any

matter. He ought to adopt my motto: *Everything for the French people.*

"I die prematurely, murdered by the English oligarchy and its assassin; the English nation will not be slow in avenging me.

* * * * *

"I thank my good and most excellent mother, the Cardinal, my brothers Joseph, Lucien, Jerome, also Pauline, Caroline, Julie, Hortense, Catherine, Eugène, for the interest which they have continued to feel in me. I forgive Louis. . . ."

There was a kindly reference to Marie Louise. He added some further paragraphs a day or two later, but by that time he had become delirious. On the morning of May 5, 1821, he sprang out of bed, gazing wildly and vacantly about him, and it took all the energy of his attendants, with whom he grappled, to lay him back again. That was the last flicker of his strength.

A storm srpang up and many trees on the high plateau on which Longwood is situated were uprooted, among them one of the three willow trees under which, on summer evenings, he had been wont to sit. Towards sundown the wind abated. Napoleon's face at that time began to change. It had been swollen and disfigured by the agony of his disease, for the ulcer had eaten its way through his stomach; now the onlookers beheld once more the clear features of the young hero of Italy. At six minutes before six on May 5, 1821, as the sun descended into the sea, Napoleon died.

* * * * *

His few faithful friends refused to allow the Governor to call him "General Bonaparte" on his tombstone. Lowe suggested Napoleon Bonaparte (as Lord Rosebery says, "John Smith"), but this too was rejected. The stone, therefore, bore no inscription. On May 8, British grenadiers carried the coffin of Napoleon to the grave in "Geranium Valley." The old grey coat and the sword worn at Marengo were its ornaments. The soldiers fired a salute and some of them and their officers asked leave to kiss the old coat.

WHEN she heard of Napoleon's death, his mother wrote to Lord Castlereagh:[267]

"ROME,
"*August* 15, 1821.

"MY LORD,

"The mother of the Emperor Napoleon claims the ashes of her son from his foes.

"She begs of you to be so kind as to lay her claim before the Cabinet of His Britannic Majesty and before His Majesty himself.

"I shall not try to soften the hearts of the British Ministry by describing the sufferings of their great victim in his fall from the heights of human grandeur to the lowest deeps of misfortune. Who knows better the extent of the Emperor's sufferings than the Governor of St. Helena and the Ministers whose orders he carried out?

"In this case there is nothing to tell a mother about the life and death of her son. Implacable History sits upon his coffin; to her inevitable judgment the living and the dead, peoples and kings, must equally submit.

"Even in the most remote periods of time, among the most barbarous nations, hate did not last beyond the grave. Is the Holy Alliance of our time going to offer the world an example of unbending wrath unique in human story? And the English Government, are its iron hands to go on clutching for ever the ashes of its slaughtered foe?

"I demand the ashes of my son; no one has a better right to them than his mother. Does any reason exist why his immortal dust should be withheld from me? Considerations of State, what are called politics, these can have no concern with his lifeless body. Besides, what end will it serve the

English Government to keep his body? If it were sought to insult the hero's ashes, such a design would send a shudder of horror into the heart of every man possessed of human feeling. If, on the contrary, the idea was to atone, by belated demonstrations of respect, for the punishment of the Rock, the memory of which will last as long as England, I protest with all the strength at my command and in company with every member of my family against such an act of profanity. Demonstrations of respect of that kind will be, in my eyes, the last word in outrage. My son no longer needs honour; his name is enough for his glory; but I have need to embrace his lifeless remains. My hands have made ready a tomb for him in a humble chapel, far from the clamours and noise of the world. In the name of justice and humanity I implore you not to reject my prayer. To obtain the ashes of my son I am ready to beg them of the Ministry, of His Britannic Majesty himself. I gave Napoleon to France and to the world; in the name of God, in the name of all mothers, I beg of you, my Lord, that you will not refuse me the ashes of my son.

"I am,

"MADAME MÈRE."

Her request was not granted until nineteen years had passed and she herself had been joined to her son.

NOTES AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

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Note 1. The mother of Napoleon herself dictated some reminiscences, in her old age, to her companion Rosa Lellini. These notes are not free of inaccuracy. They were published by Baron Larrey in his work, in two volumes, entitled *Madame Mère*, and this work gives a full account of the Corsican period. The period is also dealt with in the Memoirs published by members of the family. Other sources are *La Genèse de Napoleon*, by J. B. Marcaggi, Municipal Librarian of Ajaccio. Mention must also be made of *L'Enfance de Napoléon* (Nasica), *Histoire de Paoli* (Arrighi), and Boswell's *A Tour in Corsica* Mr. Norwood Young's work, *The Growth of Napoleon*, is a mine of information, though the conclusions he draws are far from those of the present writer.

Note 2. Napoleon often referred to the sweet perfume of his native isle, notably at St. Helena when he lay dying.

Note 3. It was from Rousseau that Boswell got his letter of introduction to Paoli. Rousseau, as he wrote, felt that, under Paoli, the Corsicans had set up the ideal form of government. He prophesied that Europe one day would be astonished by this little island.

Note 4. This is attested by her friend and rival beauty in the island, who became Mme. Permon and whose daughter was Mme. Junot, afterwards Duchesse d'Abrantes.

Note 5. Boswell, *A Tour in Corsica.*

Note 6. Boswell, *A Tour in Corsica.* Notes.

Note 7. Much confusion has arisen because Joseph Bonaparte was, in the first instance, given the name of Nabulione which, later, was to belong to his younger brother Mr. Norwood Young's disentangling of the mystery disposes once for all of the story that Napoleon was the eldest son.

Note 8. One of the libels put about by Talleyrand in 1814 was to the effect that Marbœuf was Napoleon's father and that Napoleon's real name was Nicolas. As Napoleon had been born more than a year before his mother knew Marbœuf the worth of that story can be judged.

Note 9. A priest who witnessed the parting told Joseph afterwards that Napoleon's single tear showed as much feeling as all his own.

Note 10. Bourienne's *Mémoires* are the chief source of information about this period and may be accepted as more or less trustworthy—for there was nothing much to tempt to invention. It is not well to rely on this man for later and more important information. A cartoon of Napoleon with a straw in his nose and bearing scornful references to his love of Paoli, which was made by a schoolfellow, still exists. Napoleon's letters from the school have been preserved, but they contain no complaints and no anecdotes.

Note 11. The phrase is taken from one of Napoleon's early essays. He wrote little notes as a kind of makeshift diary and most of these

have been preserved (*Manuscrits de Napoléon*, Archives de la Bibliothèque Nationale).

Note 12. By his own confession to Las Cases at St. Helena. He said that, at 13 years of age, he had lost his faith (*Memorial*).

Note 13. An entry in Carlo's account book and a description given by a school friend of Joseph are the basis of these details.

Note 14. There are many witnesses to this, the most impressive being the way in which, from this time forward, Carlo sought Napoleon's advice in dealing with Joseph.

Note 15. Bourienne, *Mémoires*.

Note 16 The letters Napoleon wrote have been preserved. They are the earliest of his letters of which the existence is known.

Note 17. Jung, *Lucien Bonaparte et ses Mémoires*

Note 18. A story has been long current that Napoleon tried to enter the British Navy, but I cannot find evidence to support it. It is inherently most improbable, though all through his life he felt and expressed admiration for English sailors and soldiers.

Note 19. His views about the College were expressed to Las Cases (*Memorial*).

Note 20. Mdlle. Permon, who became Mme. Junot, published a great deal of material in her *Mémoires* as Duchesse d'Abrantes.

Note 21. This must be looked upon as doubtful. Everything at that time was "cancer." It was more probably a pyloric or duodenal ulcer with extravasation and so with large formation of scar tissue. Carlo was young for cancer.

Note 22. The evidence that he foretold a great future for Napoleon is flimsy.

Note 23. His body was afterwards removed by his son Louis, the King of Holland, and buried in a splendid tomb at St. Lue

Note 24. Archives, *Manuscrits*, *op. cit.*

Note 25. d'Abrantes, *op. cit.*

Note 26. Las Cases, *op cit* He spoke of the senior officers as "fathers."

Note 27. "Sire," wrote this dancing master years afterwards, "he who helped you to make your first steps in the world throws himself on your generosity." He received a good post a month afterwards.

Note 28. Caroline—now married—wrote to him when he was Emperor; he replied:

"THE CAMP OF BOULOGNE.

"MADAM,

"Your letter gave me great pleasure. I have always remembered your mother and yourself with pleasure. I shall take the first opportunity of being of service to your brother. I see from your letter that you are living near Lyons; I must therefore blame you for not having come there while I was there, for it would have been a great joy to me to see you. Please believe in the sincere wish which I have to be of use to you.

"NAPOLEON."

Note 29. *Mémoires du roi Joseph.*

Note 30. *Mémoires du roi Joseph.*

Note 31. Las Cases, *op. cit.*

Note 32. The physician, Tissot, received the letter and wrote on the back, "Letter not answered; of little interest." Norwood Young, *op. cit.*, gives the text. Its chief interest lies in the last sentence: "I myself have been for a month past tormented by a tertian fever which makes me doubt whether you will be able to read this scrawl." This confirms Sir Arthur Keith's idea that Napoleon had Mediterranean fever, bouts of which occurred throughout his life especially in hot weather.

Note 33. The opposite opinion is usually imputed to them. When Napoleon used this phrase in Egypt he was not in any way renouncing beliefs formerly held by him.

Note 34. Walker Stephens, *The Life and Writings of Turgot* (Longmans); *Œuvres de Turgot*, ii, 71.

Note 35. The reader is referred to the very valuable recent work of M. E. Lavaquery, *Necker, Fourrier de la Révolution, 1732-1804* (Plon). This work removes all doubt about the part played by the banker and his family in ruining France. See especially pages 162, 163 *et seq.*

See also "*On Mr Necker's private expedients to support the credit of France*," Brit. Addit. MS. 34717, f. 20 to 34.

Note 36. Arthur Young who passed about the same period gathered the same impressions. His wonderful book deserves, of course, the closest study.

Note 37. This essay is preserved in the collection in Florence.

Note 38. Saveria stayed with Letizia from this time onwards until her (Saveria's) death in ripe old age. She and her mistress were inseparable friends.

Note 39. The demand came actually from the parlement of Paris, but at Necker's suggestion. The last meeting had been in the reign of Henri IV.

Note 40. Mme. de Staël testifies to this fact (*Considerations*)

Note 41. Arthur Young testifies to this. For the history of the revolution it is now necessary to turn to modern works rather than to such monumental compilations as that of Thiers, because a great deal of new matter has become available in the reports made by local areas in France to the States-General and also in private memoirs. Some idols have fallen. Here, as in the case of Necker, money is the key to understanding. The student will find, with growing wonder, that his way is difficult when he is inquiring about this subject. He will also find that much of the evidence has been destroyed.

Note 42. The livre and the franc were of about the same value and were, at par, worth about 25 to the £—but these values fluctuated greatly.

Note 43. Mme. de Stael recounts and explains all her father's actions and views in her *Considerations*, putting upon them, of course, the best possible constructions.

Note 44. Mme. de Stael, *op cit.*

Note 45. Lavaquery, *op. cit.*

Note 46. Lavaquery, *op. cit.* He gives a very full account of Necker's relations to Besenval—the first full account to be published.

Note 47. Bailly, *Mémoires*, II, 172.

Note 48. See Harris, *The Assignats.* This book is of inestimable value to the student, because it is based on most careful researches which extend over a very wide area (Harvard University Press). See also the chapter on the Assignats in R. G. Hawtrey's *Currency and Credit* Napoleon called credit "a dispensation from paying cash."

Note 49. On her own showing, *op. cit.*

Note 50. Ministers were excluded from the Assembly

Note 51. *Courier de l'Europe*, September 14, 1790.

Note 52. The correspondence of Marie Antoinette with Count Fersen throws a valuable light on this period. See also Harris, *op. cit*; Talleyrand, *Mémoires*; Fouché, *Mémoires*; Barrère, *Mémoires*, and the careful accounts of financial transactions given by Thiers, *op. cit*

Note 53. Harris' work is specially valuable at this point, because he shows conclusively that the interested statements made about the immediate depreciation of the land money are quite untrue

Note 54. Napoleon told Caulaincourt that he looked upon Louis XVI's death as a murder.

Note 55. Bourienne, *op cit.*

Note 56. Bourienne, *op cit.*

Note 57. Jung, *op. cit.*

Note 58. Danton, like Necker, is now undergoing examination in the light of new evidence. He had been held up, formerly, as the best of the Revolutionary leaders, but it now appears that this favourable view was not unconnected with his monetary dealings. The reader is recommended to study the recent work of M. Louis Barthou, *Danton* (Albin Michel). This work makes as good a case as possible for its subject, but the facts are stated. Among political studies Belloc's *Danton* stands out as the most complete. But it was written before the financial transactions were fully known.

Note 59. These bells are referred to with horror by almost every witness of the scenes which followed: "those terrible bells"—"those hideous bells."

Note 60. Bourienne, *op. cit.*

Las Cases, *op. cit.* This is his own account of the affair, and the quotations are from this account.

Note 61. By far the most complete account of Napoleon's communications to his family is given in Masson's monumental work of thirteen volumes, *Napoléon et sa famille.* Masson often refused to divulge his sources. Nobody now disputes his authority, because every passing year, with its new crop of documents, confirms it.

Note 62. Barthou, *op. cit.* M. Barthou's argument that, as commander of the attack, Danton's place was not in the fighting lines, seems to be valid and the charge of cowardice can therefore be dismissed.

Note 63. Why was Napoleon not sent to join the armies fighting on the frontiers? He had decided to return to his regiment instead of going to Corsica, and there is nothing to show that he intimated any change of mind The answer is, probably, that confusion was so great that definite orders to the old army were no longer issued, though it may be that officers of the old army were looked upon as dangerous men and avoided so far as possible Napoleon was not likely to object to such an attitude, for his interest in France was tepid, whereas he was passionately concerned about affairs in Corsica. His family had urged him to remain away; now since the fall of the king he had an excuse for returning That he loathed the Revolution in its new form is certain. See Las Cases, *op cit.*, and the other writers from St. Helena.

Note 64. Jung, *op. cit*

Note 65 Norwood Young, *op cit.*; Jung, *op. cit*, *Mémoires du roi Joseph*; Levy, *Private Life of Napoleon*, and Masson, *op cit*, as well as the other works on Napoleon's youth mentioned above

Note 66. Jung, *op. cit* Napoleon's experiences in Paris during the September massacres very nearly turned him from France to England—that is to say, from the Revolution to Paoli. But his doubts did not last long and were probably less acute than Lucien represents them to have been Lucien's object was always to discredit his brother's honesty.

Note 67. It was Paoli and not Napoleon, as Lord Rosebery points out in his *Last Phase*, who used this expression in the first instance.

Note 68. Because Letizia was uneducated it has been assumed, often, that she was a fool Nothing can be further from the truth Napoleon himself said "My mother was born to govern a state." See Larrey, *op. cit.*, and the present writer's *Napoleon's Mother*.

Note 69. The King of Sardinia was also Prince of Piedmont. He was the head of the House of Savoy.

Note 70. Harris, *op. cit*, p 42 Here again Harris' work is indispensable to an understanding of the influence of the land money on politics—the most important influence in the whole Revolutionary period.

Note 71. Napoleon's view (Las Cases, *op. cit.*) was that the Gironde ought to have saved the king and appealed to France instead of trying to shuffle out of responsibility by asking for a referendum and then, when it was refused, voting for death.

Note 72. The great work on Fouché is Madelin's *Fouché* in two vols Fouché's own *Mémoires* were at first regarded as spurious, but this view is no longer entertained. Fouché's relations with one of the fathers of Communism, Gracchus Babeuf, are of much interest. See Ehrenbourg, *Gracchus Babeuf*.

Note 73. New elections took place after the fall of the king. The chamber so elected was called the Convention. It was the third Revolutionary Chamber, the other two having been the National Assembly and the Legislative Assembly.

Note 74. Jung, *op. cit*

Note 75. Fesch had taken the civil oath and then cast away his clerical habit. This curious man was always rather hostile to Napoleon; he

became Letizia's man of business and usually supported Lucien and Joseph against their brother. He was exceedingly fond of money.

Note 76. Napoleon handsomely rewarded the people who had thus saved his mother's life.

Note 77. Why Maria Anna was called Élise is not clear. In the case of Caroline, Napoleon seems to have felt that some member of the family ought to bear their father's name.

Note 78. Norwood Young, *op. cit.*, offers good reason for rejecting the story that the house itself was burnt. The house now standing is, therefore, the original Casa Buonaparte.

Note 79. As usual, where money is concerned, this remarkable dropping of the pilot has been slurred over in almost every biography. But there was no real mystery. Just as Necker was hounded out of France because his bank had failed, so Danton was got rid of because he was obviously failing to crush revolt. The reason of this weakness became, thereafter, a subject of close investigation.

Note 80. Cambon's speeches show that he was concerned to return to metallic money. He can have been in no doubt that this meant returning to loans from London. Danton may not have realized all the implications, but that is doubtful in view of the use he himself had made of the assignats the year before.

Note 81. The folly of this course has been emphasized by historians during more than a century. Harris (*op. cit.*) shows that, on the contrary, the course amply justified itself. The Reign of Terror increased the buying power of the assignats, though, as stated in the text, the size of the issue was sharply increased.

Note 82 *i.e.*, Major.

Note 83. Barras' *Mémoires* are horrible, but ought to be consulted. It has often been said that Napoleon's part in the Toulon affair was small. Study does not support that idea, and military opinion is all in favour of the gunner.

Note 84. Efforts have been made to discredit or discount this praise—it being an essential part of the case against Napoleon that he was a self-seeker and therefore a coward where his own immediate interests were not involved. But not the smallest reason exists for doubting the sincerity of the statement. The report was written at Du Teil's dictation. (He was in command of all the artillery.) It is in his A.D.C.'s writing, and is not signed. See Norwood Young, *op. cit.* Young makes a case against Napoleon, but it is far from convincing, since it flies in the face of the obvious fact that he was the greatest master of artillery on earth.

Note 85. Norwood Young (*op. cit.*) deals carefully with this point.

Note 86. Larrey, *op. cit.*

Note 87. This was Robespierre's dilemma. If he bought outside of France with assignats he would be forced to print great numbers of them and prices would rise; but there was very little gold. The same difficulty is being encountered to-day by many European countries. The assignat under Robespierre was a "blocked currency."

Note 88. Jung, *op. cit.*; Joseph, *op. cit.*

Note 89. Napoleon had already conceived the plan which became, in his hands, the First Italian Campaign.

Note 90. Carnot has always worn a halo where Liberals are concerned. But it is doubtful if he was really a very able man. That he was a very honest man there is no doubt.

Note 91. Barthou, *op. cit.* The letter addressed to the banker Perregaux contained statements about

A distribution of money in payment of "essential services" *en soufflant le feu, et en portant les Jacobins au paroxysme de la fureur.* It was addressed from the Foreign Office in Whitehall and dated Friday 13 (? Sept., 1793). It continued

"We wish you to continue your efforts and to advance 3,000 livres to M.C.D., 12,000 to W.F, and 1,000 to de M. We agree to C.D.'s demand. Please advance him 18,000 livres and be so good as to try to find out the channels through which money can be most usefully distributed"

Barthou doubts its authenticity, but his criticism is based mainly on the idea that the English word "advance" would not be used about monies paid for services rendered—a very dubious defence.

Note 92. That Fouché was a wholly corrupt man cannot be doubted. Napoleon knew this well (see Caulaincourt's *Mémoires*), but found it safer to keep him in his service where he could be watched than elsewhere.

Note 93. Madelin, *op. cit* Fouché's letters at this period are of extraordinary interest, and make it quite clear that he counted on backing of the strongest kind.

Note 94 Tallien's pro-consulship at Bordeaux is described in Louis Gastine's *La Belle Tallien* (2 vols), which is a fully documented work. Madame de la Tour du Pin (*Mémoires*) gives a vivid account of events at first hand. Mme. Tallien's own *Mémoires* are much less reliable.

Note 95. Some of Robespierre's orders about Tallien have been preserved. See Gastine, *op cit*, and the writer's *Gipsy Queen of Paris.*

Note 96. The nature of this mission is not known, but the events of the First Italian Campaign, when the plan was put into operation, suggest that Napoleon was seeking a loan rather than attempting *espionage.* The army was short of equipment. The mission was described as highly successful.

Note 97. St. Just was an able man, if a bad one, with a remarkable understanding of finance, as is shown in his speeches where he stated that the only reasonable basis of money was the level of prices (*i.e.*, if prices rose there was too much money, if they fell there was too little). See Emmanuel Aegerter's *Saint-Just.* He was exceedingly brave, and his reputation, like that of Robespierre, has undoubtedly suffered by reason of his opposition to the banking interest. Napoleon said of Robespierre on one occasion: "There goes a case that was never heard."

Note 98. Larrey, *op. cit*, gives a number of letters written by Letizia to friends in order to secure Lucien's release.

Note 99. Larrey, *op. cit.*

Note 100. Larrey, *op. cit.*

Note 101. Masson, *op cit.* Masson makes short work of the idea that Désirée jilted Napoleon.

Note 102. Harris, *op. cit.* The evidence gathered by Harris leaves no doubt that Robespierre's fall determined the fall of the assignat. His evidence is based largely on new material and is set out in a number of curves, for various districts. These show a high degree of correspondence. Barras' first business was to bring in the precious metals. He is the real assassin of the land money—though, of course, the money had depreciated from its earlier values before Robespierre took control. It is important in this respect to distinguish between the domestic buying-power of money and its power of buying gold or foreign exchange

Note 103. Pasquier, *Mémoires.*

Note 104. See the writer's *Josephine*, Barras, *op cit*; and most of the Memoirs of the period.

Note 105. Masson, *Mme. Bonaparte.* Masson's three volumes on Josephine (*Josephine de Beauharnais*, *Mme. Bonaparte*, and *L'Impératrice Josephine*) cover the whole of her life. Some information is contained in the *Memoirs* of Queen Hortense. The lives of Josephine written during the Restoration are worthless.

Note 106 The Court found that Hortense was Beauharnais' daughter, but granted him the usual divorce from table and bed. It has often been asserted that Josephine bore a third child, but the evidence is not convincing.

Note 107. Levie, *op. cit*; d'Abrantes, *op. cit.*

Note 108. Boissy d'Anglas, *Mémoires.*

Note 109. A doubt will always remain about this death.

Note 110. Mme. de Stael, *op cit.*

Note 111. Gastine, *op. cit.*

Note 112. Gastine, *op. cit.*

Note 113. His orders of the day are given in full in the writer's Life of Mme. Tallien. They still exist.

Note 114. This story has often been denied. But Napoleon himself vouched for it (Las Cases, *op cit.*). It was exactly the kind of approach Josephine made to persons she wished to know.

Note 115. Barras, *op cit.* He says that no woman ever understood the art of making-up as Josephine understood it. He had plenty of experience in such matters.

Note 116. This was true, but unhappily Josephine's father had been ruined owing to the war and the impossibility of selling his sugar. Ruin had killed him Josephine was already heavily in her mother's debt and her mother was very poor. See the writer's *Josephine.*

Note 117 Barras, *op. cit.*

Note 118. Hortense, *op. cit.*

Note 119 Hill's careful collection, *Letters from Napoleon to Josephine*, contains this and later extracts. Some further letters have recently come to light. See also Masson, *op. cit.*

Note 120. The idea that Napoleon was getting a "plum" ought to be

dismissed at once. What he was getting was a job in which, as it seemed, he was bound to fail. They had had enough of his thoroughness and honesty in Paris.

Note 121. Josephine told Napoleon that she was the youngest member of her family, and this untruth has persisted and is quoted by Hortense. In fact, as is stated in the text, she was the eldest Both her sisters died at early ages. Masson, *op. cit.*

Note 122. He mentions this bite in one of his letters and often referred to it.

Note 123. This famous school supplied a link between the old nobility and the new, for Mme Campan had been one of Marie Antoinette's women.

Note 124. Stanislas of Poland (maternal grandfather of Louis XV) and Madame Adelaide (Louis XV's daughter)

Note 125. Paulette's letters to Fréron, and to Napoleon about Fréron, have been preserved. Masson, *op. cit.*, gives the texts.

Note 126. This was the usual method of invading Italy, and it always ended in the same way—namely, a flank attack by the Austrians and quick defeat

Note 127. "One bad General," wrote Napoleon to Barras, "is better than two good ones."

The official letters and proclamations which follow are taken from the *Correspondence*, except where otherwise stated

Note 128. This is Harris' view (*op cit*)

Note 129. Las Cases, *op cit*

Note 130. The King of Naples (or King of the two Sicilies) was a brother of King Charles of Spain and a Bourbon. His kingdom comprised Sicily and all Southern Italy up to the Papal States. His wife was a Hapsburg, sister of Marie Antoinette. She hated Napoleon but she also admired him, and she it was who told Marie Louise that she would have used the blankets of her bed to make a rope to escape to him after Elba.

Note 131. Lombardy belonged to Austria, and the Italians there were a subject people who lived in hope of deliverance.

Note 132. See her letter to her aunt. Masson, *op. cit.*

Note 133 Las Cases, *op. cit.* "I saved the Revolution when it lay dying: I held it up to the people shining with fame"

Note 134. Including the horses of St. Mark.

Note 135. Larrey, *op. cit.*

Note 136. Masson, *op. cit.*

Note 137. Lavalette, *Mémoires.*

Note 138. Mme. de Staël, *op. cit.* An account, with bibliography, of Mme. de Staël's relations with Constant is given in the writer's *Germaine de Stael.*

Note 139. Feavearyear, *The Pound Sterling*, p. 167; Harris, *op. cit.*, 228; Hawtrey, *op. cit.*; St. Cyr, *Mémoires sur les Champagnes.* Pitt made a standing offer of £1,250,000 a year to any European Power which would keep 100,000 men in the field against France. There was,

of course, no attempt to hide the fact that the Royalists were being financed, but the financial dealings with the Jacobins were a different matter.

Note 140. No bank can remain open if its customers demand money in any considerable amount, because all banks lend ten times the quantity of money they possess. This is the Credit System. What is being lent, of course, is a promise to pay and not money itself, and so long as the public is content to use such promises instead of money bankers will be enabled to grow rich very easily.

Note 141. A remarkable rehearsal of some of the events of September, 1931, down to the Sunday crisis and the adjuration by *The Times*

Note 142. Harris, *op. cit* He is quoting F. Bouvier, *Napoléon en Italie*, p. 95, and also the *Correspondence*, iii, 71. Napoleon seems to have set himself to understand the monetary system thoroughly. From this time he became the most dangerous enemy it had known for centuries.

Note 143. Harris, *op. cit*, 233. This disreputable story is clearly and fully set forth and documented.

Note 144. Talleyrand destroyed all his papers of all kinds and thus removed the material necessary for investigating his various deals. It is, however, certain that he gathered great wealth, having on his own showing been penniless on his return from America (see the writer's *Germaine de Stael*), and that he wrung great sums out of the peoples and individuals with whom he had dealings. He was always closely associated with international finance. His own *Mémoires* are colourless. As a champion of Liberty he is delightful.

Note 145. Las Cases, *op. cit.*

Note 146. The lamentations in London over the "scandalous deal" by which Austria, England's ally, accepted Venice did not break the Anglo-Austrian friendship. It would seem that, in this case, it was more blessed to receive than to give.

Note 147. Larrey, *op. cit*; Masson, *op cit.*

Note 148. Tutor of the Emperor Alexander of Russia.

Note 149. Mme. de Stael, *op. cit.*

Note 150. Jung, *op cit.*; Mme. de Stael, *op cit.*

Note 151. *Mme. de Stael à Henri Meister.*

Note 152. Bourrienne's description of these events has not been drawn upon. Eugène was a sober witness. The letter to Joseph has been preserved. Masson, *op. cit.*, quotes it.

Note 153. Why this should be regarded as "the only cruel act of Napoleon's life" (Thiers) it is hard to say. Wellington said he would have done the same thing in the same circumstances "War," said Napoleon, "is not made with rose water," and enemies who break parole may destroy an army.

Note 154. The story that Napoleon told the doctors in this hospital to give opium to the plague victims, since he could not take them with him, dies hard. The doctors denied it. But Talleyrand revived it in his proclamation after the return from Elba—refutation enough. Not the

least striking feature of Napoleon's career is the intense anxiety of his enemies to blast his character and their stubborn refusal to listen to any explanation or refutation. It would seem that only his opponents were virtuous; indeed, that they monopolized virtue as completely as they monopolized money. Perhaps, however, the real explanation is that an intense preoccupation begets intense feeling.

Note 155. The only hope for the army in Egypt was the presence of its commander in Paris, for all the armies were now living upon the scraps which the generals could retrieve from Thérèse Tallien, Barras, Ouvrard, Perregaux, and the greedy horde of contractors and bankers who found the revenues of France too small for their needs. Napoleon had insisted before he left Paris that he should be granted the right to return when he chose, and that right had been accorded him.

Note 156. A sentence in a letter to Joseph bidding him repair the Casa Buonaparte. Joseph, *op cit.*

Note 157. There was a moment when land could be bought very cheaply. Joseph and Lucien acquired splendid estates at very small cost.

Note 158. It has been suggested that this was epidemic encephalitis or "sleepy sickness." Amœbic dysentery has also been blamed and so also has bilharziosis, which is endemic in Egypt.

Note 159. This heroic woman saved her husband, after the second Restoration, from the fate of Ney, by visiting him in prison and forcing him to put on her clothes See Lavalette, *op cit*

Note 160. Gastine, *op. cit.*

Note 161. Necker's bankruptcy had been wonderfully well hushed up so that his advice was still listened to—though certainly less attentively than his daughter supposed.

Note 162. To Eugène.

Note 163. Siéyès was extremely timid. When asked what he had done during the Reign of Terror he replied: "*J'ai vécu*," and that was the keynote of his life. Robespierre called him "The Molé of the Revolution."

Note 164. This speech had been prepared with Siéyès' help. It carefully avoided any oath to maintain the existing constitution.

Note 165. Napoleon by these precautions showed how well he understood the mechanism of mob violence as it had been built up and made perfect first by Necker and then by the Jacobins. There was nothing accidental about it; by removing a few of the cogs, therefore, the machine was made unworkable.

Note 166. This man played an obscure but important part in the early moves of the Revolution. He was associated at one time with Necker, *vide* Mme. de Staël, *op. cit.*, where his part in the September massacres is described. Lenôtre's *The September Massacres* should be consulted. He attended Louis XVI at his execution. One of the chief mob masters, he made a great fortune and was throughout a creature of finance.

Note 167. A great deal of effort has been expended to show that this scene was, in fact, much milder than Napoleon and his friends declared.

The Jacobins had not, hitherto, been conspicuous by reason of their mildness. This is another example of the spirit which was desolated by the griefs of Venice, but remained proudly indifferent to the greed of Austria. Lucien asserted that the Jacobins were in London's pay. See Note 92.

Note 168. Mme de Stael, *op cit.* Paul Gautier, *Mme de Stael et Napoléon, Mme. de Stael à Henri Meister, Mathieu de Montmorency et Mme de Stael.*

Note 169. A. Perivier, *Napoléon Journaliste*, 97, 98. This admirable work, gathered from numberless sources, presents a complete picture of the propaganda of Napoleon and shows with what care he instructed public opinion. Napoleon was never deceived by the humbug which speaks of a "free press," meaning thereby a press controlled in everyone of its organs by financial interests disguised as political parties. It is noteworthy that some of the greatest organs of the European press date from the Revolutionary period and that no existing newspaper is much older.

Note 170. The famous decree governing the Press is given by M. Perivier (*op. cit*), along with numerous notes on the secret journals which were at once begun and on the backers of these journals. No foreigner could own or edit a newspaper under Napoleon. When it is remembered to what uses Necker and Mme. de Stael put their newspapers, the warning sent to the latter by Napoleon, "Tell her I am not Louis XVI," can be understood. The Press, in short, belonged to the financial interest, and was used like a battery of guns to destroy all those who did not please the moneylenders. That Napoleon should have spiked these guns on the morrow of his victory is a proof not of his tyranny but of his wisdom—the real tyrant was the moneylender who had devoured France and very nearly destroyed her by the use of weapons of which this so-called "free" press was the most important

Note 171 Bourrienne, *op cit.*

Note 172. Consult here Coquelle, *Napoleon and England.* This admirable work consists of a collection of all the existing documents and reports. If it is written in a spirit very hostile to Napoleon, the material which it offers tells its own story.

Note 173. A recent work on the Marengo campaign deserves to be studied as the brilliant contribution of a soldier to this soldier's story. Major-General Sir John Adye, *Napoleon of the Snows* (Nash and Grayson).

Note 174. These early financial arrangements were made on the advice of bankers at a moment when, the Treasury being empty and a great war immediately in prospect, changes of any important kind were out of the question. That they were changed in the light of later experience has been accepted as proof that Napoleon was "no financier." Ouvrard (*Mémoires*) says with scorn than the Emperor seemed to believe that money could only be raised by taxation or by sale of national possessions. But Ouvrard knew better, as this text shows. It was not ignorance which caused Napoleon to reject the Credit System, but a thorough

understanding of that system acquired by bitter and even tragic experience.

Note 175. Las Cases, *op. cit.*

Note 176. Necker, in his retirement at Coppet, bestowed upon himself the titles of "Baron de Coppet" and "Magistrate of the Truth" (Jared Sparks, *The Life of Gouverneur Morris*). He erected a splendid tomb in which his body, that of Mme. de Stael, and that of Mme. Necker still lie immersed in spirits of wine.

Note 177. Josephine was always short of money and always eager to obtain more of it, for her extravagance was boundless. Turquan, in *The Life of General Bonaparte* (translation), recounts the various deals which took place. In an appendix to Lavalette's *Mémoires* an account of her income is given. See also Masson, *op. cit.* Later in life Josephine became Napoleon's enemy and worked with the Royalists for his downfall.

Note 178. Larrey, *op. cit.*

Note 179. Las Cases, *op. cit.*

Note 180. Thiers (*History of the Consulate and Empire*) does Kléber justice as a great man. See also that excellent modern work *Napoleon and His Marshals.*

Note 181. Las Cases, *op. cit.* Napoleon discussed his system with Las Cases, who, however, did not understand it. Thiers, on the contrary, knew the subject well and devotes close attention to it in his great *History of the Consulate and Empire*, which, whatever its faults, is a mine of information about the monetary policy of the Emperor. Napoleon's own statements, apart from those made at St. Helena, are fully and carefully recorded by Caulaincourt in his *Mémoires—published for the first time in 1933, after a lapse of more than a century.*

Note 182. See Robert Owen's protests to Lord Liverpool. Owen, *Observations*, pp. 5-15, and *Letter to British Master Manufacturers, 1818.*

Note 183. Mme. de Stael, *op. cit.* She closed her blinds so as not to witness "the odious spectacle," but could not avoid hearing the salutes of guns. Bernadotte was closely associated with this protest, and no doubt can be felt that there was a plot to wreck the ceremony or even to kill the First Consul. Consult Léonce Pingaud, *Bernadotte et Napoléon*, p. 69.

Note 184. On October 5, 1801, the newspaper *Affiches d'Eure-et-Loire* was suppressed for having said: "The people possesses the inalienable right to remove the masters whom it has set over it."

Note 185. In a letter to Josephine (Hill, *op. cit.*), "My master is the nature of things."

Note 186. Napoleon's Catechism, which has for so long been the butt of historians, presents all these ideas to the child's mind. His discourses to the Council of State present them in more elaborate form, and so also do his sayings at St. Helena. Napoleon, too, as is stated in the text, urged Châteaubriand to point out in his *Génie de Christianisme* that the civilization of Europe was built on Christ. But it is the convention of Whig history to regard every reference to religion made by this man as

blasphemy or hypocrisy; note how all Whig historians reject the passage (quoted by Cardinal Newman) about the Saviour of the World. This passage comes from Antommarchi, who assuredly did not invent it, and runs:

"It is not the same with Christ. Everything in Him astonishes me. His spirit soars above mine and His Will confounds me. Between Him and every other person in the world no comparison is possible . . I have inspired millions of men who died for me. Certainly I possess the secret of the magical power which exalts the spirit. . . . Now that I am nailed to this rock, who fights and conquers empires for me? . . . What an abyss of distance between my misery and the eternal reign of Christ, preached, incensed, loved, adored, living through all the world! Is that death? Is it not rather life? Such is the death of Christ. It is that of God . . . all is to me a prodigy, an unfathomable mystery that plunges me in a reverie from which I cannot escape, a mystery that is under my eyes and endures, which I can neither deny nor explain. I see nothing of the human in this."

There is no reason, except prejudice, for rejecting this statement. That Napoleon spoke scornfully about Christianity in his youth proves nothing.

Note 187. Both these names were invented by Mme. de Stael.

Note 188. Caulaincourt, *Mémoires*, II, 224 and 232, 233.

Note 189. Speech as Head of the State.

Note 190. Coquelle, *op. cit.*

Note 191. Sebastiani was a Corsican in whom Napoleon had great faith.

Note 192. Coquelle, *op cit.* Lord Whitworth's report to his Government. Thiers gives Napoleon's speech in full. *Op. cit.*

Note 193. Whitworth to Hawkesbury, March 14, 1803

Oscar Browning, *England and Napoleon.* See also F.O.R. England. *Correspondence,* vol. 600, fols. 189, 193, 200.

Note 194. Coquelle, *op. cit.*

Note 195. Las Cases, *op. cit.* "The hand that gives is above the hand that takes," was his favourite proverb.

Note 196. Thiers, *op. cit.*, quotes all the documents he knew about. See also the *Correspondence* and, in the *Unpublished Letters of Napoleon I* (trans. by Lady Mary Loyd), letter No. 30, the last paragraph:

"A perusal of Drake's documents," wrote Napoleon to Fouché, "suffices to show what that ruffian is."

Note 197. Caulaincourt, *op. cit.*, I. Caulaincourt gives a long account of his share in this action.

Note 198. Mme. de Stael, *op. cit.*, and *de l'Allemagne.* Mme. de Staël left Berlin a few days after the news of the execution reached that town. She said this was due to the illness of her father, but Necker had been ill for a long time and she had taken very little notice of him. He died before she reached Coppet. She describes how Prince Henry came to her house and denounced Napoleon—behaviour which must have alarmed Frederick William.

Note 199. Masson, *op cit*; Jung, *op. cit*; Joseph, *op. cit*, and nearly all the personal memoirs of the period.

Note 200. Jung, *op. cit.*

Note 201. Masson, *op cit*,

Note 202. Larrey, *op. cit.*"

Note 203 *Unpublished Letters*, Nos. 29, 31

Note 204. Hortense, *op. cit*; Masson, *op cit*

Note 205 The Pope was prepared to crown Napoleon, but would not allow Josephine to accompany him unless their marriage was made Canonical.

Note 206. Ouvrard (*op. cit*) declared that he "forced Napoleon to borrow against his will." When Ouvrard, at a window, saw the First Consul ride by at his first public appearance he turned to his man of business and ordered "Buy." Rentes were then almost worthless, they rose above 90.

Note 207 He had written to Fouché (*Unpublished Letters*, No. 30) "Have caricatures made an Englishman, purse in hand, entreating the various powers to take his money, etc."

Note 208. Thiers believed that Napoleon meant to cross the Channel. Other historians have taken the opposite view. All left out of consideration the economic factor—money—which, as Caulaincourt's *Mémoires* show, was the essential factor. When that is understood the truth becomes obvious.

Note 209. This was noted by several observers, who could not understand it. They thought the Emperor was in despair because Villeneuve had not come It was Duroc about whom he was thinking.

Note 210 Caulaincourt, *op cit*, II, 233, 234.

Note 211 Historians have usually mentioned these well-authenticated remarks to laugh at them. But they told the simple truth The Kings were fighting for London—for which reason Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns and Romanoffs no longer occupy thrones Kingship, as Napoleon saw, exists only in its exercise.

Note 212. The lamentations of London about Venice and Switzerland are sufficiently discounted by this cool disposal of Holland, a country in alliance with England, and to whose princely House of Orange England was united by many ties. See Coquelle, *op. cit*

Note 213. Mme. de Stael, *op. cit.*, and *Corinne* (novel). See also *Mme de Staël and Maurice O'Donnell* (a collection of letters with comments by Jean Mistler). She said she had avoided Napoleon because she did not like "Coronations and Mamelukes." Her daughter said she found only two things that she liked in Italy: "The sea and Monti (the poet)."

Note 214. Caulaincourt, *op. cit.*, II, 309.

Note 215. Caulaincourt, *op. cit*, II, 305.

Note 216. The utmost sympathy goes out to this poor girl who bore Jerome a son and spent her life trying to get her son made legitimate. Napoleon's case against her had nothing, of course, to do with herself. It was based solely on the insubordination of his young brother for going

a-courting without leave and so destroying the discipline of a weak and badly trained force. The young wife seemed to him the syren who had tempted Jerome (of whom he was very fond). He learned later exactly what sort of a man this young brother was.

Miss Patterson lived to a great age—over 90. She was received with high honour by Napoleon III, who, however, found her claim most embarrassing. The American Bonapartes are descended from her.

Note 217. Caulaincourt, *op cit*, II, 280.

Note 218. It was also called "The Sinking Fund."

Note 219. Caulaincourt, *op cit*. This was the Emperor's unceasing statement, and there is no doubt that he meant it.

Note 220. Caulaincourt, *op. cit.*, II, 215.

Note 221 Masson, *Napoléon et les Femmes*; d'Ornano, *Life and Loves of Marie Walewska* (trans. Hutchinson); Octave Aubry, *Grand Amour Caché de Napoléon*. Count d'Ornano as a descendant of Mme. Walewska has some new and important material to offer. Aubry's book is described as "*le roman dans l'histoire*." Masson, as usual, is very well informed. See also the writer's *Napoleon's Love Story*.

Note 222 Eléanor La Plaigne. Her son was undoubtedly Napoleon's and not Murat's child. He was known as Count Léon and had an adventurous career. Great personal extravagance and the fall of the Second Empire ruined him and he died in poverty at Pontoise in 1881.

Note 223. Gautier, *op cit* And the writer's *Germaine de Staël*

Note 224. Coquelle, *op. cit.* This offer of mediation is another example of farcical peace-making in order to gain time and create prejudice. There was no sincerity in it and it was exceedingly dangerous for the French.

Note 225. Masson, *op cit*

Note 226. Caulaincourt, *op. cit.*, II, 273, 319, 320.

Note 227. Caulaincourt, *op. cit.*, II, 243.

Note 228. Caulaincourt, *op cit*, II, 244.

Note 229. Jung, *op. cit.*

Note 230. Larrey, *op. cit*

Note 231. Thiers assures his readers that this word "bears" was in use in Paris in Napoleon's time (*op. cit.*).

Note 232. Count Corti, *The House of Rothschild*; see chapter III entitled, "The Great Napoleonic Crisis and its Exploitation by the House of Rothschild." The postal arrangement is described on page 45.

Note 233. Jean Mistler, *op. cit.* The account of the visit to Vienna is full and accurate.

Note 234. Gentz was one of Metternich's agents. Châteaubriand, *Mémoires*.

"I know how much Metternich feared the newspapers. I saw him at Verona leave most important business to shut himself up with M. de Gentz to concoct a reply to an article in the *Constitutionnel* or the *Débats*."

Napoleon looked upon him as a very dangerous man, and wrote to Fouché when he heard that Mme. de Staël had been with him:

"BAYONNE,
"*June* 28, 1808.

"I enclose some letters which have passed between Mme. de Stael and the man named Gentz. Mme. de Stael has become mixed up with a clique of German plotters and with the gamblers in London who are egging them on. Please place this woman under police surveillance at Coppet and give orders accordingly to the Prefect of Geneva and the commander of the Gendarmerie. Her relations with Gentz cannot but do France harm. Until now I've looked on her as a mere fool; now, as I want you to understand, I place her among those who are trying to disturb the public peace I've instructed my Foreign Minister to inform all my agents at foreign courts about this change of attitude and to tell them to keep a sharp eye on her wherever she goes

"NAPOLEON."

In fact he had always taken her very seriously as his former letters about her show.

Note 235. *Unpublished Letters*, *op. cit.*, No. 180.

Note 236. *Unpublished Letters*, *op cit*, No 224

Note 237. *Unpublished Letters*, *op. cit*, No 218.

Note 238 Consult for this period Vandal's *Napoléon et Alexandre I*, and Caulaincourt, *op. cit*, I and II.

Note 239. Hortense, *op cit.*, vol. I

Note 240. Coquelle, *op cit* A complete and fully documented account of these transactions is given in this work, pp 197 *et seq*, "Secret Diplomacy in 1810"

Note 241. *Unpublished Letters*, *op. cit*, No 256.

Note 242. *Unpublished Letters*, *op. cit.*, No. 258.

Note 243. *Unpublished Letters*, *op. cit*, No. 260.

Note 244. *Unpublished Letters*, *op. cit*, No. 267.

Note 245. *Unpublished Letters*, *op. cit.*, No 266.

Note 246. Hawtrey, *op cit.*

Note 247. Léonce Pingaud, *Bernadotte et Napoléon*. All the relevant documents are in this excellent book, *Unpublished Letters*, No. 284.

Note 248. Several of the *Unpublished Letters* show how much concerned—and even frightened—Napoleon was by reason of the Papal campaign Note especially *Unpublished Letter* No. 322

Note 249. See his letter to Fouché, *Unpublished Letters*, No. 198

Note 250. Vandal gives a full account of this operation about which very little is known to ordinary readers in this country.

Note 251. Octave Aubry, *Le Roi de Rome*, is the most complete account of this child's sad life. See also the writer's *The King of Rome* (Peter Davies).

Note 252. There may have been another reason. Count Corti (*op cit*) shows that Nathan Rothschild in London was making a huge fortune by buying up Wellington's promissory notes—given to Levantine money-lenders to obtain food and munitions for the army in Spain. At the same time Nathan, through his brother Robert in Paris, was sending gold

to Wellington, and this was being permitted by the French Treasury because they believed that the outflow of the metal from London must in the end help the cause of peace. It would certainly have done so if it had gone on long enough. Thus the mere fact of the Peninsular War was helping to weaken London. It is, however, doubtful if Napoleon knew about this gold traffic—though Count Corti thinks he did. The Rothschilds, by reason of their vast international connections, stood only to gain.

Note 253. This was an ordinary act of war and not an act of spite—for the enemy arsenal was in the Kremlin.

Note 254. Caulaincourt, *op. cit.*, III, 393

Note 255. Caulaincourt, *op. cit*, II, 217.

Note 256. Caulaincourt, *op cit.*, II, 217.

Note 257. Caulaincourt, *op cit.*, III, 235.

Note 258. Caulaincourt, *op. cit.*, III, 263.

Note 259. Caulaincourt, *op. cit.*, III, 361 *et seq.*

Note 260. Truchsess Waldburg, *Memoirs*, p. 40.

Note 261. Norwood Young's *Napoleon in Elba* gives a careful and complete account of this period based on long and diligent research.

Note 262. Las Cases, *op. cit.*

Note 263. Las Cases, *op. cit.*, vol. I, Part II, p. 257 (translation) Interest at 8 per cent. was paid.

Note 264. This and not the popular version is authentic. See Lenotre, *Napoleon*, p. 233.

Note 265. *Unpublished Letters*, No. 545.

Note 266. Robert Dale Owen, *Threading My Way*, p. 101.

Note 267. Larrey, *op. cit.*

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(*Napoleon's name is omitted, since it occurs on almost every page.*)

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